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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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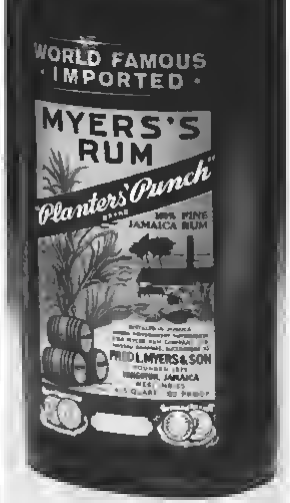
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PUBLISHER'S PAGE

In the Green Room with Wechsberg and Druian

Joseph Wechsberg's article about Rafael Druian, on page 257 of this issue, is to our knowledge the first article in an American magazine of general distribution to deal with the subject of the concertmaster as an institution.

Central as the symphony is to the cultural life of every community of any size, most people simply take it for granted that it has always existed in its present form, and if they identify any one man with it, that man is the conductor. But the conductor's baton, and for that matter he himself as a separate functionary of the orchestra's performance, is an invention of the last century.

When Mozart led the ensemble in the performance of one of his orchestral works, he did it with his fiddlestick. So did Beethoven, though the mental image generally evoked by the mention of his name is apt to be that of a brooding presence bent over a piano. But the first leader to lay down the fiddle and the bow and pick up the baton instead was Ludwig Spohr, who was a contemporary of Paganini. Up to his time the concertmaster was, what his name would still seem to suggest, quite literally the master of the concert.

Today's audiences, like today's members of the orchestra, concentrate so intently on the conductor's every motion that they notice the concertmaster chiefly at the moment of tuning up before, and of shaking hands with the conductor after, the actual performance. And on those occasions when there is a soloist to share the limelight with the conductor, the concertmaster is stooged even in the latter half of his secondary role.

To the casual observer, until it was pointed out, there would be no reason to suspect that the concertmaster's relationship to the whole choir of strings is as critically important as the also unsuspected and completely unseen function of the sound post in each of the stringed instruments. But some idea of the latter may be deduced from the fact that, in French, the name of that hidden part of every violin, viola, cello and bass fiddle is "the soul."

As the current concertmaster of the New York Philharmonic, and of the Cleveland Orchestra in the days of the late great George Szell, with whom he recorded Mozart sonatas for piano and violin, Rafael Druian has literally grown up in the concertmaster's chair, having occupied it for twenty-five of his fifty years. He began with Dorati in Dallas, and followed him to Minneapolis before Szell took him away to Cleveland. His ability as an individual performer on his instrument, away from the orchestral team function, was remarked in these pages by our music critic Martin Mayer, even before the obvious accolade that was accorded by Szell in choosing him as partner for the recording of the Mozart duos.

So Wechsberg followed an illustrious example in choosing Rafael Druian to stand in as protagonist in his study of the concertmaster's role. He has chosen with equally knowledgeable discrimination in selecting the Guarneri Quartet to occupy a similar closeup position in relation to his study of the string quartet, its structure, history and literature, which will appear in an early issue.

Although Joseph Wechsberg has written for us more frequently about gastronomy than about music, it was the subject of some of his earliest and his latest pieces in our pages. A sample of the former, dating way back to the time of his first book, *Looking for a Bluebird*, was the reprise of his memoir of the Vienna Opera claque in our fortieth-anniversary number this past October, and the latter was comprised of excerpts from his book on the making and playing and collecting of old violins, in our May, 1972 issue, since published by Viking under the title *The Glory of the Violin*.

Readers of the latter will not be surprised by the subject matter of either this or the next Wechsberg articles, knowing that he has been a professional violinist and that he plays quartets regularly in Vienna, where he has made his home for many years. Having owned and played both Amati and Stradivari violins, and being such a devoted connoisseur of the instrument, Wechsberg must have been pressed for space in this current piece, not to have found room somewhere for at least passing mention of Rafael Druian's own famous Strad, *The Nightingale*, which dates from 1717, the apex of the master's Golden Period, and was long the prized possession of Druian's first, and for five years only teacher at Curtis Institute in Philadelphia, the late Lea Luboschutz. Later, as Wechsberg points out, he was "finished" by Efrem Zimbalist, but he was "formed" by her, and *(Continued on page 105)*

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HANGING OUT
ROBERT ALAN AURTHUR

On the phone, under the impression he's to be interviewed, Martin Balsam promises me an experience of unprecedented boredom. "It could put you to sleep," he says. "Once a guy from *Time* sat listening to the details of my early life in the Bronx, and the pencil dropped from his fingers." I say we'll just sit around and see what happens. If we both go to sleep, so be it. But I doubt I'll doze off, because Marty Balsam fascinates me. A most successful actor, he neither behaves nor lives like an actor and rarely talks like one—meaning that in social situations the main subject of his interest is not himself. A couple of years ago his wife Irene, a dark, attractive, witty woman of British persuasion, said to me, with some significance not pursued at the time, "Martin has the mind of an accountant." Perhaps today I'll find out what she meant.

More than twenty years ago, when I first met and worked with Balsam, he was scuffling for rent—as who among us wasn't?—and today, countless television shows, forty-two films, and several Broadway appearances later, he shares a tower duplex apartment on Central Park West with wife, son Adam, nine, and daughter Zoe, five. Glowing, solid-gold kids. Another daughter, Talia, fourteen, lives in California with actress Joyce Van Patton, Marty's former wife.

Balsam has won an Oscar for his supporting role in *A Thousand Clowns*, a Tony for his multiple parts in Robert Anderson's *You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running*, and although Marty's never won an Emmy, three women, Shelley Winters, Cloris Leachman and Maureen Stapleton, have been so rewarded playing opposite him. That's some good support acting. Then there's the Gay Lib Award, for *The Anderson Tapes*, which I'm sure we'll discuss.

Early afternoon. Balsam is alone in the vast apartment, he sends me to the upstairs terrace, goes for soft drinks. From the terrace on a clear day one can see east into Queens, west to New Jersey, south to the harbor, and north into Westchester. It is not a clear day, and in the park below muggers and victims are quite indistinguishable. Marty appears with the drinks, rolls his sleeves as he sits on a lounge, says, "November fourth, 1919, the Bronx . . . asleep yet?" A pause. "Okay, it was Election Day, there was cheering in the streets, my mother thought it was for me."

"How many times have you used that line?" I ask, and he says, "Only when I'm interviewed, about eleven hundred times." I tell him I'm not an interviewer; he doesn't believe me. "Ask me questions," he says. So I ask, "Were you a funny kid?" He thinks a moment. "I guess so. I told stories. I had an attitude about everything. It was all a big joke." We stare a moment; mutual suspicion. Then, suddenly, Marty says, "I look for the guy's problem." "What guy, when?" I ask. "When I'm working on a part," he says. "Here I am, stuck with Mr. Nice Guy. Kindly colonel, friendly cop, understanding brother-in-law, agent, producer—where my only choice is do I play it with or without a hairpiece. *I loathe nice guys!* I'm a nice guy, but let's face it there's a lot of prickery in me."

A hopeful pause, but with no chance of contradiction he goes on.



"So I look for the moment when I can make the switch. Most jobs you just use the facility, which is easy, but I look for those parts where I really have to make a decision." A pause. "You're asking how did a middle-aged, balding, fat, grey-haired man get to be a success?"

"No, I didn't ask that," I say. "Well, I never think of it in those terms," he says. "It's simply—once you didn't have it, now you've got it. It's a hell of a dice roll. The real question is, what's my alternative? Do I go out and do macrame? Today I'm at a point where I may do a TV series. A few years ago I almost did one with Jack Warden, and the closer it got the more resistance I felt. Almost panic. So one day I called Jack, and I said, 'Jesus, Jack, what if we're a hit, can you picture five years, every morning at eight o'clock having to turn each other on?' So we blew it. But now, after hundreds of TV plays—I've never counted—forty-two pictures, *maybe* I'll do a series. Perhaps there's no alternative." He claps his hands in a gesture of finality. "End of story, end of interview."

"Let's go back to specifics," I say. "So you were born in the Bronx."

Balsam's father was a manufacturer of ladies' sportswear. There were the good seasons when the family took a winter week in Florida, the bad seasons when they stayed home. "My father was a guy who built the business for his son. I had a sister who died, a younger brother who teaches school. I *always* wanted to be an actor. In high school I acted with local groups, later worked for my father during the day, went to drama school at night." In 1938 Marty studied at the New School's Actors Workshop under the refugee drama teacher Irwin Piscator. After the war he would return to the New School Workshop and later become a founding member of the Actors Studio. "Knowing you wanted to be an actor that early brought on a lot of chaos," Marty says. "Disapproval by parents, concern about what my life would be. *Actors are bums!*

"One day I was in the back room in my father's factory rehearsing *Waiting for Lefty* up on some packing cases. My father came in and said, 'Look, these hours are ridiculous. You're rehearsing on my time, make up your mind!'" A sharp hand wave, a piercing whistle. "That was it, I took off." But when you tell these stories—the ambitions, the turning points, the decisions . . . no! You just go blindly on, make it or don't."

There were early jobs in stock, and in 1941 Marty got his first Broadway part. Produced by Alexander Cohen, the play was *Ghost For Sale* by Ronald Jeans. A one-week run. "When it closed I got my draft notice, and I was gone. That's when I did my best acting. I had this part called Soldier. A long run."

A few minutes later, having left the apartment, we sit on a park bench. "I go on," Balsam says, "always hoping something will happen that's interesting for me as an actor. I no longer assume one and one make two. Back in the days when we were all struggling in New York television you *knew* a lead on *Philco* automatically meant stardom in Hollywood. But when it didn't happen you learned to live with the disappointments. A certain lack of enthusiasm is a defense against getting hurt. After the Oscar I assumed I'd get better parts,



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but they weren't there. Brother-in-law, agent, best friend. The only new question: 'What's your price now?' So when the Anderson play came along, four one-acters, I came back to New York. It was the most satisfying experience I ever had onstage, a high old time."

Since then, except for brief trips to California and Europe for jobs, Balsam has stayed in New York. Now he is selective, beyond that time when he'd do anything without question, "to earn money, to get experience," he says. I ask if he recalls the first job he ever turned down. He thinks, shakes his head. "It must have been when TV moved to California. All those cops-and-robbers shows. About that same time I began to have choices." A slight shudder. "The whole area of turning down work sets off a chain reaction of insecurity. Yet, the problem is to avoid those chains of cynicism. Looking at something and saying, 'I've been there before.' Constantly repeating yourself but wanting more out of it. And when it's over saying, 'Altogether, how many good experiences were there?'"

Which leads us to a current group Marty helped found and talks about often, a group with the acronym LARC, standing for Loose Actors Revolving Constantly. Thirty-two actors, among them being Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, Rod Steiger, Maureen Stapleton, Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, Richard Kiley. "We got together, because we were all going round and round doing the same things. Maybe we can do something for ourselves." LARC plans to produce plays with all parts reasonably interchangeable, the various actors replacing each other as the spirit moves or other work calls. Hopefully, talents can be stretched, boredom avoided. Formed about three years ago, LARC shares a common problem with more conventional producing units—lack of promising material. Many readings but, so far, only one play has been produced. *Promenade All*, starring Wallach, Jackson, and Cronyn did sell-out business on an extended pre-Broadway tour, failed almost immediately in New York. Thus, LARC, an idea whose time may or may not have come, never got a chance to revolve. Pressing on, the group has optioned Stefan Zweig's adaptation of *Volpone*.

Now, as Marty and I walk aimlessly through the park, he is noticed and almost recognized by passersby. That is, people know they know him but most aren't quite sure from where. Yet they smile, because whatever the association, it's a pleasant one. A different matter in Italy, however, where Martin Balsam is some kind of household word. I have it on the authority of Mickey Knox, American movie-maven with a ten-year residence in Rome, that you cannot walk down an Italian street with Balsam without being mobbed by autograph-seekers. How did this happen?

"Well, Eli [Wallach] did all those Mexican bandits in the spaghetti westerns, and now it's my turn in the law-'n-orders." Marty is talking about a recent genre spawned by the success of *Z* and *Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion*, films costing no more than $500,000, starring Balsam as the only American actor. He has made four such pictures; the first, *Confessions of a Police Chief*, was a smash, earning five million dollars in Italy alone and successful in all parts of the world except the United States where it has yet to be released. The films are financed by Italian and Spanish money, Marty tells me, and he is delighted with their success. He is well-paid, and in each he is a character with a clear moral choice. Like, what? "In the latest, *I, Consigliere*, I'm the head of a Mafia family in San Francisco. My godson gets out of jail and tells me he wants out of the business. I go through a lot of soul-searching, then let him quit and say I'll help him. We become renegades, end up in Sicily and are hunted down by other family members. The boy gets killed. I resume my position as the head of the family . . . but on a whole different level!"

Moral enough for these days, right? As the only American in such pictures Marty acts in English while other cast members act sometimes in Italian, sometimes learning their roles by rote to aid in later dubbing for English-speaking markets. For Italy Balsam is dubbed by an Italian actor he's never met but who, he says, does an excellent job. "Actually, I prefer the Italian versions with subtitles," he admits, "mainly because moral choices sometimes involve endless bullshit." But he loves making the pictures. "The Italian crews aren't nearly as departmentalized as Americans. Out of that comes some chaos, but within the chaos comes improvisation. They'll try anything and have a marvelous attitude." A big star in Italy, he's also gotten letters from Japan, Holland, Yugoslavia, South America. Here on Central Park West two young women pass by, take notice, smile tentatively. Balsam assesses their puzzlement without rancor. "If I do a series," he says, "here in the United States I'll be a new face."

Back in the apartment. On a living-room shelf are his Oscar, his Tony, and various plaques from exhibitors' associations. Nothing from Gay Lib? "Nothing tangible," he says. "All I got was a call from my agent in California who said, 'You won't believe this!'" Nonetheless, Balsam is proud of the gays' approval for his role in *The Anderson Tapes*. "They said something about how I brought dignity and respect to the character," he tells me. "I had a great time with that part. When Sid [Lumet] sent me the script I saw the man described as a 'twenty-six-year-old raging faggot,' so I called Sid and said there must be some mix-up. No, he said, he thought it would be more interesting if the guy were middle-aged, shopworn. So I said what the hell, let's go. At least with Lumet you get a chance to rehearse. I started out very broad, couldn't stop, but Sid kept pulling it down to less and less. It was planned I'd wear wild clothes, chains, a wig, but I thought, hell, let me come in as I am. I did add one thing, long eyelashes." He flicks his lids seductively, then grins. "You know the key to that whole part, don't you? Very simple, but I'm not sure Method people would approve." He gets up, takes a coin from his pocket. "Imagine this dime up your ass. The idea is—don't lose the dime." He strides around, using his walk from the film. "I tried it with a quarter and a nickel, but a dime worked best." I laugh, ask if he actually worked with a dime. "In rehearsal, yes, but later I could imagine it. It turned out, the dime and the lashes, that's all I needed."

Picked up by Irene at school, Zoe Balsam makes an enthusiastic entrance with her mother. Old swimming buddies, Zoe and I are delighted to see one another. When Irene dutifully hustles Zoe to her room, the non-interview continues, but we've almost had it. One last thing: "What did Irene mean when she said you had the mind of an accountant?"

Marty looks startled (what have I done?), then laughs. "Maybe it means I've learned to go from A to Z. I don't jump in and say 'R.' I go step-by-step, not seeing the result without seeing the foundation. It's all part of enthusiasm—or lack of it. Maybe that's what she means." A thoughtful pause. "On the other hand, I once studied accountancy."

He walks me to the door. "Well, at least you stayed awake," he says. The elevator arrives, and as I get in Marty Balsam assumes an air of sudden panic. "Wait a minute, wait a minute! You didn't ask me my advice to young actors. Don't you want my advice to young actors?"

"No, no," I say, and the elevator door closes. If young actors want advice from Martin Balsam, all they have to do is watch him work. ✠

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

Happy anniversary

If it weren't for the fact that many of my friends have gotten it all frayed and dirty by running their hot, jealous hands down the table of contents and then tearing madly through it before rushing out to get a copy of their own, I would keep my copy of your superb fortieth-anniversary issue forever. As it is though, guess I'll just try to hold on to it until the cover finally falls completely off and all the pages have yellowed.
Margaret J. Lipecomb
San Francisco, Calif.

I just got my fortieth-anniversary issue yesterday and I haven't stopped reading it—except to sleep! Truly a great literary feat and one of which you can be proud.
James C. Jewell
Peru, Ill.

Re your fortieth-anniversary celebration: WOW!
A. D. Cover
Holmes Beach, Fla.

Congratulations on your fortieth-anniversary-celebration issue. I just received it and it is *superb*.
As a teacher of freshman English Composition, I am always on the lookout for suitable readers which are both interesting and informative. I have never seen one that I like as well as this issue of your magazine.
Joan Ferrell
English Instructor
Southeastern Illinois College
Harrisburg, Ill.

Congratulations on a most marvelous October issue, bringing together some of the greatest writers of the century. It was well worth the wait. However, I have one serious complaint. Why didn't you include a piece by one of our youngest and most brilliant writers, Joyce Carol Oates? She has appeared in your magazine four times; *Accomplished Desires* won second prize in the 1969 O. Henry Awards, and *The Wheel of Love* was chosen as the title story for her 1970 volume. Surely you must be proud of her and realize that she deserves to stand in the company of John Updike, William Styron, John Cheever, Saul Bellow, and Philip Roth. The only way I can forgive you for your omission of Ms. Oates is for you to publish another of her stories—soon.
Ronald S. Stewart
Oregon City, Ore.

Dissenting opinions

Sorry! Truly hate to say it. But I think you fell for that greatest of all American myths, that size, quantity somehow constitute greatness.
The fortieth-anniversary issue had the appeal of a Sears, Roebuck catalog—which isn't wholly BAD, but isn't great, either.
Jack C. Rossetter
Elmwood Park, Ill.

542 pages and 2 stories by John O'Hara and none by Flannery O'Connor?
Sorry, only 2 cheers for your otherwise splendid 40th.
David Peelle
Ann Arbor, Mich.

The delicate and the adequate

You must be very proud of your fortieth-anniversary issue. You should be. A stunning achievement.
Thanks especially to Arnold Gingrich for clearing up once and for all that business of Fitzgerald's "adequacy" (*Scott, Ernest and Whoever*). Not because his adequacy or lack of it matters to me, but because it mattered to Hemingway. I'm richer for knowing the truth.
One might find Luis Miguel "Dominguin's" comments on Hemingway in Keith Botsford's *Dominguin: The Passionate of A Great Bullfighter* interesting, unforgiving but interesting. Although Dominguin cited Hemingway's increased use of four-letter words when women were present, something that would bother a Spaniard very much, as typical of his "small-town boorishness," Dominguin perhaps understandably abstained from giving another example I heard in Spain from eye witnesses. Seems that Hemingway once brought together Dominguin and a certain non-Gardner-variety American movie star. And the two of them stayed together for a few days, interrupted by a near-fatal goring sustained by the matador. Priests, Sisters, Brothers, his pregnant wife Lucia stayed at Dominguin's bedside night and day. His sister Carmen, wife of Antonio Ordoñez, was resting outside in the corridor when she saw a laughing, drunken Hemingway and the movie star, dressed in the white linen sheath she must have considered most appropriate for visiting ace matadors in the hospital, heading straight for Dominguin's room. Carman, noted for her Dominguin temper and her natural ability to escalate at *tientas*, is said to have screamed, "Cabra," at Hemingway—"goat" in some instances, "son of a bitch" in this one—grabbed him by one ear, the movie star by another, spun them around, and sent them reeling down the hall.
Perhaps Hemingway did grow increasingly coarse. I don't know, I never met him, but I cannot forget his delicacy in describing matador Luis Frag's valor, "It is as indestructible as the sea, but there was no salt in it unless it is the salt of his own blood and human blood has a sweet and sickly taste in spite of its saline quality. . . . You saw it, appreciated it and knew the man was brave, but somehow it was as though courage was a syrup rather than a wine or the taste of salt and ashes in your mouth," at least in 1932 refusing to identify Luis Frag as a transvestite while the Mexican was still alive. Hemingway may well have withheld the truth for self-serving reasons. I choose to think of it as discretion.
Barbara Long
New York, N.Y.

Unidentified standing object

Who's the numberless waiter on the fortieth-anniversary cover bypassing Scott Fitzgerald to hand a drink to James Baldwin thereby half-embracing Gay Talese and being gazed at rather wolfishly by Hemingway? If Morley Callaghan were also on the cover, I might have speculated that this montage had something to do with the famous ladder incident involving Hemingway and Fitzgerald so poignantly described by Callaghan in *That Summer In Paris*.
Wilham S. Forshaw
Baltimore, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The numberless waiter is Associate Editor Lee Eisenberg, who wishes to declare publicly that any resemblance between his appearance on the cover and incidents involving Scott, Ernest and whoever, or any other persons pictured there, living or dead, is purely coincidental.*

Critical acclaim

After the last couple of years of self-conscious anti-critics writing film reviews for Esquire, how nice to discover John Simon in the issue that weighed two and a quarter pounds. Please sign him up for life plus ninety-nine years.
Ronald Kritter
Milwaukee, Wis.



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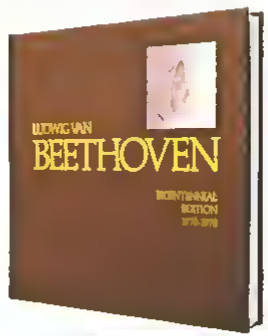


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TRAVEL NOTES

RICHARD JOSEPH

Travelers wishing to flee the season of the outstretched palms at home are faced with a number of problems. Most of those handy-dandy one-week winter packages that briefly restore Europe to bargain status are suspended over the Christmas-New Year holidays. Who gives bargains, the airlines will argue, at peak traffic times? And quite a few hotels and resorts jack their rates up to what they think the traffic will bear. The most perplexing situation of all, though, has sometimes been referred to as holiday ticktacktoe or vacation bingo—the matching up of hotel and transportation arrangements. Your long-requested hotel reservation finally comes through, let's say, and then you find that all flights to where you want to go are completely booked for three or four days fore and aft of the time you want to get there. Or your travel agent gleefully reports that he has wangled you a couple of seats to San Juan—but you haven't a prayer of landing a hotel room for three days after your arrival.

So what we've been doing the past few weeks is asking the airlines which destinations they generally have open space for during the holiday season, and then surveying hotel representatives on their accommodation situation at these places.

Pan Am tells us that at Christmastime the going is great to Africa—East, South or West, there's no space problem on flights to any of their destinations, or to Casablanca either—and to Lisbon and Caracas. Somehow I just can't imagine many people casually popping off to Africa for their Christmas holidays, but Portugal and Venezuela do offer practical alternatives to travelers trying to avoid the Caribbean crush. As a matter of fact, I've sampled both successfully when the kids were home for winter vacation, slowly demolishing the house and threatening our sanity. And the cost of our Christmas vacation in Portugal turned out to be considerably less than one my brother-in-law and his family were more or less enjoying in the West Indies at the same time.

Although dollar devaluation and inflation have contributed to a price increase of about twenty percent over the past year in Portugal, the jump hasn't been as great as in some other European countries, and the price level before the increase was a lot lower. So Portugal is still a bargain, so much so that a Christmas vacation can be a lot cheaper there than at top sun resorts in the United States or the West Indies—air fare and all.

BUT—you have to be willing to settle for cooler weather. December and January temperatures in Lisbon and Estoril hit the high fifties during the day and drop to the high forties at night. That means good weather for golf, tennis, riding and sailing and even sunning on the sand or in beach chairs, but no good for swimming except in heated pools, of which there aren't too many.

With that proviso, let's compare the Christmas-vacation picture at a top Caribbean resort with one in Portugal. At Rockresorts' Dorado Beach Hotel in Puerto Rico, the Modified American Plan (breakfast, dinner and tax included) rate for two is about $130 a day. To get accommodations during the holiday



season you must agree to stay a minimum of ten days. But this requirement and these rates are meaningless if you don't book far in advance, because the Dorado Beach is generally sold out for the holiday season by early October. Now let's consider the Alvor Praia, a top hotel in the Portuguese Algarve, where we stayed three Christmases ago. You *can* get space there if you book only reasonably far in advance, and the M A P rate is a slightly startling $28 a day, double. Taxes and service charges bring it up to a total of $31.64.

For comparison purposes, let's suppose you're taking off on a fourteen-day vacation from New York. Your two weeks at the Dorado Beach would cost $1,820, plus $188 per person round-trip economy air fare, New York to San Juan. (The rate structure is complicated, depending on when you leave and return, but this is a fair average.) Total: $2,196 for two. But at the Hotel Alvor Praia your two weeks would cost only $442.96. The 14/21-day excursion air fare, New York-Faro (the airport for the Algarve), is $383. So the total for two is $1,208.96—or $987.04 less than the cost of your Puerto Rico vacation! And incidental expenses would be lower in Portugal, where you can still get a good dinner with wine for two for about five dollars in a simple, atmospheric restaurant.

Less successful for us than the Portugal junket was the Christmas vacation we spent the following year at the Macuto-Sheraton on the Caribbean shore of Venezuela, a few miles out of Caracas. Rates were low but the country was just getting into the group-travel business in those days, unexpected hordes of visitors were descending on the place, and the service was breaking down under the strain. I recall without pleasure the sight of my two small waifs, their cheeks pinched and their eyes growing large, as they awaited with hunger-swollen stomachs the non-arrival of the hamburgers and hot dogs they had ordered in the hotel coffee shop. All of which is academic as I understand that the Macuto-Sheraton, a huge, handsome and otherwise perfectly pleasant hotel, is now generally fully booked over the Christmas holiday season.

Not so the Tamanaco Inter-Continental, which manages to present a resort aspect in a residential section of Caracas. Its thirty-nine acres of tropical gardens include a big pool area and it has been one of South America's top hotels ever since it opened twenty years ago. Double rates are $28.60 to $30.95 a day, European Plan, there are no service charges or taxes, and, best of all, I'm told that getting room reservations there during the holiday season presents no problem.

At first thought, South America might seem far away, but once you've gotten on a plane, an extra hour or two in flight makes very little difference. San Juan is three and a half hours from New York or just over two hours from Miami, while the flights to Caracas are only an hour longer from New York or fifty minutes farther from Miami.

Lima, Peru, is about five hours and ten minutes out of Miami by nonstop jet, and Braniff International tells me that space is reasonably available over the Christmas holiday season. What's more, it's summer



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south of the equator, and December and January temperatures run from the low sixties at night to the high seventies and low eighties during the day—and it hardly ever rains.

Braniff opened its Santa Maria Beach Club and Hotel in 1970 on one of the most beautiful stretches of beaches in Peru, about forty-five minutes' drive from Lima. It's a private club for Peruvian residents and a hotel for international visitors. Its twenty-seven bungalow units or villas are sited on various levels of a cliff overlooking the Pacific, and there's a 120-foot, S-shaped swimming pool with a waterfall. The rates are $38 a day, double, full American Plan.

Another excellent bet for the Christmas holidays in the same area is the Granja Azul Inn. It's especially good for families traveling with children because some of its facilities provide cottages with adjoining children's units. Other cottages have private swimming pools. Each bungalow has its own kitchen, sitting room and fireplace. The whole layout is tucked into the side of the Andes, about a half hour from downtown Lima. There's an 18-hole championship golf course and par-three pitch-and-putt course, stable and riding trails and a complete gymnasium and sauna. Modified American Plan rates run from $15 to $28 a day per person, including service charges and taxes.

Because of the biblical associations of Christmas with the Holy Land, it's usually difficult to get space on flights to Israel at that time except for travelers who have signed up for packaged tours. One of the most intriguing is the archaeological tour piloted by Yigael Yadin, author of *Masada*, professor of archaeology at Jerusalem's Hebrew University, and chief of staff of the Israel Defense Forces in the 1948 War of Independence. He played an important part in the acquisition, identification and translation of the Dead Sea Scrolls.

Leaving New York December 22, the tour will visit the outstanding archaeological sites of Jerusalem, King Solomon's twin cities of Hazor and Megiddo, Masada and Qumran, where the Dead Sea Scrolls were discovered, before returning to New York on New Year's Day. Cost of the tour is $1,100, including a $350 tax-deductible contribution to the Foundation for Archaeological Investigation. The tour is being operated by Archaeological Tours of Israel, 424 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

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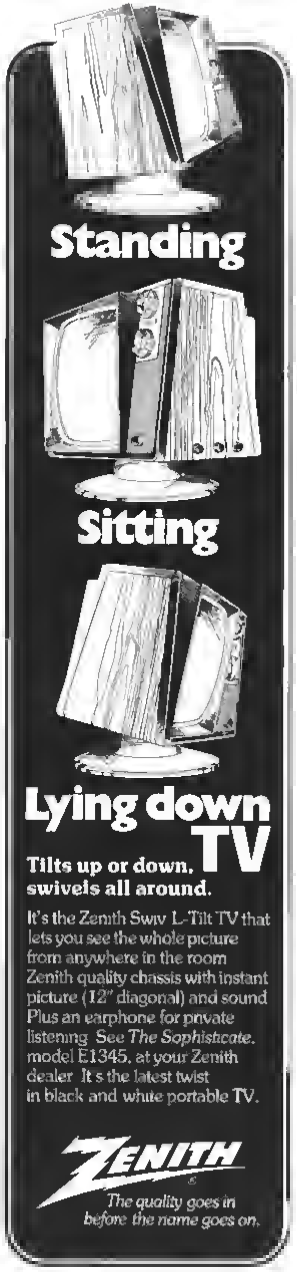
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L'Aristocrate luxury-budget tours over the holidays. Combining visits to London or Rome with Paris, the two-week tours will leave New York and Chicago on December 22, returning January 6. Travelers will stop at the Crillon, George V, Plaza-Athenée or Ritz in Paris, the Savoy in London or the Hassler, Eden or Leonardo da Vinci in Rome. They will dine in the grill rooms or restaurants of all the participating hotels as well as outstanding restaurants in each city, and the tour price includes sight-seeing and airport transfers by chauffeur-driven private cars. Also included are Christmas Eve dinners in London or Rome and a New Year's Eve champagne gala in Paris.

Based on double occupancy of hotel rooms, rates run from $853 to $999 per person, depending on itinerary and hotel accommodations. An additional charge of $98 is made for Chicago departures.

All of the foregoing is not to say that you *have* to go abroad to find room at the inn at Christmastime. I'd like now to say a few words about the great state of Texas—as the mourner said when asked to deliver a eulogy at a funeral. South Texas, to be exact. The coastline from Corpus Christi down to Brownsville, at the mouth of the Rio Grande, isn't Caribbean, but it is Gulf of Mexican; and the early winter weather here, while not really Caribbean-hot, is warm enough for the enjoyment of most sports.

It's a place for golf and tennis, sailing, surf-casting, deep-sea fishing, water-skiing and riding horseback on one of the most magnificent stretches of beach on earth. Even in mid-winter, sunny days are warm enough for beach sunbathing and pool swimming, especially for visitors from the northland. If you've ever hit the ocean off the coast of Maine—or a lake in northern Wisconsin—on the Fourth of July, you'll find the surf off Padre Island on Christmas Day a breeze—a warm breeze. Still, it's off-season down there, which means that hotel rooms are generally obtainable over the holidays.

Padre Island is that great beach I just mentioned. No more than three miles at its widest, it's a sort of super Fire Island with palm trees and a 113-mile stretch of superb sand. President Kennedy declared eighty-one miles of it a National Seashore Park back in 1962 and it began operation under the Department of Interior about four years ago.

This past June, Braniff opened Braniff Place, a 110-room resort and convention center on the north end of the island fifteen miles from Corpus Christi, facing the Gulf of Mexico and with access to the highway leading to the National Seashore Park. Within the resort's 4000 acres are a championship golf course, tennis courts, the beach, a pool and facilities for sailing, water-skiing, fishing and hunting. European Plan rates for a double room are $20 to $25 a day.

Robert F. Warner Inc., one of the hotel representatives we checked, reported that holiday-season accommodations are usually available at a number of their hotels in warm-weather areas. They mentioned the Elbow Beach, Coral Beach and Horizons in Bermuda; the Innisbrook Resort in Tarpon Springs, Florida; the Vinoy Park Hotel in St. Petersburg; the Inn at Rancho Bernardo, California; Del Monte Lodge at Pebble Beach, California; and La Costa Hotel & Spa, north of San Diego.

San Diego itself offers many possibilities for family Christmas vacations. Within the area are vast resorts where kids may be allowed to roam free of any fear that they might be hit by cars, bitten by snakes, stung by bees, snared by bears, drowned by waves or accosted by seedy characters pushing hot candy bars. Parents, meanwhile, can play golf on any of sixty-five courses ranging from championship to pitch and putt, and go fishing for marlin, yellowtail, bluefin tuna and albacore.

The San Diego area is being featured by American Airlines in its "American Experience" fly-drive tour programs in cooperation with Avis and Holiday Inns. Families or other groups of up to four people pay a package price of $187 for six nights in a Holiday Inn and unlimited mileage in an Avis car, plus air fare.

Ski resorts are all jammed during the Christmas season, of course—if there's snow—but a holiday venue doesn't have to be all snow or all sun. Take Cape Cod, for instance . . . and I'm not fooling. The weather at Christmastime can be very pleasant—the proximity of the sea tempers the climate—and so few people think about the Cape between Labor Day and Memorial Day that getting hotel space is no problem at all. Sheraton has three Cape hotels open throughout the year: the Sheraton-Ocean Park Inn at Eastham, the Sheraton-Regal Inn at Hyannis and the Sheraton Inn at Falmouth. All have heated indoor pools and are near golf courses—and I'm assured that golf *is* played on Cape Cod in December and January. Double rates are all in the $18 to $27 range. ##

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THE mid 1930's. The Twentieth Century Limited. Grand Central Station. 5:30 P.M. New York to Chicago, 16½ hours.

It was a casting director's dream. All the right people converging on Track 34 to board the train that called itself "The Greatest Train in the World."

This was the fastest train between New York and Chicago. The extra fare train. With a passenger list that kept city desks going double time.

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It was difficult, almost impossible, to be blasé about the Twentieth Century. From its very first run, it was simply a place where "Something" was always happening to "Somebody."

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SPORTS

ROGER KAHN

Pasted like a wafer in the sky above South Florida, an unblinking sun disrupts football thoughts. Like most people raised in the North, I associate football with barren hillsides after frost and just before the snows. Football in New England finishes at dusk, as the day darkens and winds gust down the mountains. Then, when Dartmouth or Williams or Amherst has won and your hands ache with chill and your face tingles, there is a fireplace somewhere and martinis, and people talking about the split T, and, say, you can feel winter in your bones and here it is only November.

Now, in another climate, the Miami Dolphins drill, hard by a row of palm trees. The air is heavy, hot and wet. To the left, at Opa-Locka Airport, small planes land and take off into a wide sky. Far to the right, over the warm Atlantic, a solitary thundercloud grumbles and lightning flashes into the sea.

Before me, wearing shorts, Coach Don Shula pushes the Dolphins. I have come to watch a small (five foot eleven) gifted middle linebacker named Nick Buoniconti. He calls defensive signals, diagnoses plays and jumps about, unmindful of the heat.

"Omaha!" Buoniconti barks. "Omaha." The Dolphin defense shifts into a new formation. The ball is snapped. The quarterback retreats and pitches out. "Double-pass, double-pass," Buoniconti bellows and rushes to cover the fullback. Downfield the second pass is batted down. "The hell with the workout," says my companion, Harold Rosenthal of the National Football League. "That storm is moving toward us."

"How can you tell?"

"The lightning is vertical. When it's moving away the lightning is horizontal." Rosenthal, a chubby, crinkly man, grins and proceeds with his joke. "Two observers parish as lightning strikes in Dolphin workout. Players uninjured, favored to trounce Bears." The sun burns and the practice continues. "Buoniconti is going to remind you of Rocky Marciano," Rosenthal says. "The same kind of quiet, high-pitched voice. The same quiet sense of toughness. Tough. Listen, I've seen this guy play against men fifty pounds heavier with a shoulder that looked like it had been torn apart. Nick's a good fellow. He doesn't make a thing about his toughness."

After the drill Don Shula sat in his office at Biscayne College, which is where he works the Dolphins, contemplating an early copy of his book, *The Winning Edge*, gazing at a bronze football trophy, and considering a question. "Buoniconti plays at two hundred fourteen pounds," Shula said. "We have computerized scouting now and we would never pick any linebacker Buoniconti's size." Shula is a craggy-chinned man, genial but tightly organized. "After we lost the 1972 Super Bowl to Dallas, there was criticism of Nick, and of me. Some people felt he overreacted, tended to be susceptible to plays that cut back against the grain. He'd been in the league for eleven years. The criticism hurt him. He studied films as hard as anybody can. He's a good student, a practicing lawyer off-season. And last year he was great when we went undefeated, and he was great in the Super Bowl. When we won that from the Redskins, there was no criticism of Nick, or me."

Shula gazed through glass doors. "But the fact that he'd be overlooked in drafts today makes you wonder. Even with these computers, how many other good ones are there, that we never even get to see?"

In the Dolphin locker room Buoniconti seemed relaxed, rather withdrawn, poised. "I heard you were coming," he said. "What sort of thing you want to ask?"

"Oh, about being a small linebacker and playing for twelve years, and fear."

"Fear?" Buoniconti said.

"Fear."

"There's a cafeteria. We have a training lunch. Let's talk there."

Presently we were lugging trays like schoolboys, getting frankfurters, beans, salad and fruit drinks. Buoniconti restricted himself to small portions. We moved among the huge, hungry Dolphins to an isolated table.

"Fear?" Buoniconti said. "Sometimes the night before a game, I get afraid. I'm in charge of the defense and I get to thinking about the team we've got to play, their personnel man for man, and I don't see how the hell we can possibly contain them. That gets me nervous, makes it hard to sleep."

"I didn't mean that."

Buoniconti gazed mildly. He has dark hair and an interesting face that mixes strong features with a suggestion of sensitivity.

"I meant you give away a helluva lot in size," I said.

"When Butkus hits you, you fall the way he wants. When I hit you, you fall the way you want. But there's no difference. You still fall."

"These blockers charging out of the line are thirty or forty pounds heavier than you."

Buoniconti nodded. "I have moves," he said. "I put my left shoulder in, establish contact, and spin free. Quickness. That's how fast you are inside a distance of three yards."

"You could get badly hurt if anything went wrong."

"I'm a professional," Buoniconti said. "First time I ever played I was seven and my cousin Joe Andreis knocked me head over heels. I was giving away forty pounds *twenty-five years ago*."

"You're not afraid of pain, then?"

"Not exactly," Buoniconti said. "Say you've been playing for a few weeks with a sore shoulder and an ankle that aches so bad you've got to put ice on it. You live with situations like that if you're a football player. Pain is part of the job.

"Now it can be a game, or even practice like before. You hit the ground. Maybe you sprain a finger. Then you want to yell, 'Dammit,' but not because you're afraid. It's that you get *tired* of living with pain, here's one more damn thing. You yell not in fright or in agony but because damn here's one more part of you that's going to hurt and you're tired of hurting *anywhere*."

"Hurting is part of the price."

"Part of it," Buoniconti said. The soft, hooded eyes gave little away.

During a recent week I spent with Nick Buoniconti, he was preparing for a game against the Chicago Bears. The Bears are a curious team. A season ago, their best runner was quarterback Bobby Douglass, who gained almost 1000 yards. But what Douglass accomplished in running, he gave away with passing. Douglass would look for his prime receiver, and, if the man was covered, run for daylight. Better quarterbacks, like Joe Namath, check secondary and tertiary receivers and stay in the air. To Douglass the Bears have added Carl Garrett, a marvelous running back who was traded out of New England because the New England Patriots invariably trade away good men and because Garrett had skirmished with the team's management.

Buoniconti taped five spots for his radio program, "Nick Buoniconti on Sports." He spoke to a successful New England lawyer about expanding his own embryonic practice in Miami. He drilled twice a day with

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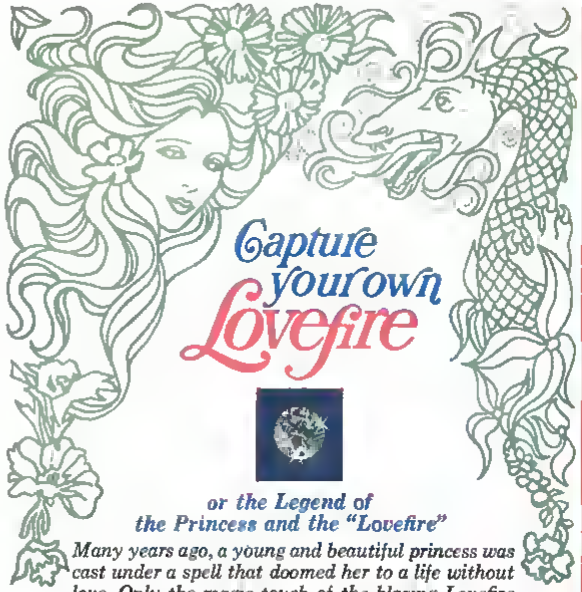
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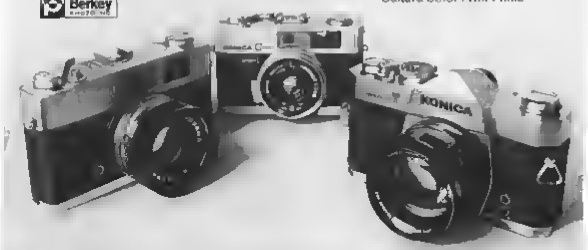
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the Dolphins and studied films and playbooks every night. And after we got to know one another, he showed a nice, hard sense of humor.

On Thursday, at Biscayne College, we had been chatting about players' rights. "There's going to be a strike at the end of this season," Buoniconti said. "Money, pensions are negotiable. What is not negotiable is that a lot of players feel that Pete Rozelle is the owners' commissioner. They want him out."

Then Buoniconti walked to a telephone and called a mutual friend in New York. "Watch me shake him," he said. After greetings, Buoniconti said in tones of controlled anger, "What the hell kind of a writer did you send down here?"

"What's the matter?"

"Well, he keeps interrupting our practice with dumb questions. He wrote a guest column in *The Miami Herald* where he called Shula lucky, not good. And he hasn't been sober all week."

Then Buoniconti handed me the phone.

Buoniconti comes out of the Italian South End of Springfield, Massachusetts, and his earliest memories spin about Mt. Carmel Church, where he was an altar boy, and about his grandfather, Henry Mercolino, who emigrated from Naples, started an Italian bakery and made a success. "My grandfather didn't trust banks," Buoniconti says. "He was never comfortable having a mortgage. He needed one but he kept the real savings in wine barrels down in the cellar. He had this ten-year mortgage, but he worked like hell and after five years he was ready to pay it off. He brought the money to the bank. All small bills, all red from wine stains. But they took it. He made sure we drank a lot of wine when we were growing up. Except when we were sick. Then he made us take a shot of bourbon. I must have been five when I had my first drink."

Nick's father worked in the bakery, which is called Mercolino's, and played baseball as a semi-pro. He pitched. He and the mother, Pasqualine, raised Nick to respect the Church, the saints, and the family, and to work hard. At seven Nick began playing football on cinder fields. He was a linebacker even then. By the time he graduated from high school, he was a star defensive player. Offered a dozen scholarships, he chose Notre Dame. "I didn't really want to go there," he says. "I thought I wasn't big enough. Finally when I got there and saw all those monsters on the field, I felt like go-



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In 1777, Washington and Lafayette may well have planned strategies over a glass of Martell.

Autumn was drawing near, so, too, was the battle of Brandywine.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army would discuss battle tactics with his new Major-General. In turn, the young Frenchman may have introduced fine cognac from the House of Martell to the man who was to become his lifelong friend.

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ing home. Practically everybody else was gigantic and a high-school All-American. I was All-Western Massachusetts. I remember sitting in my room in the dorm, asking myself, 'What are you doing here?' "

He did very well, but after four years at Notre Dame, from 1958 to 1962, including a season as an All-American, Buoniconti was dismayed when no one picked him in the 1962 National Football League draft. "What goes?" he asked his coach, Joe Kuharich.

"You're not big enough," Kuharich said.

"Look, I'll run through a damn brick wall."

"You'd only make a small hole."

He signed with Boston, in the old American Football League, made the All-A.F.L. team and, in 1968, won his degree from Norfolk Law School. He was an assistant district attorney in Arlington County when, inexplicably, he was traded to the Dolphins. "I thought I'd die," he said. "Except Notre Dame had slumped during my years there and the Patriots didn't win much. The Dolphins were last in 1969, but the year after that we started to be a winner." In the words of Don Shula, "Winning is the ethic of football. You start with having to win, and you work back."

It was 78 degrees at the Orange Bowl Saturday night. The humidity stood at 97 percent. It was pleasant retreating to an air-conditioned press box. On the field, moist polyturf provided woeful footing.

Dick Butkus, the Bears' 245-pound middle linebacker, stationed himself securely, an immovable object. As soon as the Bears got the ball, you could study Buoniconti in exciting contrast. Buoniconti technically is an "active" linebacker. He crouches between the guards, reading the offense, the white 85 clear on his sea-green jersey. His arms swing slightly. Then, often before the ball is snapped, he moves, plugging a hole, drifting toward where the play is going. In one sequence he pursued Carl Garrett clear to the left sideline and brought him down. Later he ran down Garrett going the other way.

Watching closely—it is an unusual experience following a man rather than the ball—I made small notes on his movements.

Springs rather than runs. . . . Fast off mark. . . . Uses shoulder as hinge, spinning off blocks. . . . Fearless. . . . Hits carriers hard and low, ignoring pile of tonnage sure to fall over him. . . . Moves backward fast in pass coverage. . . . Jumps in and out of line.

(Continued on page 118)

"Schick Flexamatic—unbelievably close!"
Dick Butkus



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PRESENT SHOCK

DAVID M. RORVIK

Remember those signs on movie-house marquees that screamed, "Stop Pay TV!"? There may still be a few of them around, but, in reality, the battle is over, and, of course, the TV people have won. What events led to the successful emergence of a nationwide cable-television system that will soon offer even the hinterlands a wide choice of top-flight movies, possibly even including the likes of *Last Tango in Paris*, rock concerts, sporting events, Broadway plays, ballet, opera and educational classes for credit on a per-program pay basis?

In the Fifties, pay TV seemed bound for oblivion. Zenith's Phonevision, David Lowe's International Telemeter Corporation and Mathew Fox's Subscription Television Corporation all sizzled briefly and then fizzled, victims of unsatisfactory technology, government restrictions and, especially, concerted opposition from motion-picture exhibitors who warned that they would not show the films of producers who did business with pay TV. The exhibitors' last hurrah came in the mid-Sixties when they propagandized persuasively enough to get California voters to say no to subscription TV. But their victory was short-lived; the courts, including the California Supreme Court, reversed the decision.

Meanwhile, government resistance encountered by early proponents of pay TV was also evaporating. The first systems utilized over-the-air transmission, and the F.C.C., understandably, took a dim view of enterprises that proposed taking air time away from VHF channels. This obstacle, along with the enormous expense of scrambling and unscrambling pictures for over-the-air transmission, has been largely eliminated by the proliferation of cable television. A pay system that runs through cable doesn't take playing time away from free television. It simply adds new channels.

Perhaps the most sophisticated of the new systems is the Home Theatre Network, with headquarters in Los Angeles. Though it is not yet operational, H.T.N. already has leasing agreements with cable companies that have more than 1,000,000 subscribers and a potential for reaching into two million homes. A refundable $20 deposit gets you a down converter (attached to your conventional set, whether color or black and white) and a PERK, a portable electronic ordering device that has buttons that enable you to punch in the code for the program you want to see. A program guide mailed to your home tells you what is available on any given day. When you spot something you want to see, you merely dial a local number that connects you, via a WATS line, to a centralized computer. By pressing the appropriate buttons on the PERK, you tell the computer what you want to see—and when.

The signal that issues from your PERK immediately identifies you. Thus the computer is not only able to log your order but also to check your credit and bill you. If you've been paying on time, the computer sends electronic messages that, within seconds if desired, reach into the down converter of your set, unscramble the requested program signal and put it on your screen. Programs may be ordered up to twenty-



four hours in advance and canceled up to one minute before scheduled viewing time. Bills arrive in the mail at the end of the month or, if desired, are processed through one of your credit cards.

Richard Lubic, H.T.N.'s president, reports that programming will include movies, concerts, educational courses, blacked-out sports events, specials and home-shopping programs. A new communication method, one with buttons you can push to order items displayed on your screen, is being designed for the home-shopping programs. And since H.T.N. plans to broadcast in stereo you can even sample albums, tapes and cassettes in your own home before deciding to buy. Two new movies will be introduced each week (giving producers plenty to do). These will cost the subscriber $3 each—a bargain when you consider the fact that there can be as many viewers as you can pack into your living room. Lubic says he has no objection to showing X-rated movies "provided the audience knows what it will be seeing."

To make sure that people do know, there will be a daily half-hour program called *Entertainment News of the Day* with trailers of coming attractions. This will be free, as will all the home-shopping programs. Most entertainment programs will cost between $2 and $4, though something on the order of a live Rolling Stones concert might run as high as $6, a price which, Lubic says, will include an LP—or cassette—containing all of the music played at the concert. Features will be repeated frequently, at different times, so that customers can view the programs of their choice at times convenient to them.

It will even be possible to "get an education" through the pay cable system. H.T.N. is negotiating arrangements with the University of Southern California to offer liberal-arts courses, leading to a B.A. degree, over the tube. The complete H.T.N. system will soon be in operation in Redondo Beach and thereafter expand throughout the country.

Speaking of education, researchers at the National Institute of Neurological Diseases in Bethesda note in a recent issue of *Neuropsychologia* that performance on nonverbal tests is better in males who literally aren't all there. Men missing a brain segment called the massa intermedia (M.I.) did better on nonverbal subtests from the conventional Wechsler-Bellevue Intelligence Scale than did males with brains fully intact.

The M.I., explain researchers Dr. J. C. Davie and Dr. H. Lansdell, is a narrow band of nerve fibers running across the third ventricle and connecting the two lateral halves of the primate thalamus—a part of the midbrain that is under the cerebral hemispheres. The structure is present in all lower primates but, for still unexplained reasons, is absent in about one third of the human male population and in about one fourth of the female population. The Bethesda scientists investigated seventy-seven subjects, using X-ray techniques to classify them in terms of presence or absence of the M.I. While males without the M.I. did better on nonverbal tasks, there was no differential on verbal tests. And for the female subjects there was no differential on any of the tests.

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ing, the researchers are not at all certain what it means. They point out, however, that the brain generally divides its labors. In most of us, the left hemisphere has taken over the task of handling the verbal material while the right hemisphere has become specialized for processing nonverbal materials and problems. Connections between the two hemispheres may sometimes result in confusion or "cross talk." Thus, the Bethesda scientists say, the absence of a trans-thalamic bridge (in the form of the M.I.) may reduce this sort of counter-productive competition between the hemispheres, with the result that certain material (at least in some males) can be processed with greater speed and clarity. Perhaps in the future prospective chess champions, scientists and other abstract thinkers will come into the world with benefit of just enough genetic tinkering to insure the absence of the massa intermadia.

Noise toleration will be another job for the genetic engineers. In the meantime a study commissioned by Koss Electronics, manufacturer of stereo headphones, has produced some imaginative suggestions for protecting against unwanted sounds. The study, conducted by the University of Wisconsin's Environmental Design Department, proposes a number of defensive devices for staving off or at least absorbing obtrusive noises. A proposed "sound-violation sensor" would be worn on clothing and change color in a distinctive way when noise reaches a harmful level. Earplugs that could both amplify and automatically dampen harmful sounds was another suggestion.

Noting that increased noise may be contributing to everything from the "tired-mother syndrome" to increased cholesterol levels (demonstrated in lab animals), the Wisconsin panel was moved to envision a device that would entirely cancel out potentially harmful sounds. The black box would simply hurl back the roar, say, of a jet to its source and thus completely cancel it out, "creating an invisible wall of silence." Hear, hear! ##

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RECORDINGS
MARTIN MAYER

This year is the hundredth birthday of Sergei Rachmaninoff, and before it ends RCA will reissue some fourteen discs of his extraordinary pianism. Among them will be his recordings of Schumann's *Carnaval* and Chopin's *Sonata in B-Flat Minor*, which have been almost continuously in print for more than a generation, and just about define the limits of the possible in performing these pieces (especially the stunningly impetuous *Carnaval*). The RCA collection will also include, of course, Rachmaninoff's recordings of his own compositions, the four piano concertos and the lush *Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini* for piano and orchestra, and the many *Preludes*.

Anyone who wants to regard these recordings as finally authoritative—the only ones to buy unless you're buying more than one—can of course make a strong case for his position, though most critics would feel that a composer when he plays his own music is pretty much an interpreter like other interpreters. (And in the case of most Rachmaninoff, the fact is that he wrote his music before he began—at the age of forty-five!—a career as a virtuoso performer. He was a shy man for whom playing in public was never a happy experience, and if the Russian Revolution had not deprived him of his institutional base he would never have become a touring pro.) For those who are interested in more modern audio quality, and in a view of the music by a pianist not far from Rachmaninoff's age at the time of writing most of the pieces involved, the recommendation here is a three-record set of the piano-and-orchestra pieces as played by Agustin Anievas and the New Philharmonia of London under assorted conductors. Angel will be issuing the album about the time these pages appear (I heard English pressings); and come February another Angel album will offer Anievas playing all the *Preludes*.

Anievas is of course an American (couldn't you tell by the name?), and since his spectacular big-time debut as winner of the Mitropoulos Competition in 1961 I have considered him one of the really large talents of the generation now reaching its late thirties. Sol Hurok thought so, too, and signed him up after he won the Queen Elisabeth prize in Brussels, believing that he had another Van Cliburn on his hands, and then he didn't sell. My own hunch is that he was still too much a student, a product of Adele Marcus' virtuoso shop at Juilliard, and not enough personality came across the footlights. A few years back, when Angel issued on the low-priced Seraphim label his stunning recordings of the Chopin op. 10 and op. 25 *Etudes*, I thought this problem was solved, with the Rachmaninoff set, I know it is solved. These are marvelous performances, a great credit to Anievas and to the English A&R people who had the taste and the sense to stick with him through what have been some rather dry years. He is still a cool customer, but in passages like the last movement of the *Third Concerto* you can now see the fire beneath the ice, which is just the right way to play Rachmaninoff. I guess it has to be said these days that though there is a tune here and there that slops gooily over the borders of honest expression, these concertos are



neither vulgar nor trivial pieces, the contempt felt for them in the intellectual community says nastier things about Our Betters than their public popularity says about the masses.

Well over six feet (he says that one of the big changes at Juilliard from his time is that the piano department in his day was dominated by big fellows like Cliburn and Browning and himself, while now the major talents are small fellows like Mischa Dichter), Anievas still has a boyish look to him, but he is now a settled householder off the autostrade near Brussels, with a piano in the kitchen, two pianos in the living room, a wife, two children in school, and a minifarm behind the house where he grows vegetables in occasional hours away from the piano. The pianos are German Steinways. "richer than American Steinways. You don't play fast on those pianos, you just sink in."

Anievas plays pretty much all over Europe, but this season he has only three engagements in the United States, all in New York—with the Philharmonic shortly before these pages are on the newsstands, plus two recitals at Tully Hall in February. He would like to spend more time on these shores, but is weary of putting all his eggs in the standard concert/recital basket. One of the things he is noodling around is the possibility of a college-directed demonstration-cum-lecture based on the Chopin *Etudes*. Among those pushing this project is his wife, who was a pupil of Adele Marcus' before he was (in fact, she organized his switch from Eduard Steuermann, Schönberg's friend, to the Marcus family, thereby virtually breaking Juilliard apart). "Nobody," says Carol Anievas with the heartfelt sincerity of a pretty woman who must combine the roles of wife, critic, colleague and in a sense competitor, "*nobody* plays the Chopin *Etudes* like Gus." Or the Rachmaninoff *Concertos*, either.

If Rachmaninoff's concertos aren't trivial and vulgar, you may ask, what is? Well, Nineteenth-Century American Music is—or NCAM, as Neely Bruce calls it in the notes for his three-disc Vox Box called *Piano Music In America*, vol. 1. And it's great: my number-one choice for Christmas giving, 1973. Bruce has taken pieces from the most popular published piano music in this country a hundred or so years ago, including something for everyone: good four-square tunes, dances and marches, hilarious variations on stuff everybody knows (would you believe *Home, Sweet Home, Annie Laurie* and *Nearer My God To Thee*?), some true popular tributes to great music (my favorite is the rollicking *Papageno Polka* with tunes from Mozart's *Magic Flute*), and some genuinely odd stuff that sounds like anticipations of Satie (especially a charming pair of pieces called *The Last Waltzes of a Maniac*). Bruce plays them sturdily, and while I would entertain the argument that two discs of this stuff are every bit as good as three, Vox Boxes are bargain-priced anyway, and your favorite could well be something I would cut.

On a more exalted level of keyboard virtuosity, L'Oiseau-Lyre has brought to America for the first time what are apparently 1950's recordings of Purcell and Handel harpsi-



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chord music, made for BBC Radio by the late Arnold Goldsborough. It is hard to describe the impact of Goldsborough's playing. From the generation of the founders of modern interest in the baroque, he obviously had a proprietary relationship to this music that nobody can have today. Anievas recently described the arrival of maturity in a performer as a sense of "It's *me* doing this." The special sweetness of English music-making is coupled here with a personal musicology, an "It's me," an understanding deeper than that in the books. In addition to the two pairs of brief Purcell and Handel *Suites*, this disc also presents some Purcell songs and a Handel duet for two sopranos that will make you jump Italian, it is. *Nó, di voi non vuo fidarmi*—except that it is note for note Unto us a child is born, a first sketch for something that would presently be used with much different forces for much greater effect. Like the rest of this remarkable record, it is a real charmer.

Another surprise of recent months is the first lute record to which I have been able to give anything more than respect. The music is by Silvius Leopold Weiss, universally touted as the greatest of composers for the instrument, but before now rather a bore in my book. The performer is David Rhodes, a thirty-year-old Bostonian who draws from his instrument (a modern facsimile of a baroque lute) a variety and complexity of tone I had not thought within the capacity of the beast. The notes explain that this is a *late*-baroque lute, a former rival of the harpsichord, but obviously it isn't the instrument it's Rhodes. The record, from Cambridge Records (125 Irving Street, Framingham, Mass. 01701), calls itself *Sonatas for Lute*, but on the label the works are described as "pieces" in a key, which they are—related to the Bach dance suites rather than to sonatas. Very lovely, too, ideal for the phonograph, scaled to the dimensions of a modern living room, with a range of humor and sentiment appropriate to the home.

Another baroque disc that demands attention is called *Famous Oboe Concertos*, works by Leclair, Marcello, Vivaldi and Telemann made important by the participation of Heinz Holliger, a thirty-four-year-old Swiss oboist who is clearly the most important virtuoso this instrument has produced since Leon Goossens. The East German-Dutch recording, with the Dresden State Orchestra, is in every way first class (Philips). From the immediate post-baroque period comes a surprisingly weighty set of six "symphonies"—distinctly something more than Italian overtures—by Luigi Boccherini. The performances are by the euphonious Filarmonici of Bologna under the direction of Angelo Ephrikian, who found the music in the library of the Paris Opera and does it proud; the recording is in the *Musica Italiana* series (Telefunken).

From London Records comes a four-disc set of the Beethoven *Piano Concertos*, in unusually personal performances by Vladimir Ashkenazy and the Chicago Symphony under Georg Solti. I find them almost entirely convincing, and I marvel at the ability of the collaborators to manage so complicated a collection of ritard and rubato without losing rhythmic pace. Retaining the caveat that one should also know the Szell-Fleisher set (Columbia), and worrying a bit about whether one can couple so Romantic a version of the first movement of the *Fourth* with so Mozartean an approach to the second movement, this set seems to me the most satisfying to date on records.

And another keyboard record offers the return of Malcolm Frager, like Anievas a prizewinning American (Leventritt and Queen Elisabeth) now in his mid-thirties, with not quite the career his talents deserve. The new BASF set presents two major works by Brahms: the announcement *Sonata No. 1*, and the *Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Handel*, my favorite of all Brahms pieces. It has had other excellent recordings (including one by Anievas); this one has the extra force that can be brought to a superbly organized work by an artist for whom music is part of a larger intellectual life. BASF is a new label, a subsidiary of a German conglomerate that has been criticized for pressing its discs here rather than at home. Methinks snobbery, though they lack the visual polish of Telefunken and DGG discs, the BASF surfaces sounded fine to me.

Apart from Frager, the most important BASF releases last summer were reissues of vocal work from the German early 1940's, especially a pair of generous two-record sets sampling the singing of Helge Rosvaenge and Maria Cebotari. These raise aesthetic and political questions of more than passing interest, which I hope to consider at some length next month; right now let it be noted that for anyone with the slightest interest in voice or opera the Rosvaenge and Cebotari albums are the pick of the season, a revelation of artistic accomplishment that in less troubled times would have become part of our heritage as well as of the German tradition. ###



WHATEVER HAPPENED TO MUTUAL FUNDS?

by A. W. Bigus

The news is bad but not all bad

One hears frequently of the advantages of investing in mutual funds because by doing so the small investor obtains diversification and professional money management.

He does indeed obtain diversification far greater than he may achieve with his own funds. But let us explore the results of several comprehensive studies to verify the other claim: professional money management (the implication being that such management will produce superior results).

The Securities and Exchange Commission Report of 1939, *Investment Trusts and Investment Companies*, concludes with considerable assurance that the entire group of management investment companies proper failed to perform better than an index of leading common stocks and probably performed somewhat worse than the index over the 1927-1935 period.

Of course that report covered a period that ended almost forty years ago. But the Wharton School completed, in 1962, its *A Study of Mutual Funds*, covering five and three quarters years ending September 30, 1958, and found that "on the average the performance of mutual funds did not differ appreciably from what would have been achieved by an unmanaged portfolio consisting of the same proportions of common stocks, corporate bonds, government securities, and other assets as the composite fund portfolios."

And note the more recent comprehensive study sponsored by the Twentieth Century Fund, *Mutual Funds and Other Institutional Investors: A New Perspective*, completed in 1970, which shows that in the eight-and-a-half-year period (January 1960-June 1968) 136 mutual funds averaged a return of 10.7 percent while equal investments in all N.Y.S.E. stocks returned 12.4 percent. (Although weighted investments, proportioned according to the overall value of N.Y.S.E. stocks, returned 9.9 percent.) And that "fund shareholders paying higher sales charges had a less favorable investment experience than those paying less." While "all three groups of funds, higher-risk, medium-risk, and low-risk, performed worse than the unweighted N.Y.S.E. portfolio during the eight-year period."

But what may be more indicative of the quality of portfolio management is that the study concluded that there was no evidence the securities purchased outperformed the securities sold.

That result was confirmed in a study made by *Fortune* magazine, which showed that from 1966 to 1967 the stocks *sold* by most of the leading performers [mutual funds] did better than the ones they purchased.

To bring us closer to the present, the Arthur Lipper Corp., a group that continuously compiles the results of mutual funds, found that the 381 funds surveyed in 1969 "declined 14 percent while the N.Y.S.E. composite index declined 9.36 percent." "During 1970 the funds again did poorly relative to the market while the Big Board index . . . showed a gain of 1.09 percent, the median performance for the 463 funds was a 8.13 percent *decline*."

Recently the Investment Company Institute pointed out in an ad in *The Wall Street Journal* that $10,000 invested in funds in 1950 would have amounted to $113,500 at the end of 1972 assuming reinvestment of all dividends but *not* taking into account fund sales charges. But, according to Professor Martin E. Zweig of the City University of New York, a like investment in the D.J.I.A. on the N.Y.S.E. composite index would have yielded $129,964 and $151,427 respectively.

Obviously, the professional money managers do not produce superior results for the investor. It is easy to conclude in too many instances that their results are mediocre. However, in lumping the results of so many funds one should expect that some funds outperformed others. Is it possible to select a fund for investment on the basis of prior performance?

Professor Eugene Fama of the University of Chicago "showed in a study that not one of the 39 major funds ranked in the top half of the group consistently over a ten-year period from 1951 through 1960."

Note a more recent example of this phenomenon. Here is the performance of three funds for the five-year period ending in 1965: Rowe Price New Horizons was up 5.9 percent each year; Bondstock Corp. was up 9 percent each year; Channing Special Fund was up 14.7 percent each year.

The investor in selecting a fund for investment on the basis of past performance might have chosen Channing in 1966. But note the results of these funds at the end of five years, 1970. Rowe Price was up 17.5 percent each year, Bondstock was up 4.2 percent each year, while Channing was down 3.9 percent each year.

For the five-year period ending in 1972, the order of results is the same as for 1970.

There is no confident method for selecting funds on the basis of prior performance.

We have compared fund performance against various stock-market averages up to 1972 but the market in general, according to various indexes, has fluctuated considerably but has not risen since 1965. According to the Value Line unweighted 1400 the market peaked in 1968 and is down about fifty percent from that point today.

A fair question, then, is what have the funds done for the investor since 1965? A compilation of a random selection of fifty-four open-end funds—capital-gains distributions reinvested, dividends added back, and not adjusted for load cost—shows that these funds increased on the average of four percent per year compounded. But adjusting for load cost as applicable for each fund, I find that these funds increased in value at 2.5 percent per year, a pretty miserable performance.

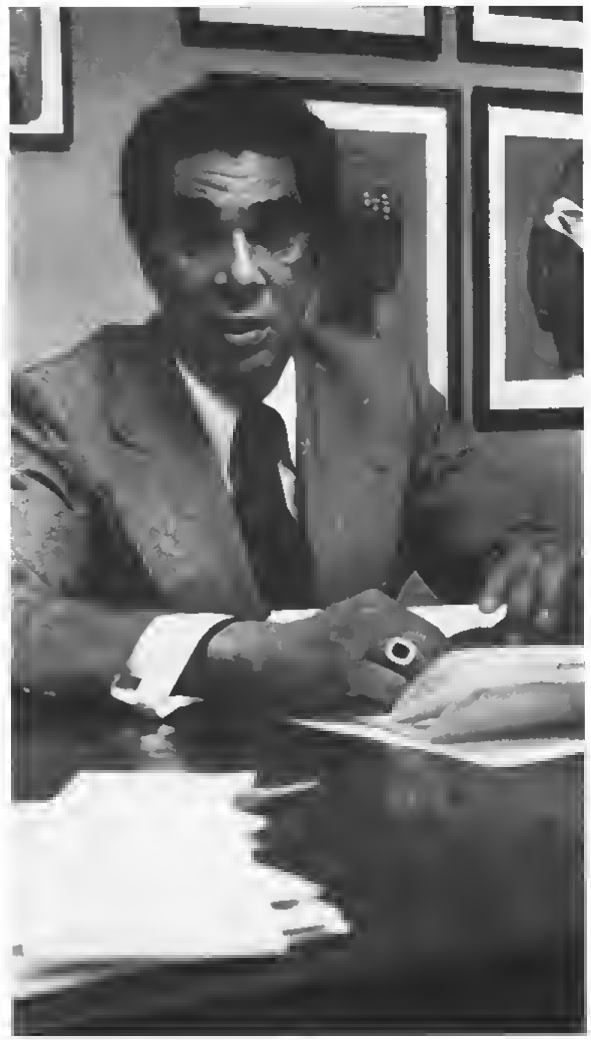
Again, for the five-year period ending in 1972, using Wiesenberger's data for 332 funds—capital gains and dividends treated similarly but *not* adjusted for load charge—I find that the average rate of increase worked out to 3.8 percent per year compounded.

Obviously, the past seven years were disappointing for investors who held mutual funds.

Nevertheless, those investors who insist on buying mutual funds should be aware of the wide difference in performance between open-end and closed-end funds. The author of *Investment Trusts and Funds*, C. Russell Doane, has compiled separately the results of $1,000 invested in four closed-end funds (Adams Express, Carriers and General, Consolidated Investment Trust, Lehman Corp.) and for four prominent open-end funds (Fidelity Fund, Fundamental

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Investors, Incorporated Investors, National Investors) The comparisons were made for over seven periods of different lengths, three years to twenty-nine years. In each instance the closed-end funds outperformed the open-end funds.

Over the longest span of the study, twenty-nine years, the closed-end funds outperformed the open-end funds by thirty-three percent. However, even the closed-end funds did not do as well as the averages. Moody's Industrials, for example, did four percent better than the closed-end funds in this same period.

It is important for the investor to know that such a difference in performance exists between these two classes of funds. Should he insist on investing in mutual funds, in general he will obtain more value for his money by investing in the closed-end funds.

Many of the fund managers spend more effort in selling fund shares than in sound security analysis. The larger the fund becomes, the greater the fee to the manager and the greater the value of the management company. For example, Gerald Tsai Jr., the head of the company that managed Manhattan Fund, sold his company for a personal gain of $30,000,000 or so, but the fund shareholders experienced a decline of 6.6 percent a year for five years, the worst performance of the fifty-four funds monitored for this study.

Each of those three comprehensive studies mentioned earlier, which roughly span a period of forty years, shows mediocre results for the funds' managers. At present there is no reason to expect an improvement from mutual-fund managers in the next forty.

Recently, redemptions have exceeded new investments in mutual funds. Maybe the investor has decided that he can do better selecting securities for investment himself. Let's review some studies on how well the individual investor has fared.

For example, Paul F. Wendt made an exhaustive study covering the period 1933-1938 (an upward period in the market) which showed that only 21.8 percent of the individual investors ended up with a profit (*Barron's*, March 16, 1942).

Another indicator of individual investor performance is the record published in Martin Mayer's *Wall Street: Men and Money* of one bucket shop which in the Twenties operated as a brokerage house but did not belong to an exchange. It bet against the customer: The customer would "buy" steel at a quoted price and, later, "sell" at a quoted price

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Dr. William Ross, an osteopathic physician and surgeon from Plymouth, Michigan, talks about his experience as a Cadillac owner.

"As a doctor, it's important that I have a car that can take me anywhere . . . over country roads through rain, ice or snow . . . I also like a car to be very comfortable and sporty, too.

"After test-driving several other luxury cars, I chose a Cadillac Eldorado. In the two years I owned that car, it never failed me . . . I never had trouble.

"Finally, when I sold my Eldorado it was to some friends of mine. I still see these people frequently and know that they're as much in love with the car as I was.

"I'm now driving an Eldorado Coupe and it's magnificent. I especially like the car's front-wheel drive and its design . . . Certainly, it's a status car . . . and I think for any professional man, this fits him.

"Now that I've been driving Cadillacs for a couple of years, I think I'm enjoying it more than I ever did . . . You might call it an expensive car but I really don't think so. In fact, I consider it dollar for dollar value with any automobile on the market. It's a lot of car."

Cadillac



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Johnny Bench
Feels blade-close because the head is thin.
Extra comfortable because it flexes.
CORD OR CORDLESS
SCHICK FLEXAMATIC

The bucket-shop operator would merely keep records of transactions, but not buy or sell the securities. The records showed that the operator made money on eighty-seven percent of his transactions—or that the public was right thirteen percent of the time.

According to Morton Shulman's *The Billion Dollar Windfall*, a study "prepared for the Royal Commission on Banking and Finance, completed in 1964 . . . discovered . . . that 92 percent of the investing public [that had invested in mining shares] lost money."

So these published studies (the only ones available at present) show that eighty-five percent of the individual investors who play the market lose money in it. *Relatively*, then, the mutual funds do a better job for the uninformed investor than he does for himself. Is that good enough, though?

Recall that in the five years ending in 1970, fifty-four funds, chosen at random, improved their asset share value by 2.5 percent per year and their five-year performance ending in 1972, after taking into account the load charge, was similar. Such a performance is inferior to the savings-bank interest rate!

The most important premise that should govern all investors is *to not lose* rather than to try to make. This rule cannot be emphasized enough, particularly in view of the history of individual investor performance.

Those investors who understand how to evaluate the worth of a company and who have the time to do it will avoid funds and buy into companies only when they are selling for less than they are worth. In other words the investor who understands these principles will not only not lose but will not have trouble making money in the stock market.

Obviously, the majority of the investing public has not had the time or the inclination to learn the security analysis game. Therefore the following suggestions are made for them, keeping in mind that preservation of capital is primary.

1. Savings banks

These days the investor may obtain six percent on "demand" time deposits (in Maryland savings banks for one) and more for deposits locked in for several years.

The six percent return compounded will double one's original deposit in twelve years, while a seven percent rate will double it in ten years.

2. Short-term high-grade bonds

These yield seven to seven and one half percent.

3. Treasury bills

These are paying eight and one half percent right now.

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BACARDI® rum. The mixable one.
Bacardi rum.
You don't have to mix it to like it.

These annual gains of six, seven and eight and one half percent look good against the 2 5 percent recent gains in funds But the investor may wonder about those other periods, for example, 1950-1960, when the return on 1700 common stocks was 14 8 percent per year

What will the next several years of investment in mutual funds or in common stock return to the investor? There is no way to determine this ahead of time Even if the investor were endowed with extraordinary predictive powers on economic and profit forecasting he would still have the problem of fund selection From historical data we have already noted that prior performance is not necessarily an indication of future performance

What the investor does know is that he can obtain six to eight and a half percent on his money now, while eliminating the need to be right in forecasting the profits or economic activity or to be right in fund selection

4 Closed-end funds

We have already emphasized the *relatively* superior performance of closed-end funds over open-end funds Many closed-end funds may be bought frequently at a price below asset value per share It is primarily this feature that permits the extra leverage in closed end-fund performance over that of the open-end funds

For the investor who insists on buying mutual funds, here's a suggested method for selecting a closed-end fund for investment

Use Wiesenberger's *Investment Companies* (the library should have it), which contains data on mutual funds. One set of data is the discount from asset value per share at which the fund shares have sold for each of the past ten years Take note of the range, select the average low, then wait for the fund to sell at that low (that may take many months, but wait anyway), then buy In the meantime, since the discount fluctuates, the investor will be able to select the selling price which will be at the narrower historical discount or, as in some instances, a premium. Be sure to sell at that time

For example, from this table one may find a closed-end fund that has sold at a historical discount from asset value of from twenty to five percent The investor might try a plan of buying this closed-end fund when it sells at a discount of about twenty percent, hold, then sell when the discount approaches five percent.

After selling he should place his money in savings banks, in AAA short-term bonds, or Treasury notes while awaiting a similar, apparently bargain opportunity.

This system cannot be guaranteed to work, as witness the performance in 1970 of National Aviation Corp , a closed-end fund, when it recorded a price of $16, the lowest in ten years. But the enterprising investor might try this plan, after adequate study, with *part* of his funds only, leaving the largest portion In savings banks, AAA bonds or T-notes.

All of us would like to make that killing in the stock market But the record shows that most investors will lose trying There is no really sound way to eliminate the requirement for knowing a good deal about security analysis if the investor expects to make money in the stock market, either through relying on his own analyses or through his selection of an adviser

I suspect that the most valuable tip that may be given to a person contemplating playing the stock market is; *don't* invest in common stocks or funds unless you are thoroughly familiar with the business of security analysis

Remember the eighty-five percent —and good luck ##



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HORSE OPERA IS GRAND OPERA

by Martha Bennett Stiles

Clippity clop, clackity-claque

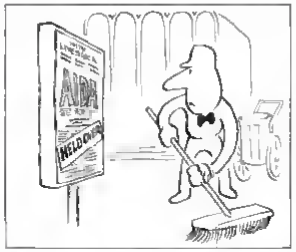
Modern audiances are accustomed to doing without the "distraction" of real horses in their operas, and a very good thing, asserts Professor Ronald E Mitchell in his otherwise ingratiating recent book, *Opera, Dead or Alive* Today, says this longtime theatre director, we "associate the presence of animals with tasteless and spectacular productions of *Aida* and *Carmen*" Is he correct, is spectacle passé, the horse as supporting artist obsolete? In the words of Aida herself, *"No! No! giammai!"* (Carmen we will hear from later)

From London to Moscow, from Florida to New York, the opera horse is still very properly appreciated When *Gone with the Wind* as light opera opened at London's Drury Lane Theatre last year, it was Rhett Butler's horse whose performance (booby-trapping the retreat from Atlanta) brought down the house. When Moscow's Bolshoi Theatre solved its equine casting problem this spring, *Pravda*'s relieved, triumphant report was joyfully repeated by newspapers all over the world—in detail Circus horses, which the Bolshoi had thought it could rely on for important roles in operas from the classic *Boris Goudonov* to the contemporary *Man From Another World*, had a distracting tendency to start dancing when they heard music. The Bolshoi switched to police horses, which have been known to adapt successfully one of the most striking *Aidas* ever performed was staged in this country *circa* 1920 by impresario Alfredo Salmaggi, who dressed the entire Chicago mounted police in old draperies and cast them as conquering Egyptians The Bolshoi, however, found that Moscow's police horses were unnerved by footlights. (Salmaggi's triumph had been scored by day.) Next, the Bolshoi tried racehorses, and these, *Pravda* exults, are doing splendidly

There was never any question of staging the Bolshoi's operas without horses, and neither, contrary to Professor Mitchell's claim, is the opera horse, or the spectacle, extinct on this continent Nearly eight years ago, the title "operatic capital of the South" was bestowed upon Miami, Florida, by no lesser court than the Metropolitan Opera Guild's *Opera News*, on the strength of the most spectacular *Aida* since Salmaggi's For Greater Miami's triumphal march, the Opera Guild employed a horse, a camel, and elephants, and offered to employ Muhammad Ali, then world heavyweight champion Cassius Clay, as a walk-on soldier Ali declined, but who knows what he might have answered had he been offered a mount?

One can almost hear Professor Mitchell sighing, "Just what one expects in the provinces." But where was he in 1966 on New York's opening night of this century? The Metropolitan's new theatre, let it be stressed, did not welcome its lucky first customers with some tradition-bound venerable, but with the world premiere of Samuel Barber's *Antony and Cleopatra*

"I entered on a magnificent white horse," says Jess Thomas, the South Dakota tenor who sang Caesar "The horses behind me had a little trouble



with the footing, which was gold and slippery, and they nudged mine where a horse does not like to be nudged and he reared If I hadn't been a horseman I would have been thrown The audience was thrilled!"

If horses thrill them at the Metropolitan, then New York's second major opera company is not going to be out-horsed either Those who saw the City Opera's 1969 *Mefistofele* will remember its undeniably spectacular first scene, where mounted gentry lent such tone to the Easter throngs. A "phenomenal success," New York *Times* music critic Harold C Schonberg called *that* production

No production, of course, can be perfect in every detail Of *Mefistofele*'s premiere, *Stereo Review*'s William Livingstone recorded, "The first lap across the stage went very well, but having paid for the beasts, the director evidently thought he'd get his money's worth and have them ride across again That was a mistake, for one of the horses committed a prodigious public nuisance, leaving no doubt about what he thought of the production It broke up the audience, which giggled for the rest of that scene at the dexterity with which the dancers managed to stay out of the mess."

Well, no performer can please everybody all the time, but the tradition of horse as supporting artist is far too hallowed to die because of weary sophisticates like Professor Mitchell or fastidious irreverents like Mr Livingstone On- and offstage, the horse has been the loyal servant of opera for well over two centuries, literally working his way up from the bottom Visitors to Copenhagen's Christianaborg may not realize that its museum was once the court theatre of the staid King Christian VII, or that his stables were directly below it. The royal theatre's inaugural performance (1767) was Monsigny's opera *The King and the Farmer*, and the emanations from below provided a notably realistic atmosphere Thus, like the soprano who begins her career as Siegfried's bird, warbling offstage about the Nibelungenring, but ends it as Siegfried's widow (literally in a blaze of glory) with both the Nibelungenring and the stage all her own, so also the horse began with offstage roles, then worked through many humble assignments, like dragging on Dr Dulcamara's *elsxir d'amora* (snake oil), and at last arrived, the plumed and spotlighted partner of monarchs, center stage

Audiences welcomed him Noted opera annalist Robert Connolly has described one of the supreme moments of his theatregoing which occurred at a provincial Italian production of Puccini's *The Girl of the Golden West*. It was the climax: hero Dick was about to be hanged, when onto the scene galloped heroine Minnie, two guns blazing She was Maria Canigha at the end of her great career—"ugly as sin, older than God, her voice in tatters, so fat she could not get down from the horse without the aid of two strong men Still, her being able to ride at all seemed to call for some audience response. The sight was so ludicrous that Americans would have burst out laughing The Italians, God bless them, gave her an ovation"



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You will at once have realized what Mr. Connolly failed to comprehend: the Italians, God bless them, were applauding the *horse*.

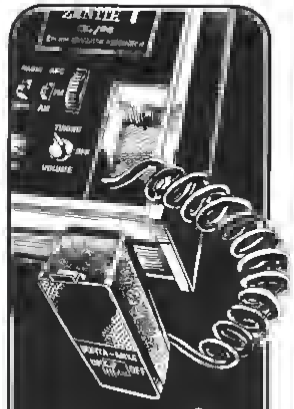
In the face of such adulation, it is a tribute to the horse's character that singers are equally enthusiastic about him. "My favorite scene in *La Périchole*," declares Cyril Ritchard, who plays the Vicaroy of Peru, "is where I ride in on Daisy." Toward the end of Salvatore Marchesi's career, the famous baritone refused any role which did not allow him to make his first entrance either astride or from the top of a hill, preferably both. Joan Sutherland, almost flattened with back trouble, performed Queen Marguerite de Valois in a steel brace rather than forego singing *Les Huguenots*' Act Two finale on horseback. In 1876, when the American singer Nordica studied the same role, her teacher reinforced the doughty soprano's favorable attitude to the combination of horse and opera by giving her lessons in a summerhouse where, as she played Nordica's accompaniment with one hand, she could feed sugar lumps to her own horse with the other.

A donkey is the best mount vouchsafed any female in *Carmen*, which is doubtless why Nordica wasted scant time on that opera, singing only two performances of it in her life. What would she have made of the Met's next-to-last production, in which there were not even mounted males, and in which not only the horses but the picadors themselves were papier-mâché? More to the point, what did two of the most influential modern critics make of it? Well, Harold Schonberg declared that this horseless *Carmen* was one of the worst disasters of the Met's last seventeen years, and Winthrop Sargeant, of *The New Yorker*, suggested that Bizet's grave should be visited to see if the ground had been disturbed from below. It need only be added that the production which tried to ratire the horse was itself hastily retired. Obviously, Professor Mitchell notwithstanding, there is still a modern audience which wants its spectacles on the hoof.

To the question, then, Will horse opera be allowed to die?, we can answer along with Carmen. "*Non, non, jamais!*" ‡

Multiple Sclerosis can strike young people anytime. Funds are necessary for research and to aid those already afflicted with the disease. Please contribute to your local MS chapter





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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

A reasonable regard for Truth in Packaging compels us to make explicit at least somewhere in this magazine what it is that Carol Burnett is doing on this month's Esquire cover in the company of two of her chiefest assistants, Harvey Korman and Lyle Waggoner. Some months ago the editors of Esquire, after thinking and thinking on what, if any, American subject might support enough discussion to fill a larger-than-usual issue for Christmas of 1973, were suspended midway in the process of decision as between and among a whole issue on Crime, a whole issue on Sex, and a whole issue on Salvation: three areas in which, as editors can see no less clearly than anybody else, interest and activity in this country have been booming for some time now. Finally, as it will, the day of decision came, and hence we have this giant issue on Crime *and* Sex *and* Salvation. Now, what Carol Burnett and Harvey Korman and Lyle Waggoner are doing on the cover is nothing more, and certainly no whit less, than illustrating the triple theme of the issue, and the reason it's they instead of somebody else is that we like them a lot, we thought nobody else could do it so well, and, finally, because they were kind enough to do it when we asked them. They can be seen, in color, motion and living sound, each Saturday night during the primest of time in this, the seventh season of *The Carol Burnett Show*.

The best place to watch Carol Burnett from, of course, would be some location where the happy viewer could rest his mind from trouble and let it dwell entirely on the TV screen. Ten such places—not that other places are *worse*, exactly, but ten places worth thinking about—are the subject of David Franke's compilation beginning on page 146. Mr. Franke's article is an enlarged excerpt from his book *America's Fifty Safest Cities*, to be published by Arlington House in February of next year; the author is an editor at Arlington House and coauthor with his wife Holly of *Safe Places*, which appeared from Arlington House last year. Whereas *Safe Places* was concerned mostly with small towns where people sufficiently free to fly from the horrors of urban life might choose to settle in, the current book analyzes urban areas where people less free might reasonably choose to settle *for*. The distinction is methodological as well as sociological; Mr. Franke told us: "*Safe Places* included our personal choices based on personal inspection. They ended up being mostly small towns, and we had an enthusiastic following with the book, but people asked, 'How about cities?,' because of their job situations. I went to Census Department materials and got the population for all cities of over 50,000, fed it into a computer with F.B.I. crime statistics, and ranked the cities from 1 to 393 in order of safety. But these rankings are not based on my personal inspection, they're just what the statistics show."

James Simon Kunen (*Dr. Bronner's Magic Soap*, page 218) hasn't been around Esquire for a while—not since July, 1970, and a short piece on watching an eclipse of the sun—and, indeed, we found on inquiry that from November, 1971, until the first of May this year he had been employed in a halfway house for juvenile delinquents under the supervision of the Massachusetts Department of Youth Services in Lancaster, Massachusetts. "But, since May Day, 1973," he said, "I've been back in the writing business."

May Day, not only this year but others, looms sufficiently large in Mr. Kunen's legend. "On May Day, 1972, I bought my car—a '69 Chevelle Malibu convertible I call The Dream—because after working with juvenile delinquents for a while I thought I'd like a big fast car and I got one. It was also on May Day, 1972, that I started doing transcendental meditation. I'm sort of an equivocal meditator, every time I seem close to shooting through to the blue funk, I pull back because I identify so closely with my tensions and bang-ups. I'm not sure who I'd be without them. I'm sort of an off-again on-again mystic who likes to do things on May Day." Though Mr. Kunen neglected, perhaps out of modesty, to say so, it's fair to guess that at least part of his May Day fixation began with May Day, 1968, which was surrounded on both sides by the Columbia University rebellion, one of whose fruits was his own book *The Strawberry Statement*. We are glad to have him back, in this or any other month.

The screenplay *Dead!* (page 161), by William Styron and John Phillips, appears for the first time in Esquire, as so much has, the film itself is currently in the planning stages at Palomar Pictures. ###

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The Pick of the Presidents

Esquire asked the presidents of four leading department stores to select the most exciting Christmas gifts they have to offer this year. If you can't find the things you want here, don't call us, call them.



I. Magnin, San Francisco

In existence for almost 100 years, I. Magnin & Co. has eighteen stores in California and additional branches in Chicago, Seattle, Portland and Phoenix. From the San Francisco headquarters, president John Schumacher has chosen a handful of very special gifts, available at all branches. He hopes they will help keep "the spirit of Christmas with us each day of our lives." Starting at top left and moving clockwise: the boulder-shaped lamp has the look of marble rock but is made of polyester. It casts a subtle, indirect light and is $50. Cache-Cache tumblers are of silver-toned plastic. More elegant than clear plastic, they are also washable, stackable and come in three sizes at $7.50 a dozen. The tie that nobody returns the day after Christmas is the fashionable and classic silk rep by Ralph Lauren for Polo. It's available in all colors, $15. To round out the holiday dinner there's Fortnum and Mason's traditional Christmas pudding, imported from London of course. One pound is $7.50.

Photographed by Steve Myers



This Venetian master lets you see what Sony quadraphonic sound lets you hear.

Just as the painter Canaletto makes you feel the space and depth of a great cathedral, Sony quadraphonic sound surrounds you with the space and depth of music.

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To listen to Sony quadraphonic sound is to see with the eyes of Canaletto.



THE SONY SQP-400.



The name I. Magnin, for many people, represents taste, exclusivity and fashion consciousness. The word this winter that represents fashion consciousness for women is "sweater." With this in mind, Mr. Schumacher has picked an exclusive I. Magnin design, crocheted of wool and mohair and trimmed in imported natural badger. Made in their custom workrooms, the sweater, which comes with a matching hat, is $795. Another exclusive, this one for men, is a colorful striped-velvet caftan by Alexander Shields. The caftan, more relaxed than the traditional smoking jacket and more formal than the shave coat, is priced at $125. For everyone, a rare multi-colored basket with shell-and-leather trim, imported from Ethiopia, $95. Here it's filled to overflowing with loaves of sourdough French bread from San Francisco's Fisherman's Wharf. It's attractive enough to stand on its own but can also be used for fruit, dried flowers, magazines or anything else one might want to display.

The poor girl's rich-watch.



Designer wrist-watches from the House of Dior. But the only expensive thing about them is their look.

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Models shown left to right: #53016 #53014 #53029 #52030. These and other styles from $100 at fine jewelry and department stores. ©Bulova Watch Co., Inc.

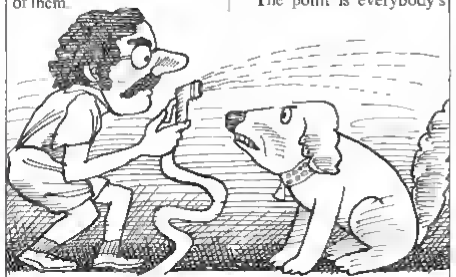
THE RONRICO WINTERIZING DIGEST

An exhaustive guide to getting ready. Everything from draining the lawn mower to filling the wassail bowl.

First and foremost, you've got to have a list. Listless is no word for what you'll be without it. Next, you need help. But first things first.

The Unforgettables

Window washing. The days are getting short. It'd be nice to be able to see what's left of them.



Check snow tires. The rear ones are the most important.

Go over kids' winter clothes. Separate the passalongs from the past repairs.

Visit the dump. The scrap iron the kids have collected over the summer would fill a modern art museum.

Pull the spark plug on the lawn mower. You know, the little gismo the boys used as a ray gun muzzle last year.

Drain the lawn mower.

Take boat out of water.

Take water out of boat.

Dismantle tree houses.

Visit the dump.

Wash the dog. Six winter months in the house with a dirty dog can take its toll.

Store rakes, trowels and garden furniture in basement.

Put in supply of nutmeg, ginger, cloves, cinnamon, eggs and a mixed case of Ronrico White and Gold Rum.

Visit the dump. And this time don't let the kids bring back as much as you took over.

Step Two: Help.

Now it's time to depend on the blindness of strangers. You need a ruse. A Party is called for.

The point is everybody's got the same dirty problems this time of year. Why not pool them? Call your get-together anything you like—the more exotic the better.

We have it on good authority that a Communal Plug-Pulling Party can be a very whimsical thing given a compatible lineup of plug pullers.

Speaking of pooling resources, here's a little prize to reward them for their labors.

Chinese/American Winter Dip

1 cup mayonnaise
1 cup sour cream
1 tbsp soy sauce
2 tbsp chopped water chestnuts
2 cloves garlic, chopped fine
½ cup chopped green onions
¼ cup chopped parsley

Ask your Dippees to bring the Dipper of their choice: potato chips, zwieback, shrimp, Holland rusks, anything.

If you don't want to dip, how about a dunk? A dunk is practically *the* indoor sport. So have it outdoors.

Any raw vegetable, crisp and cold, goes with a dunk. Dunk baby raw asparagus tips or cucumber fingers, cherry tomatoes, zucchini, cauliflower or almost anything else you happen to have lying around.

Say hello to....



Herb Dunk

1½ pints of sour cream
1 tsp. salt
1 cup chopped spinach
¼ cup each of chopped parsley, chives and dill
1 clove garlic, chopped fine
Blend well and chill for 2 hours.

Pop-goes-the-Wassail

12 eggs
2 bottles Ronrico White or Gold Rum
2 lbs. sugar
1 tsp. nutmeg
2 tsp. ginger
6 whole cloves
½ tsp. mace
6 whole allspice
1 tsp. cinnamon

Mix dry ingredients in ½ pint of water. Add rum and simmer over a very slow fire. Beat egg yolks and whites separately and stir into the hot brew. Plop in a few baked apples if they're handy and you want to show off a bit. Lace with Ronrico 151—the Power and the Glory behind those exotic island drinks—and stand back.

How to invent a holiday

If you feel you need a better excuse than the Plug-Pulling Ploy for your work party, hold it in honor of something topical. All you need is a title to make it sound legit.

Take the possibilities in November alone.

Nov. 3—Anniversary of the announcement of Murray Skurnik's engagement.

Nov. 12—The day after what used to be Armistice Day.

Nov. 16—Mother's Day at Brookhaven Zoo.

Nov. 17—First mink-lined teacup appears.

Nov. 25—Annual Murray Skurnik Tribute Dinner.

Nov. 30—Anniversary of English Speaking Union.



But what's a party without good conversation?

The art of good conversation is basically a matter of words. Here are a few good words, or as some say *bon mots*, that you can drop in to keep things going no matter what you're talking about.

machismo	*fait accompli*
charisma	*Weltschmerz*
germane	*Szechuan*
urbane	*rhetoric*

See if you can't think of some other good words that will fascinate and delight others in your gathering. By this time, your horde of eager guests will have you completely battened down for winter.

Can Spring be far behind?



Ronrico.
The bright taste in rum.

General Wine & Spirits Co., NYC, 80 proof

Seventy-five colors. Start your own collection.



All you need is $1.75 to start your Gold Cup collection today. And you can continue collecting for a long time, because we have more colors than any other sock. Any. And they mix and match perfectly with your casual clothes.

But Gold Cup is more than a handsome sock in a great variety of colors. For instance, we make Gold Cup from an exclusive blend of 75% Hi-bulk Orlon® acrylic and 25% stretch nylon. It feels nice and soft on your feet. Like cashmere.

There's more. It has the famous "Hi-Heel Shield" and re-inforced toe for up to 10 times more wear than socks without this feature.

There's still more. Our exclusive Endo-Stat™ process that helps make Gold Cup anti-static, anti-cling and anti-lint.

So go ahead and collect stamps or coins or whatever you wish, but now's the time to start a Gold Cup collection for your feet. Only $131.25 for the entire collection, or $1.75 a pair starts it.

Burlington Gold Cup® Socks

® Burlington Industries, Inc. 1973 ■ Burlington Socks, a division of Burlington Industries at Burlington House, New York, N.Y. 10019. Also available in Canada.


Come to where
the flavor is.
Marlboro Country.
You get a lot to like
with a Marlboro.
FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
18 mg "tar" 1.3 mg nicotine
av per cigarette, FTC Report Feb '73
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Rich's, Atlanta

Rich's is the largest department store in the South, and the gift selections of president Joel Goldberg reflect the successful operating principle that has made it something attractive for everyone. For her: top right is a mink-and-leather walking coat with Tourmaline collar, $588; behind it, Skyway luggage on wheels. The ladies' size, in rust-colored nylon, is $65. Bottom, antique Venetian-glass trade beads date from the nineteenth century and come from West Africa. They are $20. The pair of Portuguese cats serve as flower holders and are $17. For the kids: center, baby's plasticized green-and-white-check travel bag, $18; below it, a teen-ager's delight, the new portable Panasonic cassette recorder-player in red plastic casing, $32.88; child's red canvas tote bag by Belmo, with name or monogram, is $6; Benjamin Bunny, a Beatrix Potter character, the latest replacement for the old-fashioned teddy bear, $14; *The Tale of Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle*, a Beatrix Potter book, $1.95.



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The 6 cylinder Hornet Hatchback moves out like a sporty car. Handles like a sporty car. But saves on gas because it's an economy car.

Hatchback also gives you plenty of room to travel in. Holds two adults, three children and three suitcases. Or two people and a raft of luggage.

As for the price? You won't have any trouble fitting that in either



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We at American Motors are very proud of our exclusive Buyer Protection Plan. And we invite you to examine it closely to see just what it does for you.

First of all, you'll find that AMC is the only company that will fix or replace free any part—except tires—for 12 months or 12,000 miles whether the part was defective, or it just plain wore out under normal use and service. And that means any part—even those annoying little things that occasionally wear out like spark plugs, wiper blades and light bulbs. All we require is that the car be properly maintained and cared for in the fifty United States or Canada, and that guaranteed repairs or replacement be made by an American Motors dealer.

AMC has a plan to provide you with a free loaner car if guaranteed repairs take overnight.

And AMC offers a special trip interruption plan which provides up to $150 for food and lodging should your car need guaranteed repairs more than 100 miles from home.

We've even established a special toll-free hotline to Detroit. If you don't think we're living-up to our promises call us. We'll do something about it.

AMERICAN MOTORS CORPORATION

We back them better because we build them better.



Another of Rich's operating principles Mr. Goldberg stresses is shopping world markets to find and develop new and imaginative Christmas items. Among this year's domestic finds: the outer sweater for man. This one, of camel-colored wool in cable design, features the newly revived and important shawl collar. It's by Ralph Lauren for Polo, $95. The Lucite-and-chrome clock (lower left), ultra-modern in its simplicity, is battery operated, $32.50. The silver-dollar jigger by Wallace (bottom right) is a welcome gift during any holiday season. It comes in one- and two-ounce sizes, $15.95. From foreign marketplaces Mr. Goldberg selects a hand-carved Kuan Yin of Wilhamsite, delicately detailed and representative of the craftsmanship of old China, $1,850. An Italian pouch-style handbag of soft, polished leather has a shoulder strap that buttons down to a hand carry, $175. An antique English ink bottle and stand, made circa 1860 of crystal and silver, $125.



After you've harvested the noblest grapes... after your winemaster has worked his magic... after you've done everything you can to make a fine wine, you need one thing more to make it great: time.

Nothing good happens fast.
Paul Masson



© Paul Masson Vineyards, Saratoga, California since 1852



Neiman-Marcus, Dallas

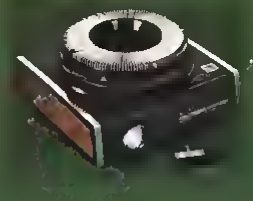
Neiman-Marcus enjoys a reputation as one of the finest and most expensive stores in the world. "Whatever our gifts, and wherever they are found," says chairman Stanley Marcus, "they must live up to the standards of excellence set when Neiman-Marcus was established." His Christmas choices: an antique Manchu court robe, from a collection he bought in the People's Republic of China. The unique hand-embroidered design is $2,300. Bottom right, two enameled ink containers, also from China, of the Tao-Kuang period (1821-1850), are eleven inches in diameter and $3,500 the pair. Between the Chinese imports is a gourmet set from Switzerland. It includes copper pot, double burner and stainless-steel ladle. Ideal for buffet dinner, $75. Left is a gourmet picnic hamper-basket filled with epicurean surprises. The basket is $45. Lower left, a hand-carved wooden bird, the Clapper Rail, by Texan Perry Holley. It is one of an exclusive Neiman-Marcus collection and is priced at $650.

Kodak Has a Gift For Keeping Christmas



This Carousel projector is so handsome it's a shame to turn the lights out.

Do handsomely by someone this Christmas. Give a Kodak Carousel custom H projector. There's never been a better-looking Kodak slide projector. Off duty, it has a sleek smoke-tinted dust cover to snap on in place of the 140-slide tray. (So it doesn't have to be hidden away somewhere between shows.) On duty, the Carousel custom H



is as dependable as gravity. Because it's gravity that gently lowers each slide into place. No pushing or pulling. Just one brilliant slide after another. Carousel custom H projectors come in a variety of models, all handsome, all quiet as a whisper. The 860H model shown is less than $245. Other Kodak Carousel projectors from less than $65.

Kodak Carousel custom H projector.

Prices subject to change without notice.



Six more picks from Mr. Marcus. Starting at top and running clockwise they are: lion photograph, from a collection of African wildlife studies by Joan Baron. It is framed in Italian suede, $190. The lion overlooks a cape of the finest natural crown Russian sable. The cape has a 145-inch sweep and can be hers for your $63,500. Dwarfed by comparison is the antique silver water pitcher with crest, by Mappin & Webb, a modest $140. The cane has a flashing light activated by a switch in the handle. Perfect novelty for the man who has everything or the urban scaredy-cat, $37.50. The pendant and link chain are made of 22-karat gold, designed by Jean Mahie of France, and carried exclusively by Neiman-Marcus. Mahie takes his inspiration from ancient Mayan and Egyptian motifs. Each piece is hand-chiseled and put together without solder. The pendant is $850, the chain, $1,300. Finally, a hand-hammered silver-plated shell from Italy. It can be used for candy or show, $210.



Red Adair is internationally famous for fighting oil-well fires. He answers alarms from all over the world.

Probably his greatest challenge was this Sahara blowout that sent a geyser of flame thundering to a height of 700 feet, gorging 550,000,000 cubic feet of gas every 24 hours.

Those who watched this spectacle dubbed it "The Devil's Cigarette Lighter." John Glenn was able to observe it from his space capsule.

It took five long months of punctilious preparation before Adair was ready to move in, perilously close to the raging inferno, and deftly place the specially made explosive charge that – boom! – blew out the fire much as you might blow out a match.

A man like this demands a lot of himself. His possessions must match his lifestyle. That's why you'll find a Rolex on his wrist.

It looks rugged – and is. The case is carved from a solid ingot of 18 kt. gold or stainless steel. The Triplock winding crown is firmly screwed down into the case so that it seals like a miniature submarine hatch. The crystal is diamond cut for a meticulous match with the case and uniquely engineered so that it actually grips more tightly under pressure (deep underwater, for instance).

Inside is a Rolex movement that truly deserves all this protection. Crafted skillfully in time-honored tradition by skilled Swiss hands. Fitted with a self winding rotor that Rolex invented. Submitted voluntarily to an Official Swiss Institute for Chronometer Tests, where each individual movement undergoes two weeks of exhaustive tests before earning the prized "chronometer" rating. The result is a triumph of the watchmaker's art, a timepiece you'll own with pride, a timepiece you'll never have to pamper.



Ask Red Adair.

Write for free color brochure: Rolex Watch U.S.A. Inc., 580 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036. Dept. AJ

Owning one is almost as satisfying as making one.

ROLEX



Bloomingdale's, New York

"At Bloomingdale's, Christmas means crowds, tempo, and new, heaped-up gifts for our customers, many of whom come to us from foreign countries," says president Marvin S Traub "We often hear people say, 'Bloomingdale's is our favorite store'" Mr Traub offers some tangible reasons why they feel this way. top left, a handmade crib quilt with twelve blocks of chubby figures, $130 A hand-painted ceremonial tonka from the Himalayas One of a collection, it is framed in brass and is $450 The chess set has pieces of nickel-plated steel and brass It comes in a handsome leather case, $200 The Chinese porcelain bowl dates from the nineteenth-century Ch'ing Dynasty and is $150 The hand-carved meerschaum pipe from Turkey is priced at $100 The heirloom basket, packed with papier-mâché bread (baked in an oven for the color and look of the real thing), is a one-of-a-kind item The bread is non-edible of course, but then it is also nonperishable, $150

Introducing Zenith Allegro...
the tuned sound system.

Because deep, rich sound gets trapped inside a speaker, we gave it a way to get out.

The whole idea of a stereo system is the sound that goes in should come out again—as faithfully reproduced as possible. But with a lot of systems, including many with sealed speakers, you never hear some of the deep, rich bass. It gets trapped inside the speaker cabinets.

With Zenith's new line of Allegro stereo systems,* you'll hear those deep, rich sounds

They're channeled out of the speaker through a unique opening in front called a "tuned-port." Added to our specially-designed woofer and horn-type tweeter, this innovative design means remarkable efficiency. A 60-watt Allegro system equals the sound performance of a 120-watt system with comparable size air-suspension speakers By the same standard, in terms of size and efficiency, the Allegro system has the deepest, richest sounding speakers on the market today.

There's more to the Allegro story, of course. Innovative features. 4-channel adaptability—just by adding a few extras Many models to choose from But the best part about Allegro is how it sounds Once you hear it, you'll know what we're talking about

The Woodstock Model E684W, Allegro 3000

The surprising sound of Zenith.

ZENITH Allegro

*patent pending

The quality goes in before the name goes on



Mr. Traub of Bloomingdale's also suggests the Basonge mask, a carved representation of an African water spirit. It's from the Congo and is priced at $2,000. Behind the mask is a fringed, multicolored throw made of mohair and designed by Lena Rewell, $75. Bottom right, a cork guest book and bowl trimmed in metal. Designed by Gabriella Crespi, the guest book is $75, the bowl, $28. The silver-plated egg (left) is filled with sand. Incredibly, it floats in the swimming pool or can rest on a table. In either case, it is bound to be a conversation piece. The egg costs $150. Rounding out Mr. Traub's Christmas selections is an item Bloomingdale's calls "Executive Privilege." This is an electric paper shredder, with a smoky Plexiglas shell to catch the shreds. It is $70, available at all branch stores, and is expected to be one of the better-selling gifts this season. An additional note: it will also shred wrappings so order now and enjoy a merry, litter-free Christmas holiday.



In 1919, the Navy offered travel, training, pay. Today, they're only the beginning.

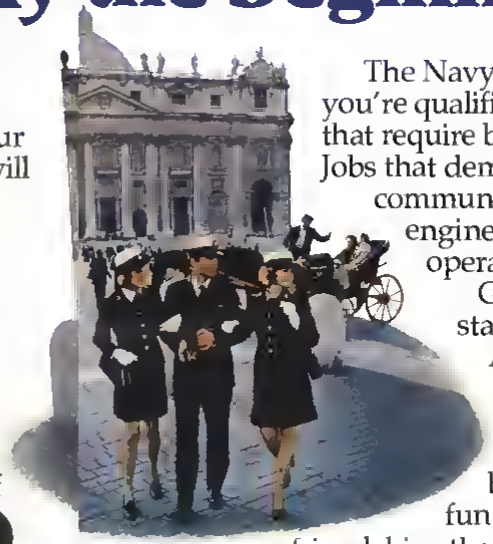


This Navy poster originally appeared in 1919. For a free full color reproduction, step by your local Navy recruiter's office. No obligation, of course.

Seeing the world, learning a trade, putting your life to good use will always be Navy facts of life.

And today's Navy offers even more. Training in highly skilled jobs, responsibility, a great chance to make the most of yourself.





The Navy has many jobs to choose from, if you're qualified. Interesting, exciting, active jobs that require brain power, good hands—or both. Jobs that demand you prove your ability. Like communications technician, sea-going engineer, metal worker, computer operator, and many, many others.

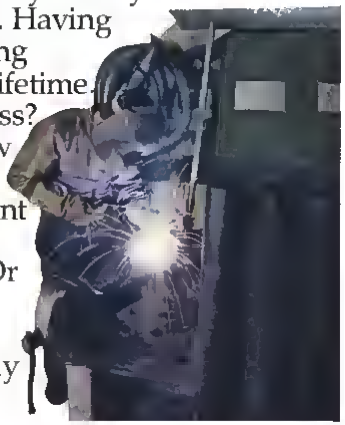
Good jobs? Sure. Easy jobs? No. Navy standards today are higher than ever.

And, of course, you'll also have to do your share of the everyday chores.

But you'll be earning the highest pay in Navy history. You'll be traveling. Having fun. And making friendships that can last a lifetime.

Do you have what it takes to be a success? To be someone special? Check into the new Navy. Get the details on the over 300 interesting jobs in the more than 70 different fields to choose from. Your local Navy Recruiter will supply all the information. Or mail the attached coupon. Or call toll-free 800-841-8000 anytime, day or night.

In today's Navy, travel, training, and pay are only the beginning.



Be a success in the new Navy.

FILMS
JOHN SIMON

Two solidly established genres of film as well as fiction, the-most-unforgettable-character-I-ever-met story and the glory-and-agony-of-school-days tale, are welded together into *The Paper Chase*. The movie is based on a novel by John Jay Osborn Jr., a kind of second-best seller Osborn wrote as a student at Harvard Law School. It deals with the love-hate, Hart, a first-year student, feels for Kingsfield, his haughty, sardonic, mean but brilliant contract-law professor. Kingsfield, who either ignores his students or sarcastically browbeats them, is one of the stars of the Law School faculty who teaches by the Socratic method and rules his students with a Socratic rod of irony. Hart, a bright, unassertive Midwesterner, so fears, idolizes and resents Kingsfield that it becomes his ruling passion to impress, astound or even confound him—indeed, to turn into him.

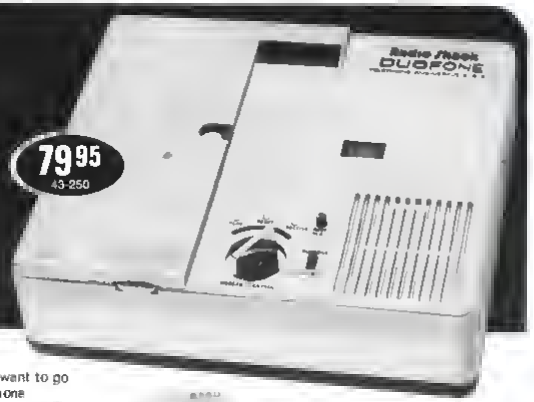
The other part of the plot, as noted, concerns the glory and agony of being a student. The glory consists of Hart's getting picked up by a pretty young woman in the nocturnal streets of Cambridge when she needs protection from someone who has been following her, a "meeting cute" scene that quickly—and through rapid cut-



ting even more quickly—develops into an affair. Susan, the temperamental young woman, turns out to be Kingsfield's daughter, which gives coincidence roughly the role Fate used to play in Greek tragedy, and nicely thickens the plot. For the agony, we get the immense hardship involved in making it through the first year of school: the study group formed by Hart, Ford and four ill-assorted fellows who manage to irritate more than help one another; the near-suicide of one of the group who cannot keep up; the frantic cramming for examinations; the breakup with Susan when work forces Hart to neglect her. Of course, there is a happy ending on both the academic and romantic fronts.

It might have made a very decent film if any of the main intentions had been realized by James Bridges, either in his script or in his direction. John Houseman, the celebrated producer and director who here makes his belated starring debut, is a fine Kingsfield: he exudes the proper amount of icy intelligence and fastidious prissiness, and subtly suggests even the underlying emotional alienation. But such a figure would impose itself through keenness of mind, dazzlingly epigrammatic sallies, and here the writing lets Kings-

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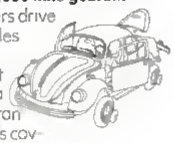
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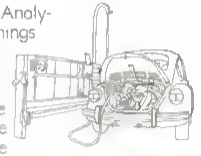
How many times have you heard of waiting two weeks before you can get a headlight fixed? Not at Volkswagen With Express Care if we can fix something in less than 30 minutes we'll do it *while you wait* No appointment needed for these little repairs

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We made the car You own the car So we're in this together As long as you maintain your new Volkswagen properly we'll do most of the worrying for you That's what Volkswagen's Owners Security Blanket is all about—once you're a Volkswagen Owner we're not going to leave you out in the cold

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field down. About the best he gets is an opening remark to his students: "You come in here with a skullful of mush and you leave thinking like a lawyer," and a bit of insult humor when, during a class, he offers Hart a dime with which to call his mother and tell her he'll never make a lawyer. Of legal brilliance, he is never allowed one example—perhaps because we in the audience, coming in with our skullfuls of mush, might leave feeling inferior and disgruntled.

Hart's obsession is not made palpable either. Timothy Bottoms gives his best performance to date in the role, but he is, finally, one of those actors who prevail (if they do) through looking likable and not doing anything really wrong rather than through that flexibility and taking of risks that truly are acting. Still, it is more likely the script's fault if most of his inner life is amputated. Back in 1926, Virginia Woolf wrote that at the movies, "as smoke pours from Vesuvius, we should be able to see thought in its wildness, in its beauty, in its oddity. . . ." *The Paper Chase* fails to make thought visible.

The best scene is that of the first nocturnal breaking into Langdell Hall by Hart and Ford's Bridges shoots their feet through the frosted-glass floors illuminated by the boys' flashlights; moving patches of light through which glide blotches of darkness, the intruders' shoes. There is mystery in that shot, a sense of adventure and awe, of student pranks that are more than bravado: rites of passage into the realms of the Law. On another night, the boys break into the Law Library to peruse Kingsfield's notes, and the notebooks of bygone notables, bound in red buckram, emit a weird, orangy glow by flashlight; it is like Meredith's Lucifer beholding in the stars "the army of unalterable law." Hart exclaims: "This is the unbroken chain! This is the ageless passing on of wisdom!" and some inner life begins to stir in the film, only to vanish after a couple of fitful flickers.

The study group is drolly portrayed by a handful of little-known New York actors, but the effort with Susan is, except for the absence of a lethal illness, worthy of *Love Story*. Bridges, whose one previous film was the insufferable *The Baby Maker*, has no feeling for the *genius loci*. Take a sequence like the one at Kingsfield's cocktail party, where the strained texture of such an academic gathering is flatly missed: the director cannot find the tiny telling details that fasten the whole thing to reality. But in the Susan of Lindsay Wagner, he has hit upon the very



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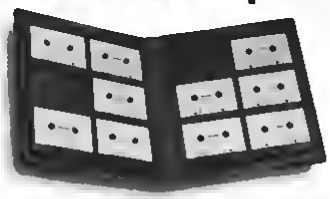


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essence of a Radcliffe girl's looks, sound and demeanor. Miss Wagner is so true that she almost hurts—at least those of us who have spent some of our best years in love with Radcliffe girls.

The problem of believability—among others—resurfaces with *Molly, Gid and Johnny*, a title that will probably be changed to *The Wild and the Sweet* by release time. This chronicle of forty-odd years in the lives of a Texan *ménage à trois* is about as believable as, say, *Cherry, Harry and Raquel*, with the difference that Russ Meyer's trash is more amusing. There has always existed the kind of fiction and film making in which the author's chief and tangible objective is to keep the plot going, at whatever cost in probability, characterization or respect for the adult intelligence. Even some fine films (*Jules and Jim*, for example) have been known to slip, usually toward the end, into this kind of desperate maneuvering, often the amorous tergiversations of three lovers. At worst, these reversals are nothing more than a way of adding thirty pages to your book or another reel to your movie. *Molly, Gid and Johnny*, based on Larry McMurtry's novel, *Leaving Cheyenne*, is the horrible archetype of such a film.

Gid Fry is the heir apparent to his father's Texas ranch. His best friend is Johnny, a footloose ranch hand; both of them are in love with Molly Taylor, the drunken neighbor's daughter. Both young men court her and both sleep with her; Johnny gleefully, Gid anxiously but soulfully. Gid, a bit of a puritan, wants to marry the girl; she says she loves him and will do anything for him but marry him. We don't know what assurances she gives Johnny. Then, for no reason known to God, man or beast (or, I would guess, McMurtry, whichever category he fits into), Molly suddenly marries Eddie, a particularly swaggering and feckless farmhand. He conveniently stays away much of the time, allowing Molly to bear one boy each to Gid and Johnny. How the paternity could be so neatly established under such untidy circumstances, we are clearly not meant to ask. To make matters even more convenient, Eddie soon dies. Gid, who on the rebound has married the rather crass Sarah, is becoming increasingly uneasy about his gossip-provoking affair with the always sweetly giving widow. Johnny, unmarried and now the overseer to Gid, the big landowner living in town, continues to carry on joyously with Molly.

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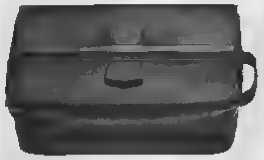
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off both of Molly's sons. Gid, soured and more convention-bound, becomes semi-estranged from Molly. She could make Gid marry her out of sympathy if she told him the bitter circumstances of their son's death, but she doesn't. She could accept Johnny, who finally proposes, but she won't. From time to time someone asks for an explanation. Gid, for instance, wants to know why Molly married Eddie rather than him. "Well, that's hard to say," she answers. "I guess because I always thought he needed me more than you." But the need is never shown. Or Molly will muse, "It would have been easy to have touched Gid that day. But I don't know, I'll never know." Nobody in this film knows anything, and that, I am afraid, includes the author. Finally Gid dies, leaving Molly his Pa's old watch. Back from the funeral, Johnny can't help having an erection when Molly gives him a rubdown. They are both in their sixties, but still mighty susceptible. "It's because of Gid that I am embarrassed," he mutters. "That's nature, Johnny," she comforts him, "you better not waste it, either." Yet it is not on this note of folksy wisdom that the film ends. Instead, it opts for homespun poetry.

Johnny returns in memory to a magical Sunday afternoon, when Molly sat on the schoolhouse porch "all sweaty and lovin'," and he and Gid took turns giving her a tumble. The camera, in a semicircular tracking shot, dollies around the girl, young again and dressed in white and smiling. Johnny contentedly recalls the prank he played on Gid that day, preventing him from fulfillment. "Nobody gets enough of the wild and sweet," Johnny's voice reflects bittersweetly as Molly smiles in close-up now, forever young and wild and sweet, as Fred Hellerman's mock-western score thumps and plunks its heart out.

Sidney Lumet has directed with remarkably little feeling for the Texas landscape and how people fit into it—understandably, I suppose, since he is a New York City boy and a dependably uninspired director. There is no topographical sense at all where the Frys' land ends and the Taylors' begins, and where the town lies and how one gets from place to place. The camera is used ploddingly and the editing does not remedy this; the film has few variations in rhythm, and its longueurs stretch as far and wide and flat as the terrain. Certain establishing shots have a way of recurring, but without the knowing, refrain-like quality with which a master like Ozu would have invested them. Even Edward Brown's color cinematography is distinguished only by its sidestepping of every possible distinction.

Anthony Perkins and Beau Bridges are just about adequate as Gid and Johnny. Perkins is somewhat uncomfortable as Gid, in a part that is sometimes too young, sometimes too old, and always too simple for him. One line, in which we are told that "Gid never had been a boy," is especially unfortunate. Tony Perkins never a boy? Unlike his younger brother, Jeff, Beau Bridges is a basically uninteresting actor and has, moreover, become prematurely shapeless and unappealing. The Molly of Blythe Danner is the film's one indisputable asset. Although not beautiful, perhaps not even precisely pretty, Miss Danner is an immensely winning human being and a marvelously spontaneous, unmimicky actress. There are precious few of those around, which makes her freshness doubly refreshing. She ages skillfully, makes slatternliness gracious, and endows foolish lines with a purity and dignity that allows them to slip by unhissed.

But what is this sorry mess all about? When old man Fry says to Gid, "Let me tell you somethin', son. A woman's love is like the mornin' dew—it'll settle as soon on a horse turd as on a rose," the line is so much livelier than anything else in the movie that one thinks this is the key to the story. But which of these men is the horse turd, and which the rose? Eddie is merely a cipher, and the other two are a little higher than horse turds and a little lower than roses—say, mud pies. Next, one wonders whether the theme might be latent homosexuality; the two men loving each other through the woman they share? (A similar motif occurs also in *The Last Picture Show*, another film based on a McMurtry novel.) But if that is the point, the relationship between the men is insufficiently scrutinized and comprehended, and neither the director nor Stephen J. Friedman, the producer-scenarist, has brought the subject into satisfactory relief. Yet speculating about the meaning of this picture is even duller and more otiose than sitting through it.

Two other unsuccessful films deserve brief notice. *Henry VIII and His Six Wives* is, as the publicity reminds us, "not an adaptation of the BBC TV series" but "an all new Motion Picture Production," though the use of capital letters is rather eighteenth-century. The film rushes through historic lives and events as if everyone involved—actors, director, scenarist—had been given a hot

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foot; heads roll to the ground at a pace that would leave even Lewis Carroll's Queen of Hearts gasping for breath. Historical pageants may be fine for high-school graduation ceremonies, but since none of the performers in this film is likely to be your son or daughter, why bother with it? Keith Michell does very nicely by Henry, and the makeup department does even more nicely by Michell as he ages conspicuously with each passing wife (multiple matrimony seems to be quite an elixir of eld), and there are some good actors bulging out of their skimpy roles. Only one performance is thoroughly offensive: the Cromwell of Donald Pleasence, an actor whose limitations and eccentricities have become so predictable and wearisome as to be a major imposition. The most remarkable thing about the film, perfunctorily directed by Waris Hussein, is the costume design by John Bloomfield, an understated blend of splendor and authenticity. More inventiveness has gone into Henry's codpieces alone than into many another historical film's entire wardrobe.

Roman Polanski's *What?* confirms me in the belief that this gifted film maker is the sad victim of his supreme lack of discipline. In Poland, under restrictions that proved salutary to him, Polanski made the powerful *Knife in the Water* and several impressive shorts; in the West, he succumbed to the corruption absolute freedom wreaks on frenetic characters and erratic minds. Usually in collaboration with the scenarist Gerard Brach, Polanski proceeded to make films that were progressively more muddled, pretentious, gratuitously nasty and pointless. Obsessed with sex and violence, Polanski, who often acts in his movies, looks like a diabolic sophomore, and makes films the way other sophomores scribble graffiti. *What?*, co-scripted with Brach, pretends to make some sort of statement in absurdist terms about bourgeois decadence and human stupidity and meanness. Actually, the plot is a meaningless agglomeration of ills visited on an innocent heroine who, in escaping from a bunch of rapists, lands naked in a mysterious seaside villa full of idly rich eccentrics and maniacs.

The trouble with this heroine, pretentiously called The Girl, is that she is not so much innocent as imbecile—just as the creeps to whom she is exposed are not so much representative types of bourgeois materialist vices as of the irrelevant lucubrations of Polanski's unhinged fantasy. The film is rather like Sade's *Justine* rewritten by William Burroughs and filmed by a slightly cleverer Andy Warhol. Invoking absurdism is no excuse. Serious absurdists have a view of the world; Polanski's horizon is bounded to the north by his unsavory psyche, to the south by his overactive crotch. The fatuities and nastinesses perpetrated by the film's characters have little or no resonance beyond the wasteland of Polanski's id. Marcello Mastroianni and Hugh Griffith are uneven actors, but even as dependably skilled a performer as Romolo Valli is made ludicrous by this movie. The presence of Sydne Rome, the heroine, can be justified only in terms of Polanski's taste in women, not in terms of anybody's taste in acting. The carelessness and self-indulgence of *What?* are epitomized in the scenes where The Girl plays the piano; the fingernails of the hands that play in close-up are an inch shorter than those of Miss Rome in the longer shots. A film maker so flagrantly sloppy about matching his shots testifies *in parvo* to his matchless irresponsibility.

But all this is as nothing to Marco Ferreri's *The Grande Bouffe* (very unfreely translated from *La grande Bonffe*, meaning The Big Feed), winner of this year's Critics' Prize at Cannes and already the hit of Paris and some other Western capitals. Ferreri is the director of several distasteful films of which *The Conjugal Bed* (*L'ape regina*) is perhaps the least loathsome, here he has surpassed himself. Four men, a jaded commercial pilot, Marcello (Mastroianni), a vaguely effeminate TV producer, Michel (Piccoli), a sexually infantile judge, Philippe (Noiret), and a restaurateur whose marriage seems unhappy, Ugo (Tognazzi), resolve to commit suicide by overeating. They repair to the abandoned villa of one of them, which they furnish with comestibles worthy of a feast given by Haroun al-Rashid. For a while they also move in a trio of whores, but these get disgusted and leave. Only a fat, seemingly naïve schoolmistress, Andrea (Ferreol), comes to visit and stays triumphantly on.

The film now chronicles the eating prowess of this quintet of superpigs, gormandizing that is occasionally interrupted by Michel's working out at the barre, Marcello's tinkering with a Bugatti in the garage, Philippe's griping and Ugo's cooking up storms of ever more Rabelaisian dishes. Eating and fornicating are the main actions, though there is also a lively subplot of vomiting, breaking wind and pelting one another with food. (The film should be a smash in Bangla Desh!) The whores switch to lesbian activities and finally leave; but the meaty Andrea gets Philippe into bed and, during a bout of fellatio, receives his solemn marriage proposal. This does not prevent her from carrying on with the others, usually under her intended's nose, in one large, communal bed.

The humor consists of automobile parts being rammed up a girl's crotch, of Michel playing the piano to the accompaniment of his own shattering anal detonations, of Marcello and Andrea kicking a plethora of plates off the bed in which they copulate, of the three whores voluptuously spoon-feeding one another, of various foods being made up in the shape of giant breasts or the Baptistery in Florence, of having a tart molded by Andrea's naked behind. One capital jest has the toilets backfiring and covering the floors with a lava of excrement. Finally the four begin to drop off. Marcello freezes to death on a snowy night at the wheel of the Bugatti, Michel flops over a balustrade like a beanbag toy and expires in a pool of feces. These two corpses are propped up inside the kitchen freezer through whose glass doors they continue to watch over Ugo, Philippe and Andrea as the feast continues.

Philippe has become feebleminded and cannot tell people apart any more; Ugo eats one of his most monumental creations single-mouthed, and dies in a simultaneous orgasm of food and sex: the one provided by Philippe's feeding spoon, the other by Andrea's masturbating hand. Philippe sits in the garden talking to a stray dog as if it were Ugo; Andrea feeds him a huge pink gelatin in the likeness of her bosom (it is hard to say whether it is an enlargement or a reduction) and he promptly yields up the ghost on the warmly proffered original. More prime meat is delivered in a truck and Andrea has the butcher boys scatter it across the garden for the stray dogs to eat. She herself withdraws into the house, and the film ends as meaninglessly as it began.

Like Polanski's junk, this too is being peddled as a satire on capitalism, the bourgeoisie, mankind itself, on the materialism, vulgarity and suicidal madness of our society. I am not quite convinced that our society is all that sick as this film's exegetes would have it, but assuming that it is, cures like this "satire" are considerably worse than the disease. The four gluttons are crude caricatures and not even representative of prime bourgeois meatheads: the homosexual TV producer who spouts tags from Ecclesiastes, the lecher who prefers old cars to women, the

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middle-aged but virginal judge are not really prototypical specimens of middle-class malaise. And here, if anything, they are presented as amiable zanies, whose pranks Ferreri and his two co-scenarists seem to enjoy or even envy.

There is, of course, a way of castigating grossness or of observing it dispassionately without becoming gross oneself. There is also a way of being unpretentiously funny without trying to make profound statements. And there is a way of jettisoning psychological realism for the sake of significant metaphors and symbolism. This movie, however, misses all those boats. It doesn't even adhere to a logic of its own: after the house has been covered with detritus and inundated with offal, we suddenly see the kitchen spotless and in immaculate order. But the basic problem is that the film's image does not work on either level: neither on the literal, because the four men have no cogent reason for wanting to die, nor on the figurative, because bourgeois society's death wish (if it has one) is expressed not in overindulgence but in strife and resultant starvation, in mutual exploitation and concomitant moral despair. Ferreri, with his bird-brain, has bitten off more than his pig snout can chew. #

PUBLISHER'S PAGE

(Continued from page 6) it is her fiddle that he now, as Wechsberg also mentions in *The Glory of the Violin*, makes live up to its name.

Speaking of names, Joseph Wechsberg was "James Waxmont" in his first writings for us, which were heavily political both in style and content, the style suffering from their having been very ponderously and professorially translated from the original German in which he wrote them. We had to give them a pseudonymous by-line, since he still had relatives in Czechoslovakia at that time who might have been subject to Nazi reprisals if his identity had been made plain. (By an odd quirk, his name came out "James Wechsberg" on the jacket of *The Esquire Treasury* in 1953, combining both by-lines.) It was only with qualms, and at my insistence, that he bypassed the heavy-handed translator and essayed to write in English. But for this, he might have remained our exclusive property forever, but as it was his resultant "new" style turned out to be instant catnip to *The New Yorker*, and has indeed remained so ever since. My big mouth.

Still, as I'm sure they'd agree, we both benefited by the change. —A G

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BOOKS

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I found Barton Whaley's *Codeword Barbarossa* (M.I.T. Press, $10) quite fascinating. It is a careful, detailed account of various clandestine intelligence activities going on during the eleven-month period before Operation Barbarossa, Hitler's code name for his attack on the U.S.S.R., on June 22, 1941. When there was such a lot of information floating around, much of it correct, how did it come about that total surprise was achieved? This is the question to which Professor Whaley addresses himself, and the answer he arrives at—plausible enough, and well supported by the evidence he adduces—is that Stalin was completely taken in by the Germans' deception plan, whereby there was to be an ultimatum before they unleashed their attack. Stalin, that is to say, discounted as provocation all warnings, whether from Allied or other sources, of the forthcoming *Wehrmacht* offensive, on the ground that the attack was bound to be preceded by an ultimatum, to whose demands he would almost certainly have acceded, as Lenin did to the demands of the Germans at Brest-Litovsk in the 1914-18 war.

This is perfectly sound as far as it goes, but Professor Whaley, understandably, remains puzzled over the accuracy of, for instance, Churchill's forecast—right as to the place, and to the very day and hour—of the launching of Barbarossa. The reason that Churchill had such confidence in the accuracy of his information was that it came from cracked German military cryptograms; something he could not possibly let Stalin know about without jeopardizing a uniquely valuable source of operational Intelligence. Thus, Sir Stafford Cripps, as British Ambassador to the U.S.S.R., limited himself to giving broad hints of what was afoot, which Stalin naturally discounted. Later, when Stalin had become an ally, the information which flowed ever more abundantly from the cracked cryptograms was sent to him via an espionage setup in Switzerland called the Lucy Ring. This information proved to be immensely valuable to the Soviet Command, giving, as it did, the Germans' Order of Battle on the Eastern Front in the minutest detail, as well as their strategic and tactical plans.

Professor Whaley quotes me as responsible for the suggestion that the British cipher-cracking agency, located at Bletchley in Buckinghamshire, was the source of the Lucy Ring's information, not the German O.K.W. (High Command), and says "there is much to commend this hypothesis." He wonders, however, on what evidence I raised my "original tentative speculation to outright assertion." The answer is that I first guessed that the Lucy Ring's information came from cracked German cryptograms simply because there was no other conceivable alternative source. To have got all that detailed Intelligence from the O.K.W.—the only place other than Bletchley where it existed—would have meant suborning half the German General Staff, and keeping the radio links with Switzerland choked with traffic for days on end. My guess was confirmed when I met Alexander Foote, who had been the Lucy Ring's radio operator, but for obvious reasons I had to go easy about his testimony until I heard that he had died.

There was one other incident, which I remember very clearly. At a large evening party near Brighton, when I was sitting talking with some fellow guests in the garden, a distinguished-looking man in a white dinner jacket whom I vaguely remembered from wartime M16 days came over to me and said abruptly: "You were right about Lucy." Then he turned away, and I saw no more of him. What interested me about the whole business was not so much its bearing on Operation Barbarossa as the light it shed on Stalin, who would only believe an Intelligence tip-off if it came from a shady undercover agent on a dubious radio link. To paraphrase a famous New Testament saying: For where your heart is, there is your espionage also.

There is another point that has, I think, to be taken into account in considering Professor Whaley's question of why Stalin failed to make any preparations to withstand a German attack despite receiving numerous circumstantial warnings that one was coming. Experience shows that Intelligence in war is only serviceable when you are winning anyway and don't really need it. When you are losing, it is unavailing, however high the quality. In war, as in seduction—a comparable activity—nothing succeeds like success or fails like failure. Thus, for instance, in the first part of the 1939-45 war, the British, through their cipher-cracking successes, had a fuller and better knowledge of the enemy's plans and intentions than in any previous war, but the *Wehr-*



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macht nonetheless went from victory to victory Again, one of the first ciphers to be cracked at Bletchley was Japan's, but that did not prevent the Japanese from taking the ostensibly impregnable fortress of Singapore almost without firing a shot, and generally sweeping triumphantly through Southeast Asia Nor, for that matter, did it induce the Americans to prepare for the attack on Pearl Harbor, even though the relevant cryptograms were intercepted and deciphered at Bletchley, and, presumably, passed to Washington, several days before the attack took place

In developing his thesis, Professor Whaley makes a passing reference to the famous Cicero affair Here, it was a case of an Albanian valet working for the British Ambassador in Ankara, Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen (commonly known in diplomatic circles as "Snatchballs"), who regularly went over his master's secret papers, passing copies of any that seemed interesting to the Germans One document that he thus handed to them was what purported to be the full operational plan for the Normandy landings, but no use whatsoever was made of it, mainly owing to the ferocious rivalry between Himmler's S S espionage organization and Admiral Canaris' *Abwehr* It is a characteristic of any Intelligence service that the various organizations composing it invariably abominate each other more than they do the enemy

Incidentally, it is highly probable that in the case of Cicero we have another double take Why, after all, when you come to think about it, should so crucial a document as the operational plans for the Normandy landings be sent to Ankara, a notoriously spy-infested capital? The odds are that the plans Cicero passed to the Germans were a fake, designed for deception purposes and planted on Snatchballs in the certainty that someone was bound to take them off him In that case, the symmetry is perfect, since, as it turned out, Cicero was paid by the Germans in counterfeit British five-pound notes Phony money for phony plans!

I have never been much of an admirer of Vladimir Nabokov's writings; they always remind me of one of those crotchety old foreigners you find living in places like San Remo who can make puns in every language under the sun This opinion has to be revised in the light of his latest volume (*Strong Opinions*, McGraw-Hill, $8.95), a collection, as its name implies, of idiosyncratic views forcibly and vividly expressed culled for the most part from interviews he



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has accorded at different times, which I greatly enjoyed. The reason I so appreciated the book is doubtless partly due to the fact that I share most of the opinions and prejudices expressed, but apart from this, it is a great delight to come across views genuinely entertained rather than taken from the media and somnambulistically intoned in accordance with the current consensus.

A good example is Nabokov's disquisition on "Poshlust," or, as he puts it, "in a better transliteration, *poshlost*." This is, generically, "corny trash, vulgar clichés. Philistinism in all its phases, imitations of imitations, bogus profundities, crude, moronic and dishonest pseudo-literature." In *poshlost*'s particular application to contemporary writing, Nabokov tells us, it may be looked for in "Freudian symbolism, moth-eaten mythologies, social comment, humanistic messages, political allegories, over-concern with class or race, and the journalistic generalities we all know." Again, "the flowers of *poshlost* bloom in such phrases as 'the moment of truth,' 'charisma,' 'existential' (used seriously), 'dialogue' (as applied to political talks between nations)."

Yet again:

"Listing in one breath Auschwitz, Hiroshima, and Vietnam is seditious *poshlost*. Belonging to a very select club (which sports *one* Jewish name—that of the treasurer) is genteel *poshlost*. Hack reviews are frequently *poshlost*, but it also lurks in certain highbrow essays. *Poshlost* calls Mr. Blank a great poet, and Mr. Bluff a great novelist. One of *poshlost*'s favorite breeding places has always been the Art Exhibition, there it is produced by so-called sculptors working with the tools of wreckers, building crankshaft cretins of stainless steel, Zen stereos, polystyrene stinkbirds, objects *trouvés* in latrines, cannon balls, canned balls. There we admire the *gabinetti* wall patterns of so-called abstract artists, Freudian surrealism, roric smudges, and Rorschach blots—all of it as corny in its own right as the academic 'September Morns' and 'Florentine Flowergirls' of half a century ago."

The list of varieties of *poshlost* is long, and everyone has his own particular fancy. Nabokov's being "that airline ad: the snack served by an obsequious wench to a young couple—she eyeing ecstatically the cucumber canape, he admiring wistfully the hostess. And, of course, *Death in Venice*." My own choice—if I might be so bold—would be one of the Pulitzered knights-errant of the media animadverting upon the White House's proneness to lying. Or—a



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specialty on this side of the Atlantic—a north-country writer of the kind featured in BBC drama, who comes to London, picks up an upper-class girl in the Tate Gallery, and treats us to their pillow talk, all in Mellors-Chatterleyese. It is tempting to go on quoting from *Strong Opinions*, but I'll content myself with just hating Nabokov's four odious doctors—Dr. Freud, Dr. Zhivago, Dr. Schweitzer and Dr. Castro—refraining, as in decency I must, from adding a fifth of my own account—Dr. M*rt*n L*th*r K*ng.

Izzy Stone, a selection of whose weekly offerings has now been made available (*The I. F. Stone's Weekly Reader*, edited by Neil Middleton, Random House, $7.95), might almost seem *poshlost* in person, but actually he belongs to an earlier age of innocence when *The New Republic* thundered, and Mrs. Roosevelt had eternity in her august gaze, and the *Manchester Guardian* was the greatest newspaper in the world. His prognostications have the sweet predictability of those happy, far-off days. The Good Guys and the Bad Guys are as easily distinguishable as in the old westerns, God's not in His Heaven, and all is the worst in the worst of all possible imperialist-capitalist worlds. Only for one brief moment does Izzy allow himself to become what he calls "a cheering Jeremiah," and that is—need I say it?—at the time of the inauguration of John F. Kennedy. After pointing out that the new President's heroes have been Churchill and the two Roosevelts, and that "his dazzling sleight of hand most resembles De Gaulle's," he goes on to remark: "I believe Mr. Kennedy, by a similar dexterity, may succeed in bringing about a settlement, first with the Soviet Union, and then with Peking, in ways and on terms some of us may find surprising and even unpalatable, but the result can pull us away from the brink." Who would have believed then that these settlements were indeed to be achieved, but not by President Kennedy—by none other than his defeated opponent, Richard Nixon, who would be mercilessly Watergated for his pains!

Truman Capote's *The Dogs Bark* (Random House, $8.95) is a collection of occasional pieces—travel reminiscences, profiles, random ruminations. It is the first book by this gifted writer that I have read since *In Cold Blood*, though I notice that there are two other intervening ones listed which did not come my way. Rather surprisingly, a note of banality prevails. Even the old chestnut from which the title is taken—the dogs bark but the caravan moves on

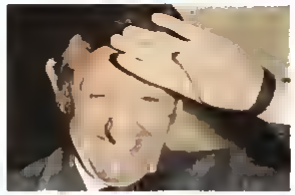
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Where can you use an XL movie camera? Just about anywhere. Because you're free of movie lights, you can take the movies you used to miss. (Remember that twilight boat ride?) Now, in addition to bright daylight gems, you can capture a candlelit dinner, the night before Christmas, or even chestnuts roasting on an open fire. All by just the light that's there.



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—is pretentiously attributed to André Gide quoting an Arab proverb The fact is that travel, which notoriously narrows the mind, is a snare and delusion for writers, the ostensibly exotic subject matter fights the familiar adjectives For instance "A month of silent leaves, shooting stars, red moons, a season of gorgeous moths, sleeping lizards, Figs split, plums swelled, the almonds hardened . " and so on Good stuff in a way, but too reminiscent of package-tour ads

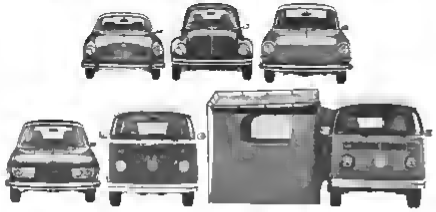
I only saw Capote once At Portofino; first, as a pair of sturdy little elbows rowing a boat; then, when he came ashore, at tea at the house where I was staying He was accompanied by an expensive-looking lady, of a certain age as the French say, who turned out to be the wife of a Los Angeles film tycoon The only thing I can remember about the conversation was his droll account of how some English publisher had been assiduously offering to take him to see Somerset Maugham, but, as he plaintively repeated in his shrill, Southern accent "I don't *waaant* to meet Somerset Maugham." Alas, this self-denial has not prevented him from writing like Maugham—*The Safety-Razor's Edge*

A splendid pictorial volume has been produced to celebrate Israel's miraculous twenty-five years of existence—*Israel 25*, with contributions by Mrs Golda Meir, David Ben-Gurion, Ya'acov Herzog, David Horowitz and others (Arlington House, $17 95) It was probably the best solution; one of those weighty essays in adulation, called something like *The Birth of a Nation*, usually considered appropriate on such occasions, would scarcely have done in view of the immensely precarious situation now existing in the Middle East So pictures which catch the fleeting moment, and ceremonial text which is timeless, was a better bet As a lover of the Old Testament, I warm to Ben-Gurion's confidence in the destiny of Jerusalem as "the eternal capital of the Eternal People since the days of King David to the end of all generations," but I feel there are other malign forces at large in our world Yet more miracles will be required if the three million or so Israelis are to go on existing and prospering with sixty million hostile Arabs milling round them under the Kremlin's exigent eye

Books about drug addiction continue to appear—for instance, Leroy Street's *I Was a Drug Addict* (Arlington House, $7.95). They tell us plenty about drugs, something about addiction, but little or nothing about how to check the ever-growing ap-

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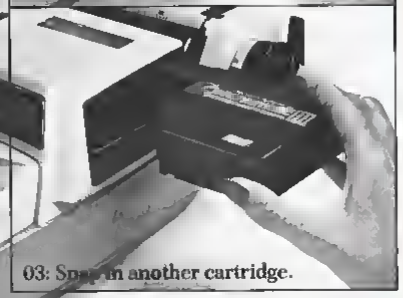
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petite for them, especially among the young. Studies of Stalin, too, go on proliferating. The latest, *Stalin as Revolutionary*, by Robert C. Tucker (Norton, $12.95), deals with his early years, 1879-1929. Professor Tucker was on the staff of the American Embassy in Moscow, and knows what he is talking about, but, for me, the narrative is marred by his preoccupation with what Erik Erikson has called "psychohistory"—more psycho than history. He promises another volume on Stalin's subsequent development, to be called *The Revolution From Above*. #

SPORTS

(Continued from page 37)

The Dolphin offense could not get untracked. Bob Griese, the regular quarterback, had an injured left elbow. Larry Csonka, the hulking fullback, was sidelined with a battered thigh. Robbed of its strongest offensive weapons, the Dolphins were not the team they had been in the Super Bowl. The Bears scored first on a field goal. The Dolphins came back with two field goals. Garo Yepremian kicked one 53 yards. Field goals made for all the scoring and the teams sweated to a 9-9 tie. Buoniconti made five tackles, assisted in five others and recovered a fumble. In a rather drab game, he shone.

Sunday morning, at the air-conditioned $100,000 home he has built south of Miami, we chatted amid a clatter of children. "Not bad for early in the year," Buoniconti said. "We'll get sharper. We have to."

Above the sofa hung a picture of dunes at Cape Cod. One of Buoniconti's ankles ached. A wrist was swollen.

"But could you see how I moved?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I had a pretty good game. You've got to concentrate, and that's a little hard this early in the year."

"How much longer will you play?"

"I'm thirty-two. It's hard to be a good middle linebacker. You need to know a lot of things. But once you learn them, you can stick around a long time."

He got up then to play with his son. In the cool house it began to feel like football weather. When I walked outside, the sun was gone, blacked out by massive Southern rain clouds. Now there was nothing more to do but wonder about football in the semi-tropics. You get used to it, everyone says, in a year or at most two, as endless summer, like football anywhere to Nick Buoniconti, the professional, becomes a way of life. #

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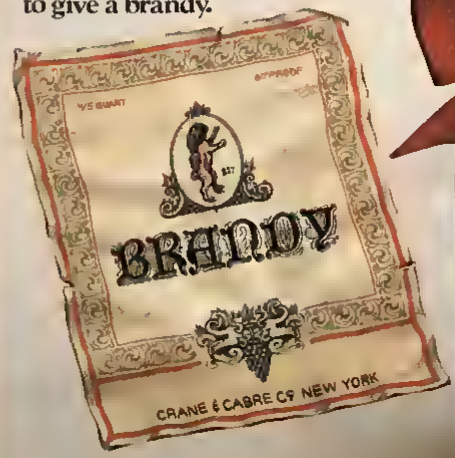


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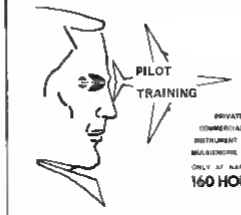
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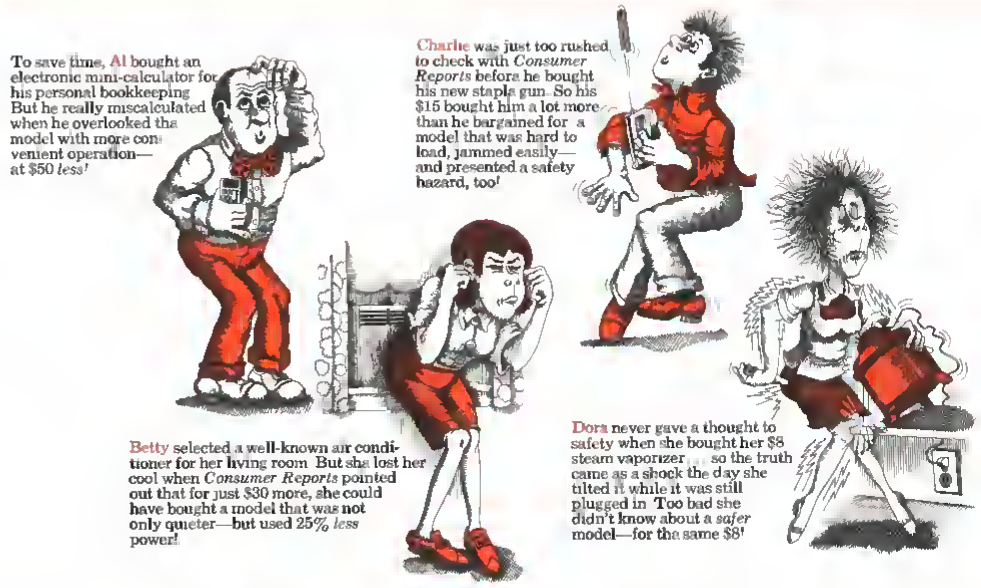
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Charlie was just too rushed to check with *Consumer Reports* before he bought his new staple gun. So his $15 bought him a lot more than he bargained for: a model that was hard to load, jammed easily—and presented a safety hazard, too!

Betty selected a well-known air conditioner for her living room. But she lost her cool when *Consumer Reports* pointed out that for just $30 more, she could have bought a model that was not only quieter—but used 25% *less* power!

Dora never gave a thought to safety when she bought her $8 steam vaporizer . . . so the truth came as a shock the day she tilted it while it was still plugged in. Too bad she didn't know about a *safer* model—for the same $8!



Ed walked away whistling about the deal he got on a new $350 stereo receiver. But he changed his tune when he found *five* models in *Consumer Reports* that could have been "best buys" for him—all costing about $100 *less!*

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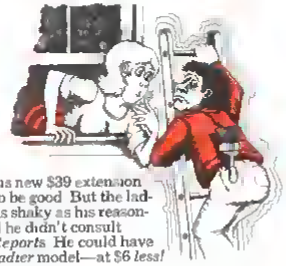
"Cheap is cheap" muttered Flora, when her bargain $120 innerspring mattress started to sag She could have enjoyed a more durable model (rated a "Best Buy" in *Consumer Reports*) for the same $120!



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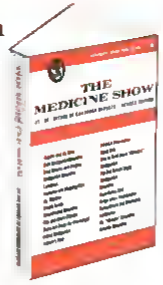
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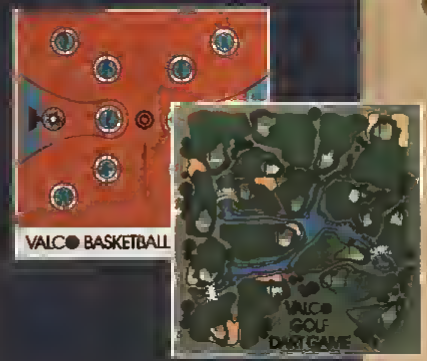
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ROY ANDRIES DE GROOT

After President Truman's funeral in Independence last year, I felt the urge to go back to his "big town," his Kansas City, where he once stood behind the counter of his haberdashery, where he served as Presiding Judge of Jackson County, where he made the eleventh floor of the Muehlebach Hotel his mid-America White House, where he ate his ham sandwiches and hamburgers, drank his glasses of milk and sipped his bourbon—but the latter never in the presence of a woman (not even of Bess or Margaret). How is the ham and hamburger, the barbecue and steak circuit holding up in the post-Harry era? After reading some of the recent nostalgically romantic reports by expatriate Kansas Citians of the gourmet life they once knew in the old hometown, I began to have slightly flickering questions as to whether Jess & Jim's was still "the finest steak restaurant in the world," or Arthur Bryant's Barbeque was holding up as "the world's single best restaurant," or whether Winstead's was still serving "the best hamburger in the world," or Kresge's the best of all hot chilli dogs. Was it perhaps time for an up-to-date appraisal?

I called Ralph Hitz Jr., the executive vice-president of the Muehlebach, and asked if, just to establish the right mood, I might try to eat a ham sandwich and drink a glass of milk in the Presidential Suite on the eleventh floor. He said: "Why don't you stay up there for a few days, as long as you're in Kansas City? You could play the President's piano and sleep in the President's bed—the one in which he bounced up and down and let out an Indian war whoop at six a.m. on November 3, 1948, when he saw the morning edition of the Chicago *Tribune* with the headline, 'Dewey Wins.'" I accepted. It was a large and lovely suite with a royal-blue front door embossed with the Presidential eagle. The drawing room had a marble fireplace. There were also a separate secretarial office and a private kitchen and dining room. At the suite's big table Truman signed, on May 22, 1947, a bill implementing the Truman doctrine.

Downstairs, in the lobby, I had found the Muehlebach roaring with action. The National Shrine Directors' convention was just leaving and the Women's International Bowling Association was moving in. It was made clear to me at the desk that I was pretty lucky to get into the hotel at all. Its 750 rooms were ninety-nine percent reserved. Frankly, I was surprised.

Only a few weeks before, I had read a story in The New York *Times* by its Kansas City correspondent which had reported that the downtown area of Kansas City in general and the Muehlebach in particular were more or less dead on their feet. They had, I read, fallen on bad times. They were slipping into shoddiness. The Muehlebach's oak paneling was said to have faded. The marble was said to be grimy, the brass, dull and tarnished. The elevators of some hotels were supposed to be creaking; the rugs, tattered. As I made my way through the sparkling magnificance of the entrance lobby with its glossy walls of hand-rubbed oak, as my feet sank so deeply into the carpets that I feared I might need a pair of snowshoes to reach the elevators, as my ears were popped by the speed of the automated ascent, I could hardly escape the impression that The New York *Times* report had been some of the unfittest news it had ever printed.

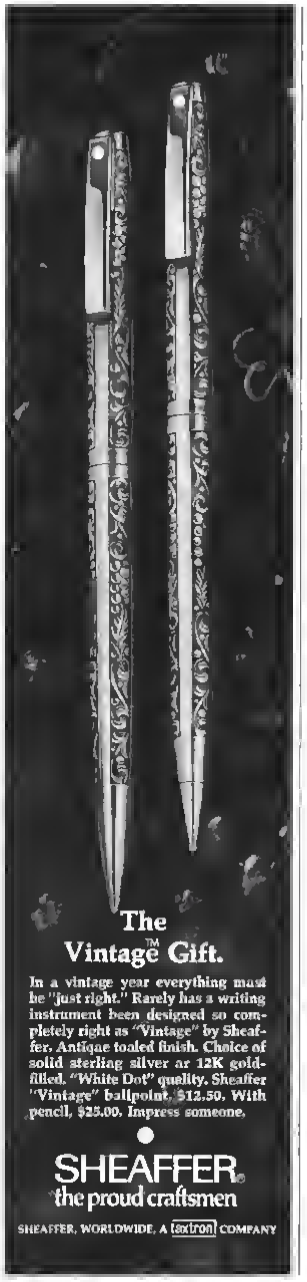
An hour after unpacking in the Presidential Suite, I was dining in The Rendezvous on a Kansas City strip sirloin and listening to the subdued strains, coming in from the Terrace Grill, of the Dukes of Dixieland punching out *Twelfth Street Rag*—the same Twelfth Street that still runs at the side of the hotel. Idly absorbing the menus and finding that they included Louisiana Gulf Pompano, Colorado Rainbow Trout, Florida Baked Shrimp, Maryland Imperial Crab Flakes, Maine Broiled Lobster, Sautéed Ozark Catfish, Georgia Fried Spring Chicken, Kentucky Spitted Bluegrass Lamb, Lake Superior Planked Whitefish, Boston Fillet of Sole, Long Island Roast Duckling and Virginia Smithfield Ham, I gained the distinct impression of being somewhere very near the central gastronomic crossroads of this green and pleasantly abundant land.

I had come to Kansas City armed with a great deal of sharply conflicting advice from friends who had been born there but who now lived and worked in the East. Kansas City, some of them had disdainfully warned, would be a dining and wining wasteland. It would be just steak, fried chicken, lobster and baked potatoes. I found that the cuisine Cassandras could hardly have been more wrong. As the Muehlebach's food director Enrico Wintrich told me: "We



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now have a sort of creeping gastronomic sophistication More and more Kansas Citians have been to Europe and come back demanding the imaginative, the unusual, the European style in restaurant menus Right now, we are serving about seventy-five percent traditional items, about twenty-five percent authentic foreign dishes. In another ten years, my guess is we'll be fifty-fifty."

So it seems quite proper to report that the two absolutely "in" restaurants at the time of my visit were both relatively new, entirely untraditional and seemed to be so popular that the customers were virtually fighting their way in

The first, La Méditerranee, represents a most felicitous new trend in the U.S. restaurant world. In various parts of the country, I have been finding experienced and skilled French chefs who have come to the U.S. wisely deciding in advance not to try to fight their way up through the high-cuisine jungles of New York and Washington, but to go directly out to our bouillabaisse-starved provincial cities to open small restaurants catering to an immediately adoring public Chef Toussaint Moalic is a native of Brittany, who trained in Paris, then, after marrying a Parisian girl, went out to the Far East and became chef to the King of Cambodia in the royal city of Phnom Penh When Chef Moalic grew tired of preparing one fiery curry after another, he came to the U.S. and bought an oyster bar on Country Club Plaza in Kansas City Some of the rustic, harbor side, oysterish trappings remain— captain's chairs, models of sailing clippers, a ship's figurehead, waterfront chandeliers, paper place mats, sugar in one-portion envelopes

As to the menu, I think it is a mistake to regard the place simply as a French bistro In fact, the ordinary French "standards" here are distinctly dull But one dines extremely well if one chooses the Far Eastern *Specialités du Chef*, which he will prepare to order We began with an authentic *Rillettes de Tours* (the chewy game and pork terrine of the Loire Valley), *Crêpes Taj Mahal*, faintly and subtly spiced, *Homard en Feuilletage*, lobster enclosed in a fluffy-light, flaky crust, with a brilliant curry sauce and a delicately aromatic *Faisan Braise en Casserole du Chef* garnished with fresh fruits and miniature apple and banana fritters. The desserts and wine list were, on the whole, quite good, if not brilliant

The second new success is a superfunky spot, also on Country Club Plaza, called Houlihan's Old Place, which got its name in the simplest possible way. It is on the site of an old-established men's haberdashery owned for decades by Tom Houlihan. During the reconstruction into a restaurant, whenever a truck driver was ordered to deliver a load of cement or lumber to 4743 Pennsylvania Street, he'd say, "Sure I know where —that's Houlihan's old place."

The deep, narrow shop front now has all the usual trappings of the mod meeting, watering and feeding hole There is a long bar staffed by handsome, graduate-student-type males who are unable to mix a good drink, but are capable of serving beer in twenty-ounce mugs, or jugs of California sangria to singles of both sexes forced by the desperate overcrowding into a nicely intimate contact There are bead curtains, plastic imitation-brick walls, violent clashes of color and a tent affect on the ceiling with a multicolored hanging drapery One of my guests, a young lady, thought the decor was adventurous and lively Another, a woman of the world, thought the whole thing was a conglomeration of the most vulgar and worst elements of Edwardian and Victorian bad taste

There is oilcloth on the tables and the service is by beautiful, cute, enticing, shapely waitresses The menu is campy, offbeat, and the food, considering that it is usually not very important in this type of place, was of very fair quality A salad of raw mushrooms and young spinach leaves was delicately dressed, The Beer Boiled Shrimp, served in their shells, were pleasantly beery and nicely touched by the flavor of dill The most popular entrée, of course, is a giant hamburger with mushrooms, onions and good-quality beef, My K.C. strip steak came in an iron skillet and was properly aged, chewy and juicy The meal ended with Hot Apple Strudel à la Mode, also in an iron skillet, also slightly aged, somewhat chewy, but juicy. (Incidentally, a middle-aged lady at the next table dined, rather in a hurry, on an appetizer platter of Burgundy-style snails, immediately followed by a dish of chili con carne, after which she walked out, swaying slightly.)

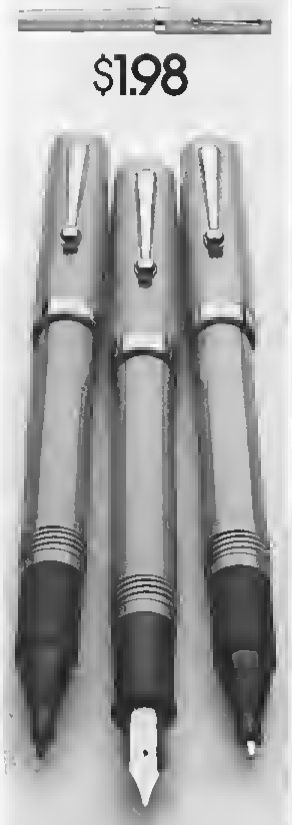
If one is looking for a classically conservative French menu, one has to agree that the best in Kansas City remains the old-established Châteaubriand. In a traditional atmosphere of black and gold, antiqued mirrors, elegant glass-and-silver chandeliers and semiprivate alcoves, one consumes excellently prepared haute cuisine dishes and imbibes noble and great wines In a *Coquille aux Fruits de Mer*, the fish was beautifully fresh and an excellently chunky *Ratatouille à la Niçoise* was as good as it could



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possibly be. A classic and near-perfect *Filet de Sole Marguery* was correctly garnished with mussels and shrimp. The accompaniment was a noble white Burgundy, a 1967 Maursault-Blagny of Bouchard. There followed a *Coq au Vin* and one would have felt slightly more secure about it if the flesh of the chicken had not tasted as if it had been smoked and if the type of "vin" had been specified on the menu. It was certainly not Chambertin! The meat dishes were, without exception, entirely superb. The *Tournedos Helda* was, clearly, a French version of a K.C. steak, garnished and sauced with exactly the right accents of lemon and tomato. A Scallopini of Milk-Fed Veal was almost snow-white and garnished with utterly delicious, imported French wild morel mushrooms—the climactic peak of the evening. Everything, naturally, was embellished and magnified by a superbly great red Bordeaux, a 1964 Château Margaux.

The French influence (with Swiss overtones) is also excellently represented by Andre's Candies, Pastries, and Tea Room. André Bollier is a French-Swiss pastry man who has been running his small shop on Main Street for more than sixteen years. So many people from nearby offices came in every day to buy his pastries for their lunches that Andre decided to build a small restaurant at the back and serve a simple, minimum-priced lunch. When I was there, he was charging a fixed $1.90 for a choice of a main dish, a salad, a pastry from the shop and a cup of coffee. The degree of quality that Andre offers at this price seemed to me to be extraordinary—a shining example of what can be done by an honorable restaurateur with imagination and skill. His "daily specials" include a *Ris de Veau Financière*, creamed sweetbreads in a crust, a quiche of Switzerland Gruyère, a French-style cauliflower pie, various meat-filled crescents, a Swiss goulash of K.C. top-round beef with homemade noodles, and freshly grilled beefsteak tomatoes filled with spiced beef and rice. As to André's pastries, they are as good as anything I have ever tasted—especially his extraordinary Glacier Torte, with layers of fresh meringue, pecans, unsweetened *Creme Chantilly* and shaved Swiss chocolate, plus, finally, a classic Swiss pastry called *Conversation*, a hollow ball of puff pastry, glazed with a *Glace Royale* of sugar and egg whites, with a filling of frangipone, a mixture of butter, eggs and marzipan. It was magically memorable.

After filling up with such European-style riches, I turned to the restaurants which follow the great local traditions, the Kansas City beef and Maine lobster. This led me, inevitably, to the most famous and oldest of Kansas City restaurants, which turned out to be—in terms of the quality of its food, the excellence of its service, the charm of its staff, and the historical authenticity of its decor—the finest of all restaurants I visited: the Savoy Grill.

It has remained virtually unchanged at its present site since it was opened seventy years ago and is so well-known that it seems hardly necessary to describe its long bar with the mirrored wall of sparkling glassware, the waxed floors, the brilliant sheen of the hand-carved mahogany booths, the wrought-iron lanterns and sconces and the murals of historic scenes of the opening of the West. The menu is as fine as the decor and as to our waiter, Leeman Chiles, his charm, attentiveness and skill would have done credit to any great restaurant anywhere.

We began with cold boiled shrimp, served in their shells with a peppery-red sauce—as fresh and juicy as if they had been caught that morning. Next, a navy bean soup which made the chefs of the U.S. Senate seem like amateurs. Then came a seafood gumbo, spicy on the tongue, with a glutinously rich okra broth. The four main dishes sampled were all superb: a medium-rare buffalo steak, a rare K.C. strip sirloin, a baked whole Great Lakes walleye pike and a whole grilled Maine lobster with drawn butter—the latter so succulent and sweet that I could shut my eyes and imagine myself on the fishing pier in Gloucester, or on Penobscot Bay. I asked the owner-manager, Donald Lee, how he could possibly get such fresh lobster so far from any salt-water coast. He said: "They come by air, alive, packed in seaweed and so fast that we can order them first thing in the morning and get them in time for dinner the same day." This devotion to the concept of the freshness of the ingredients seemed to me to symbolise the greatness of the Savoy Grill.

My appetite for the traditional foods of Kansas City having been so magnificently whetted, I began a small search for the greatest local steak. Since the subject was thoroughly explored in a recent issue of this magazine, I shall simply summarize my own experiences to the extent of saying that I did not find the best steak at the Golden Ox, the tourist Mecca in the Stockyard Building. The restaurant's manager confirmed that the various dining rooms can feed more than 600 customers at a time and serve an average of more than 2000 steaks every day. This



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puts it into a sort of assembly-line, mass-production category. It simply did not serve the kind of steak I like, which is chewy, firm, juicy, solid in texture. I despise a steak so soft that you can "cut it with a fork."

In Kansas City, I tried all the cuts and reached the conclusion that the one which best met my personal taste was the so-called 'K C strip sirloin," which, when perfectly butchered, is about one and a half inches thick and wider at one end than the other.

After several days of tasting, I decided that the best steak I found in Kansas City was served to me at the Colony Steak House. When I ordered it rare, the waitress said they had two grades of rare: cold at the center, or just-warm at the center. I was also asked whether I wanted it "Pittsburgh-charred on the outside." It was finished off at my table side on a hibachi-type portable charcoal grill. In spite of these shenanigans, it was exceedingly good—exactly to my taste—a magnificent cut of Iowa beef, hung by Ed Williams, one of the last wholesale butchers still operating in the Kansas City stockyards.

It was a natural progression to move on to a hunt for the best hamburger and this led me into a direct checkup of those nostalgic reports in the national magazines. They spoke of a simple, unsophisticated childhood in Romanelli Gardens and of visits to the local snackeries where the most marvelous hamburgers were virtually given away. This romantic picture is supposed to be the same today. Well, I have news for you, Buddy! Things are *not* the same.

Sure, Winstead's is still Kansas City's best-known chain of hamburger drive-ins and any local aficionado will tell you that, once upon a time, when it was still owned and run by the Winstead family, it did offer a great hamburger. But Winstead's isn't Winstead's anymore. It is now a computerized division of a conglomerate holding company called "King Louie International." I paid a mercifully short visit to one of its branches where the walls were decorated with clippings from those national magazines saying that the hamburgers here were the best in the world. I ordered two prime Steakburgers—one with the "works," the other in its naked virginity. In the latter, the machine-shaped slice of meat was about three sixteenths of an inch thick. In the other, this was expanded to about an inch by onion rings, sliced dill pickles, plus a mass of mustard and tomato catsup. As to the meat, its juice, taste and texture were noticeable by their absence. One could hardly help feeling that the use of the word "steak" was somewhat of a terminological inexactitude. Finally, I wiped the slice of "steak" clean and gave it to my dog. She spat it out onto the carpet.

After trying hamburgers and cheeseburgers in all directions, within the limitations of my energy and time, I finally reached the conclusion that the best in both categories were those wrapped up for me to take out by the Hereford House. They were very large and very well put together, but, since they cost almost two dollars each, I shall avoid the odium of comparing them with anything costing not more than fifty-five cents. I also stood up at the counter at Kresge's and had a hot chili dog. The first bite convinced me that if this was the best in the world, the world left something to be desired.

I continued my research along the back streets of Kansas City in search of nostalgic romance among the smaller snack bars, stand-up lunch counters and bistro-type restaurants. I must confess that I was not overly impressed by some aspects of the service at some of these places. Although these days one type of wine or another is served almost everywhere, the extent and quality of the enological information supplied by the staff is generally negligible. So I was impressed when, at one establishment, a cute young lady half-waltzed up to my table and said: "My name is Cookie, and I'm your beverage consultant." At another place, I innocently asked one slim little waitress to explain the meaning of the word "capon" on the menu. She hurried off to the kitchen to find out and came back with "It's castrated, sir." Smiling sweetly at another waitress, I asked her to explain "Lambs' Fries." Again, a visit to the kitchen and then the information: "They're nuts. You know. Balls, sir."

It's hard to find bad fried chicken in Kansas City, although there seems to be endless local debate as to which, among the famous chicken restaurants, is the *ne plus ultra*. After a limited amount of snooping around and surreptitious tasting, my vote goes to a name which will be no surprise to any Kansas City aficionado: Helen Stroud's Chicken Dinners—or simply "Ma Stroud's," as it is lovingly called by her regular fans. She has been involved in frying chickens and their less private parts in a small, clapboard house in the simplest of suburban settings for more than forty years. You walk up the garden path, climb the wooden steps to the porch, say "Good evening" to the friends taking it easy in the comfortable chairs and imagine yourself in a New Hampshire boardinghouse on the shore of Lake Winnepesaukee. As Helen comes forward to greet you, she at once makes you feel that this is her very first night on the job and that she is bubbling with excitement about having you as her very first customer. She brings you a jug of cold beer and a dish of fried, spiced chicken gizzards and livers to nibble while waiting. They are so good that you virtually make a meal of them. Then comes your fried half-chicken, perfectly browned, irresistibly crispy, lusciously juicy. To keep up such a high standard of excellence, while surrounding her work with so much personal charm and warmth, is a bravura performance by Helen Stroud.

On Sunday morning, as always, I was on the lookout, around noon, for a relaxed, well-served, first-class brunch. I found precisely what I wanted in superb style in the Cafe Picardy of the Muehlebach. The buffet table was so long that a walk from end to end was as good as a morning jog around the park. Ruling the center of this array, sitting on a sort of throne with a heat lamp above it, was a Baron of Beef (a spectacle I have not seen since the great days of transatlantic luxury aboard the Queen Elizabeth). A high-toqued chef cut beautifully thin slices of the rare, red meat. There were seven accompanying hot vegetables and a choice of fifteen salads. After the magnificent beef, one could come back for a Seafood Creole of mixed halibut, salmon, scallops and shrimp, or Beef in Burgundy, Chicken Livers in Marsala or Virginia Baked Ham with Pineapple, Curaçao and Rum-Raisin Sauce. There would also normally have been a serve-yourself platter of halves of boiled lobster. The previous week, however, one customer, who had arrived at the restaurant wearing boots, spurs, a string tie and a ten-gallon hat, had returned to the table eight times taking a total of four lobsters for his breakfast—within the *prix fixe* of the buffet at $3.95. Only just recovering from the shock, the management had decided to offer Lobster à la Newburg instead—providing lobster in a form with less tempting visibility.

Toward the end of my stay, I began exploring the food shops and restaurants of the foreign neighborhoods and I found I could choose the reasonably authentic cuisines of Germany, Israel, Italy, Mexico, as well as Jewish and Soul food. Finally, I crossed the Missouri River to explore the Eastern European Serbo-Croat neighborhoods of Kansas City, Kansas. It was an experience of golden rewards. There are food shops along Central Avenue full of first-quality imported ingredients from



Coming Up in January Esquire

"Mr. President, you said earlier that you thought General Grant had never read the Constitution. Do you think Mr. Nixon has?"

"I don't know. I don't know. But I'll tell you this. If he has, he don't understand it."

Next month, Esquire takes pride in publishing some plain talk from Harry Truman. His words are lessons in history, common sense, and good old-fashioned humanity. They are the result of exclusive, unpublished interviews with Merle Miller, and come forward at a time when America needs them very, very much. If you have any doubt of this, try these lessons on for size.

On being told that President Eisenhower hadn't read a book in nine years: "Nine years. It just doesn't seem possible. No wonder he wasn't worth a goddamn as President. He just didn't *know* anything."

On his biggest mistake as President: "Tom Clark was my biggest mistake. No question about it. . . . I thought maybe when he got on the court he'd improve, but of course that isn't what happened. After a certain age it's hopeless to think people are going to change much."

On the Presidency of Teddy Roosevelt: "Teddy was a crackerjack. . . . There have been very few Presidents who've done as much for the country as he did. . . . The minute [he] got out of the White House, the moneybags took over again, as they always do if you don't keep your eyes and ears open."

Super Wine Festival for the Discerning, the Practical, and the Prudent

In seventeen great pages, Esquire presents a useful and fascinating look at the wine situation, foreign and domestic. Baron de Groot reveals a new system for determining which wines are the best buys. James Villas takes a wine-making kit home and lives to write about what happened. Neil Morgan examines California's obsession with the grape and goes to a college where you can sip your way to a degree. And we even visit your corner wine shop, evaluate its stock, and pass good advice on to you. Finally, four great American wine mekers step forward to take some well-deserved applause. In all, the section is indispensable—you need it if you have wine on your table every night, or if you buy wine once in a blue moon for guests. America, your wine problems are hereby over.

The 13th Annual Dubious Achievement Awards. America's Worst Year Yet!

Duck, everybody! Here they are again in all their awful, disgusting, ridiculous, absurd, strange, mysterious, thrilling, heartbreaking glory. The major and minor mistakes, blunders, slipups, and put-downs of the great year of 1973. If you don't like 'em, stick 'em in your ear!

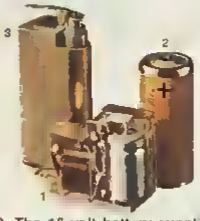
And, as always, much more. Simon on Films, Muggeridge on Books, Kahn on Sports, Mayer on Recordings, Joseph on Travel, Aurthur on Hanging Out. Plus fiction by Bruce J. Friedman, tasting horsemeat by Waverly Root, and the absolutely dumbest quiz on American life ever devised.

Electronic 7 by RONSON



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2 The 15 volt battery supplies the power for the electronic circuit.

3 This is the Butane storage tank. When the switch button is pressed, it also opens the Butane burner valve to emit gas, which ignites instantaneously. Release the switch button and the light extinguishes.

Battery provides up to 25,000 lights.



Hinged cover opens for easy replacement of the 15 volt battery, available everywhere.

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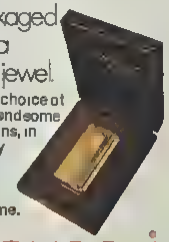
Flame adjustor swings open. You set the butane height low for cigarettes, medium for cigars and high for pipes.

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RONSON

DIFFERENT BY DESIGN AND BETTER BECAUSE OF IT

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The restaurants are as authentic and fine as the shops. A splendid, fixed-price buffet lunch is served every day at Pitko's on State Avenue. There was an aromatic cheese soup with small cubes of just-melted, still-chewy cheese balanced against crispy bits of carrot and celery—all so perfectly matched in tastes and textures that it at once raised the restaurant to a high rating of performance. The Croatian *Sarma* was similar to Greek *dolmades* with a spiced beef, egg, onion and rice filling enclosed in cabbage rather than vine leaves. A classic, Russian-style, Beef à la Stroganoff included, of course, no tomato, but was luxurious with sour cream and aromatic with fresh dill. Finally, a buttery-crispy *apfelstrudel* was accompanied by slices of the *povitica* bread-cake, crusty, substantial, full of the richness of butter, eggs and nuts.

I continued my exploration of the neighborhood until early evening and then dined at Jennie's on North Fifth, where I found the owner and mistress of the kitchen to be the grandmother and matriarch of a seemingly enormous family, Jennie Bukovac. Her son, Andy, was the maitre d'hôtel and her eighteen-year-old granddaughter, Lisa, was the charming and devoted waitress. To nibble with the aperitifs, there were crisp slivers of grilled, garlicky-and-peppery, homemade Polish sausage.

The first main dish was *Strukla*, rolls of buttery, light, strudel pastry, covered and filled with an aromatic sauce of chopped beef and tomatoes. Then came an extraordinary dish called Yugoslav Potato Mousch, which is Jennie's secret recipe, but which I suspect is made from lightly mashed potatoes formed into small pancakes, filled with crispy bits of pork and onion, then plunge-fried in smoky-hot oil. Next, a dish of *Nadif*, a meat-filled pie with a central core of spiced vegetables. Jennie's Brisket of Beef with Garden Vegetables and Brown Sauce was as good as any I have ever had. The dessert was sensational. Jennie served her version of *Puhansa*—deep-fried, beignet-style fritters, but so light and thin that they were like squares of walnut-brown lace. Each crisp bite melted in the mouth, leaving a wispy taste of butter, eggs, nuts and sugar.

Then, on my last day, I got to Arthur Bryant's Barbeque, which the peddlers of nostalgia had touted as "the greatest single restaurant in the world." Exaggeration? How could one possibly exaggerate Arthur's charm, or the sheer honesty of everything he serves? Apparently it is true, after all, that some romantic and wonderful things in Kansas City's past do not change. Arthur has been there, doing his special thing, for forty-two years and I simply cannot understand why he has never received three stars in the *Michelin*, a red rooster in the *Guide Kléber*, or a crown in the *Guide Julliard*.

In the window of his shop-front cafeteria, some of his famous barbecue sauce is maturing in five-gallon jugs. He closes up the place for a month each January and each July, then devotes himself exclusively to the secret business of mixing up a six-month supply of the magic sauce—about 2500 gallons. Arthur says: "Of course, I don't use it right away. I make my sauce the way Baron de Rothschild makes his stuff at Château Lafite. I let it mature in the cask for at least a couple of years."

There's no printed menu at Arthur Bryant's. Who needs a menu, when it hasn't changed for fifty years? You start with a frosted-white glass mug of the "coldest beer in town." Then, if you are a first-timer, you get a "combination platter" of enough different meats, French fries, pickles, relish and jugs of barbecue sauce to feed at least six. I tasted the barbecue sauce with a spoon directly from the jug. Clearly, it was the best barbecue sauce in the world. Why had we bothered to order meat?

You cut up your chunks of the fired and seared brisket of beef, dip them in the sauce and quickly decide that this is the best barbecued beef in the world. The French fries are glorious—with their crusts as light and thin as crackly paper and the insides luscious, soft, starchy. Next, you dip the pork spareribs into the sauce. Then the mutton. Then some barbecued ham. Then some fried shrimp. (The order of the menu planning is tastefully unorthodox.)

Finally, there is the climactic experience of Arthur's "brownies." Arthur doesn't sell them. He gives them to his most appreciative customers. Brownies are the charred ends of the beef brisket—burned and grilled to a dark mahogany—chewy, crackly, almost nutty in taste and texture. For my money, they are the best brownies in the world.

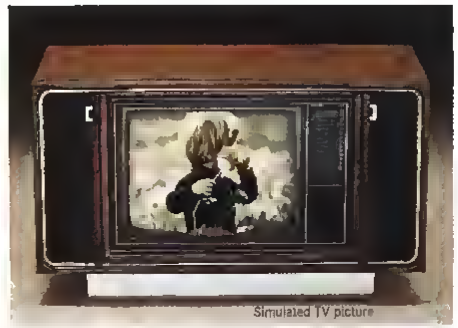
Arthur came over and sat down at my table. "I'm seventy now and, in the last ten years, I've tried to retire seventeen times and hand over the place to my niece. But there's a problem. She's a nurse and prefers nursing to barbecueing. So, in desperation, I closed down the place and sat at home, going senile. So I came back and found everybody waiting for me on the sidewalk." #

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When you head out for a Christmas party in the country, sometimes you find the roads aren't plowed.

Sometimes you find there aren't any roads.

But no matter. A little snow won't hold you back. Not when the lodge is just around the bend. Where the fire is crackling, and a turkey's turning on the spit.

It's a time when old friends make new friends, and everyone shares the joy of the season.

It's a time when all over America, people share the friendly taste of Seagram's 7 Crown. Not only as a gift, but in the holiday drinks they serve.

Seagram's 7 is America's favorite whiskey. Especially for America's favorite time of year.

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GIFT PACKAGED AT NO EXTRA COST

Three Merry Obsessions



Crime

fntroduction by Tom Wolfe

Only yesterday, in the 1950's, The Perfect Crime still had tha wife smashing her husband's skull in with a frozen leg of lamb, which vital piece of evidence, roasted pink-to-medium shortly thereafter and garnished with parsley and green mint sauce and laid out on a Spode platter, vanishes mouthful by mouthful down the gullet of the famous but famished chief of detectives who thanks the now fabulously wealthy widow for the hospitality of her table, inasmuch as he has not had a bite all day. . . How cool! How clever! Tha grand hoodwink! Scoring big and leaving not a single trace!—that was the idea. The criminal mind has come a long way since then. Not up, not down; just a long way, to The Perfect Crime of the 1970's:

On July 17, 1972, a twenty-two-year-old hair stylist shampooed his own hair and hot-combed it down over his forehead and ears into a John Denver bob; put on a Groovy shirt striped with an intricate leaf-repeat print pattern and a pair of bell-bottoms with much finer chalk-and pinstripes picking up the tones of the shirt; walked into a suburban bank near Richmond, Virginia, with a 12-gauge shotgun; fired a couple of blasts into wooden doors to show he meant business; took nine women and one man as hostages; herded them into a back room; spent two minutes terrifying them and four hours trying to charm them with jokes and the story of his life and offers of steak dinners—"The bank's paying for it!"; was disappointed when they asked for pizzas and beer instead (which he got for them anyway); ordered the bank officials and various public officials who were outside shallow-breathing to give him $500,000 in cash and a 1972 white Lincoln Continental to drive away in and full television and radio coverage of all events, especially the loading of tha money into the trunk of the Lincoln. Said conditions having been met, he put down the shotgun, said goodbye to the hostages, emerged from the bank smiling and waving to the TV cameras and talking a mile a minute into the microphones, right up until the moment when Federal officers ushered him into the back seat of the beloved white Lincoln Continental itself and drove him away to the corncrib, still smiling and at *(Continued on page 306)*

Illustrated by Doug Johnson

The Cowards of Christmas Eve

by Earl Shorris

'Tis the season to be mugged, shot, stabbed or beaten

December is the most violent month, the time of murder, robbery, assault, suicide, and Christmas. While most of the world is gathering its breath to sing, there is also a growing darkness, until on the night before Christmas husbands and wives make war on each other, as on no other night of the year. In New York City the number of murders and manslaughter cases on December 24 is almost twice the daily average for the year.

Perhaps it has always been that way; we cannot know. There is evidence only of the season and the way in which humans have responded to it, evidence that we are a fearful species, revolving around the sun, weakest during the long nights of winter. The ancient Mayans called the five extra days at the end of their calendar "the days with no name," and they believed that these were the unluckiest days. In France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy and parts of Central Europe, the twelve days between Christmas and Epiphany were thought to be days of evil, full of witches and werewolves. Pine resin was burned at night to drive the witches away, and on Christmas Eve the fields and orchards were sprayed with gunfire to preserve them from the work of witches. It was the custom among the English and the French to kill a wren on Christmas Eve.

"It's the accounting time," says a psychiatrist in San Francisco, Dr. Murray Persky. "People think of aging then. When you get older, you don't count birthdays; the end of the year comes at Christmas."

A businessman in New York calls it "a time of moral guilt." In Detroit, Lieutenant Donald Kolchmainan, who has spent most of his seventeen years as a policeman working in ghetto areas, says, "People who've rejected Christ during the past year get depressed by it. People look back on the year, what they've accomplished. There's frustration, guilt feelings." Even doubt is sufficient to make a man feel guilty on a religious night, if he has heard the Reverend Billy Graham say, "He [God] never causes His children to doubt."

> You better not shout,
> You better not cry,
> You better not pout,
> I'm tellin' you why,
> Santa Claus is coming to town.

On Christmas Eve the social pressure to be happy is everywhere: magazines, newspapers and television networks have been making a din of happiness since Thanksgiving Day. Timothy Cadigan, a San Francisco policeman, has often seen the result: "Here's a guy living in a project, he's got six kids, they really haven't got enough for the kids, and on that tube in the next room it's really supposed to be a better life. It's supposed to be a spiritual time, a happy time, and then a guy says to himself, 'Hey, I'm not happy.'"

> I'm dreaming of a white Christmas
> Just like the ones I used to know.

The impossible demands of the media are also claimed by nostalgia. What could be more wonderful to a man with no prospects than a childhood Christmas remembered? This anxious moment edits out the anxieties of Christmases past: secondhand bicycles are winged horses, stewed hens are feasts of great-breasted turkeys, tenements have warm hearths giving off the perfect odor of aged oak burning high. In the fall to nostalgia the edited past becomes the incurable past, a mirror for the future.

"Hey, I'm not happy."

"This is it. That's all there is."

The Magi will not arrive with gifts. Dr. Pereky and other psychiatrists say this is a critical moment for many people, facing the fact that there is no Santa Claus. It seems comic that adults should be so upset by it, but the loss of Santa Claus is also a loss of parental protection, another end to innocence, the sign of the loneliness of the world, proof that luck is but a dream.

Of all nights, it would seem that on Christmas Eve in a Christian nation, those who find themselves suddenly conscious of the human predicament would be able to make Kierkegaard's "leap to faith." Yet, it is so often not the case; we do not live in an age of faith, and the profound courage needed to live without faith occurs seldom. When the distresses of the night bring about the agonized moment, the faithless, the profound cowards, kill themselves or others, sometimes using guns or knives, but most often with murderous words.

There are murders and suicides enough at the Christmas season; the *F.B.I. Uniform Crime Report* documents the rise in violent crimes in the month of December. But it is the violence wished and not done that concerns the clergy and the psychotherapists, for they know that the difference between murder wished and murder done is very slim. From the beginning of December the Sunday sermons try to deal with the problem, describing the season of brotherly love, peace on earth, goodwill toward men, proclaiming the Advent season a time of quiet and joyous anticipation.

By Christmas Eve the season is anything but quiet. Inspector Arturo Islas of the El Paso, Texas, Police Department says, "It's out there in the streets, that high nervous feeling. Everybody starts getting in a hurry, every nerve is up, then you have the drinking."

The tensions seem to affect everyone. The son of the pastor of a church in Virginia says that by the time his father gets through the season to Christmas Eve he is tired and testy. A woman from Brooklyn says that everybody gets mad over the presents and spending too much. A man from Michigan claims that the only time he ever heard his parents fight was on Christmas Eve. Another man says he left his wife on Christmas Eve. The difficulty of the season crosses racial, religious, economic and ethnic bounds. The stress of the winter solstice is human, natural, and therefore unavoidable, it is also peculiarly urban.

In New Milford, Connecticut, where 16,500 people are spread over sixty-four square miles, Police Sergeant Richard Hills reports only one family fight on Christmas Eve in the past fifteen years. The style of celebrating Christmas in that small town is very different from the way it is in Detroit or San Francisco. Sergeant Hills says, "Christmas Eve is open house in New Milford. People go visiting, families get together."

Lieutenant Kolchmainen describes an opposite situation in Detroit—people stay at home: "On Christmas Eve they're isolated one on one more than at any other time." Officer Cadigan says that in San Francisco "there's nowhere to go, they're stuck with each other. This thing just keeps building up until it explodes." Monsignor Cassidy of the Archdiocese of New York thinks that problems on Christmas Eve are a direct result of the shift from the extended family to the nuclear family unit. "Christmas," he says, "is meant to be shared. If you have a nuclear family, there's too much pressure. In the old family tradition they all worked together and lived together. No family can stand alone. Loneliness is the greatest suffering of mankind."

In his role as a psychologist and family counselor, Monsignor Cassidy tries to prepare his patients for Christmas Eve by seeking to help them solve the problems of loneliness and isolation. "People should get together with their families," he says, "even if it means flying home to Milwaukee or something, using the money for that instead of Christmas gifts."

A portrait of the troubled family on Christmas Eve emerges: The setting is a large city, where isolation of the family unit extends from the ghetto to the quiet streets of middle- and upper-middle-class neighborhoods. In almost every case the man has been drinking, and often both the husband and wife are drunk. Perhaps the woman and children ate dinner together while the man attended a party at his place of work. Or if the man came home early, the children and parents have moved into separate rooms. The children watch television programs that the parents have seen before: *Miracle on 34th Street* or *White Christmas*. There is nothing to attract or interest the parents. In some cities the bars are closed, in all cities they are empty. Bowling leagues and bridge games are suspended. Every avenue of escape is cut off. "You have to face your family," said Dr. Persky. "You don't have the right on Christmas Eve to go off and do the usual things that are the defenses against your spouse." A man and a woman sit together, usually in the kitchen, getting drunk, facing the nakedness of their lives, and the fight begins.

The police can do no more than put off a war, solve the moment. They arrive in answer to a telephone call from the woman, make a show of authority, listen to both sides of the argument, find some means to a détente, and then they leave to answer another call. Sometimes they recommend marriage counseling or psychiatric help. Inspector Islas says he asks a priest to come to the house when he thinks a priest can help, but neither he nor any other policeman expects anything more than a momentary solution.

The ostensible cause of Christmas Eve fights is almost always money—the lack of money, the waste of money, the failure to spend money, the choice of how or on whom to spend money. Here are three descriptions by three police officers who have between them sixty-three years of experience:

Lieutenant Kolchmainen (Detroit): "There's a sense of frustration on the male's part for not providing a good Christmas for the kids. He has to have something to vent his frustrations on. A guy who feels that inadequate has to take it out on somebody. And his wife is usually closest."

Officer Cadigan (San Francisco): "In one room the kids are watching TV—some Christmas show is on. There's a little three or four foot Christmas tree. And in the kitchen, the mother and father are hollering and swearing. It always seems to me it's about money. Not that they're not making enough, but the guy spent it on something else, gambling, a car they shouldn't have bought."

Inspector Islas (El Paso): "On Christmas Eve the fights are due to the disappointments. You get the wife expecting a $900 fur coat and she gets a $10 radio, and there it goes. Or you find her saying to the husband, 'You spent fifty dollars on this no-good radio when we could have lived for two weeks on that.' You have more fights over money than anything else."

There is nothing spiritual in Santa's bag; it is full of gifts that cost money; this is a Calvinist country. Max Weber pointed to the Calvinist thinking in Benjamin Franklin's maxims about hard work and frugality. R.H. Tawney found a hardened version of Calvinism in the works of early American clergymen. The cruel social theories of Herbert Spencer were popular in America until the early part of this century, and the aftermath of them lives on in conservative politics and in works like those of Billy Graham.

But if on the night before Christmas a man should survey his house and find the meagerness of it more than he can bear, where will he turn? From the Reverend Billy Graham, from Spencer and Cotton and Winthrop and Calvin himself, he will have learned that the poor are not among the elect of God. Then how will that man survive the night?

The pile of gifts beneath the tree is a judgment of the man who put them there. If he is poor and there are no gifts, he is condemned. If he is middle-class, the gifts are still less than they should have been. Even if a man is rich enough, the giving of gifts causes problems. Monsignor Cassidy, who understands the custom in its spiritual sense as symbolizing the gifts that were given to Christ by the Magi, and thinks beyond that to Christ offering himself on the cross, giving a gift to mankind, says that most fights on the night before Christmas begin over gifts. In his role as a family counselor he has heard the aftermath of many such arguments, out of which he has developed a theory of the secular symbolism of Christmas gifts.

He begins with a game. "If my mother gives me a red tie and a blue tie for Christmas, and I wear the red tie when I go to her house on Christmas Day, she'll say that I don't like the blue tie." He laughs at the little paradox and goes on to the more serious problems: "Very often a couple will have a fight over the gift they gave his mother or her mother for Christmas. It's one of the things that always comes up in marriage counseling.

"Giving a gift is unlike other things. You've got to show inner feelings by words, but you show even more by giving a gift. People interpret a cheap gift as meaning that you hold them cheaply. There's also the thing about spending more money than you should, trying to buy people's affection. So if the gift is too small, you're saying that you

(Continued on page 343)

Getting A Little Protection

Today, in the land of the free and the home of the frightened, more and more folks are discovering there's nothing like a nice, beefy bodyguard to ease the worry of being mugged, robbed, raped, murdered and generally put upon. The bodyguard business is booming. Ten years ago, Guardsmark, a Memphis security firm, had only five requests for bodyguards; in 1972, it had 618. Gross earnings of Pinkerton, the country's oldest and largest security company, shot up 300 percent in the last decade. For $9.50 an hour and up, you can hit the street with a brawny escort like the ones on these four pages, seen with the bodies they convoy.



Keeping Ann-Margret far away from the madding crowd, left, is Sergeant Art Roushkolb, a six-foot, 188-pound former policeman and current muscleman to the stars. As night security supervisor for the Las Vegas Hilton Hotel, Roushkolb is at the complete service of the Hilton's guest artists. So is the snub-nosed 38 he always carries. For Ann-Margret's appearances, Roushkolb meets her at her suite and escorts her to the stage via a fifteen-minute, labyrinthine walk through the hotel's service area to avoid all strangers. During the performance, he watches the audience, not the star. Afterward, it's back to the suite, where he bars the door to all but invited guests. Meanwhile, at Roushkolb's $35,000 three-bedroom home, his wife and children are sound asleep. Alone and unprotected.

We have a dynamite rapport," says Curt Monson, right, the bodyguard of Sammy Davis Jr. Monson, who always carries a gun, believes guarding Davis is a necessity, since Davis is not only black *and* Jewish but supports both Angela Davis *and* Richard Nixon. Monson picks his boss up every morning at Davis' round-the-clock guarded home, sticks with him all day and sees him back home, however late. When Davis goes on the road, Monson coordinates hotel and nightclub security arrangements. "You've got to love a guy to work with him in this kind of business," says Monson. Monson's love comes to the tune of $25,000 to $30,000 a year.



Photographed by Neil Selkirk



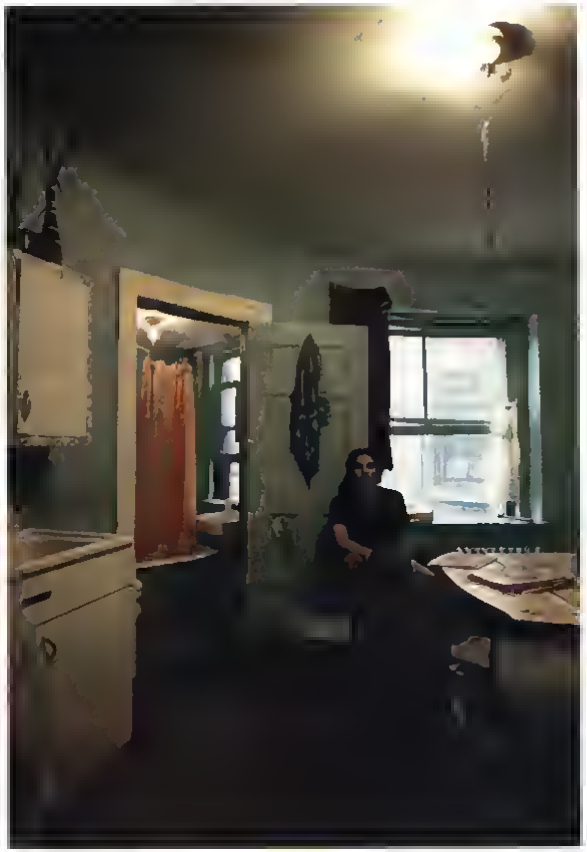
Like Queen Elizabeth, Secretariat has his own company of horse guards. During race week at Saratoga, a round-the-clock complement of nine Pinkerton men stood sentinel at the Triple Crown winner's stall. Above, posed with their six-million-dollar client and stable groom Mordecai Williams outside Barn 24 at Saratoga, are, left to right: Pete Montalvo, a former Belmont groom with five years' experience as a Pinkerton track guard; John Cuemeno, who for three years safeguarded mutuel windows at Belmont and Aqueduct and has protected Rive Ridge; Bob Campbell, who has watched over Key to the Mint, La Prevoyante and Private Smiles; and Jose Vasquez who has had seven years' experience at the mutuel windows of Aqueduct and who, like most Pinkerton guards, earns about $8,000 a year plus a bonus.

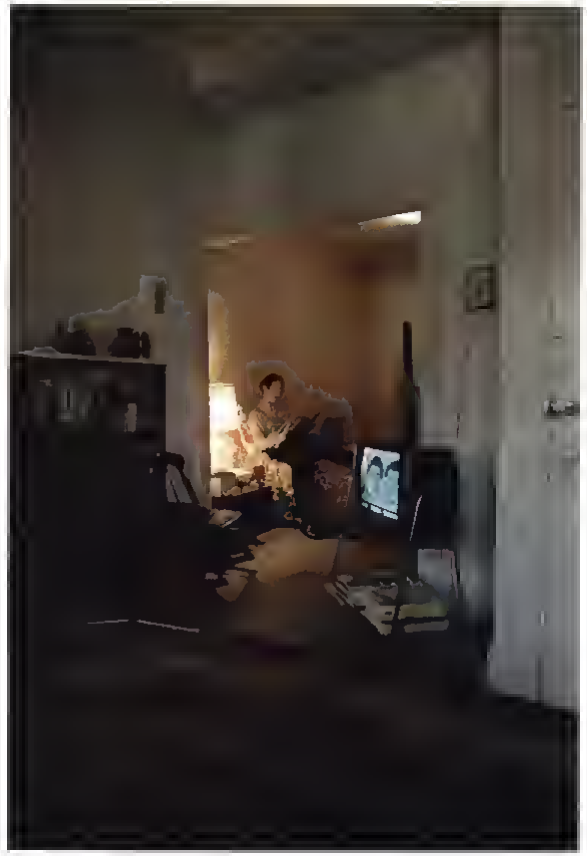


Danny Thomas, right, is wearing a hard hat to officiate at groundbreaking ceremonies for his favorite charity, St. Jude's Hospital in Memphis. The gentleman making sure Thomas doesn't wind up in his favorite charity is Guardsmark assistant branch manager of operations Clarence Benson. The six foot, one inch, 210-pound Benson is Thomas' usual guard whenever he's in Memphis. In protecting a celebrity in large crowds, Benson watches for changes of expression in a person's face and eyes to anticipate what someone is planning to do. "I watch *all* people," adds Benson, "but especially those who seem to be sneaking around all day. After a while, you can readily tell whether they have any intent to harm." Thomas, however, doesn't feel he needs guarding. "I'm everybody's Daddy. Who would want to hurt *me*?" No one, with Benson and his Colt .38 around.

Below, in the car and shades, is Mitch Greenberg, twenty-five, Wayne Newton's personal aide and bodyguard. Greenberg does not carry a gun. But then, he really doesn't need to, since Newton himself totes a 38 snub-nosed revolver. Greenberg has considerable help in his job. Newton's twenty-acre Las Vegas ranch is surrounded on all sides by ten-foot, solid-concrete walls and comes complete with electric gates, a beeper system, German shepherd attack dogs and an all-night guard who patrols in a golf cart. Still, when Newton is performing, Greenberg has his work cut out for him. Since Greenberg looks something like Newton, he sometimes stands in for the star, especially if there's a murder threat involved. When an anonymous caller told Newton, "I'm going to kill you after the last show tonight," Greenberg climbed into Newton's clothes and ostentatiously left the hotel while Newton slipped home by another route. As Newton says, "Someone had to do it. Mitch is totally loyal and devoted." Greenberg, in his turn, says, "I never consider myself his equal. I know my place. I always call him 'Mr. Newton.'" Well, that's bodyguard biz.







Living with the Boston Strangler

What vibrations from the scenes of the crime?

Every time Joseph Magharo reaches for the towel on his bathroom door he is standing on the spot where the Boston Strangler left the body of his first victim. What's it like to live where one of America's most notorious murders was committed? "Kind of weird," says eighteen-year-old Joseph. "The landlord didn't tell me anything about the murder. I heard about it from people in the neighborhood. I didn't believe them at first. Once I did, I got a little nervous. I didn't want to read the book [*The Boston Strangler*, by Gerold Frank]. In a way, I was afraid of knowing too much about it. But I did read the part about her." What Joseph read was that on the evening of June 14, 1962, police found the raped body of Anna Slesers, fifty-five, sprawled on the floor of his third-floor Back Bay apartment, her housecoat spread apart to expose her nude body, the cord knotted tightly about her neck. "It bothered me at first," says Joseph, "but then it got to be a novelty kind of thing. I'm interested in spirits and things like that. On the anniversary of the murder, I was going to have a séance, but I wasn't able to get a round table. I was home all day waiting around for something to happen, but nothing did." Better luck next time, Joseph Magharo.

In the bedroom of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Demer's Beacon Hill apartment, police found, on January 4, 1964, the body of the Boston Strangler's thirteenth and final victim, nineteen-year-old Mary Sullivan. A card reading "Happy New Year" was propped against her foot. Knotted about her neck was a stocking, over that a pink silk scarf tied under her chin in a huge bow, and over that a bright pink-and-white flowered scarf. None of which did Mr. and Mrs. Demer's landlord happen to mention when they rented the apartment. "I heard somebody say something about it after we first moved in," says Mr. Demer. "I decided not to tell my wife about it." It was almost a year before Bob Demer finally told his wife what took place in their bedroom. "I was really surprised," says Mrs. Demer. "I thought it was funny my husband never said anything. If I'd known ahead of time, it wouldn't have made that much difference. People at work would never have lived in the apartment if they had known, but to me it's just an apartment. It's funny, when I first came to Boston my family joked about, 'Don't let the Boston Strangler get you.' And here we are." From our home to yours, Merry Christmas, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Demer. And Happy New Year.

Photographed by Anthony Edgeworth

The 10 Safest Cities

Only a mother could love a mugger. The rest of us are dismayed by urban crime, but the only escape seems to involve leaving urban life behind. If you're not ready to do that (and who is?), the next best thing may be to find safer urbs *to live in. The question is, of course,* how?



David Franke, coauthor of Safe Places, *set out to find the ten most crime-free cities in America. Franke proceeded from a definition of "city" as a self-governing political entity with a population over fifty thousand. (There are 396 such in the United States.) He collected the number of felonies reported in each city in the categories of murder, robbery, forcible rape, aggravated assault, burglary, larceny involving property worth more than fifty dollars, and auto theft. The last years for which Franke could get data, 1970 and 1971, were used as the base years. He then fed his figures into a computer, matching them against each city's population, to determine crime rates. The ten cities scoring lowest, according to Franke's computations, are listed below.*

1. Lakewood, Ohio

America's safest city is right next door to Cleveland, America's three hundred fifty-first safest city (and *that's* not very safe). The oldest suburb in the metropolitan area, Lakewood lies three miles of Lake Erie shore front lined by high rises and middle-class-to-plush homes in a bewildering variety of architectural designs.

The crime rate is kept down in Lakewood by bright mercury-vapor streetlights, a seventy-five-man police force, and criminal files that the Lakewood Police Department claims are the best in the area. In addition, local business is zoned to keep it apart from the residential areas.

Lakewood's civic fastidiousness extends beyond crime prevention. Its community-owned and operated hospital has been extensively modernized and two ambulances are on duty at all times. Project Pride is the city's program of inspecting homes for electrical, plumbing, heating, and structural defects. Lakewood has earned thirteen national awards as the "fire-safest" city in the 50,000-to-100,000 population bracket.

Explaining how he and his wife came to live in Lakewood, Ray Riesmeyer, Cleveland manager for *House & Garden*, recalls that "we started out by disappointing a couple of real-estate men in Shaker Heights. The first time we drove through, we were impressed by the way Lakewood homes and yards were maintained. Yet, at the same time, we felt a lack of pretension. It didn't look as if there were two cars in every garage and a second mortgage on every house."

2. Rome, New York

The city that gave us Revere Ware is located due south of the Adirondacks in upstate New York. Rome's population has decreased slightly since 1960. Its largest ethnic groups are Italians and Poles. A recent issue of the local newspaper listed homes for sale at prices ranging from $19,500 to $43,000, marking Rome as a middle-class area.

Until his August retirement, Police Chief James C. Dunn was the senior chief in New York State. Unlike some police officials, he lies high praise for the local judges. Although Rome's department has the usual specialized bureaus, Chief Dunn originated the policy "that every police officer should be in a productive police assignment." Consequently, any of the force's sixty-four men may be assigned general police work.

The Chamber of Commerce calls Rome "The Copper City," referring not to the police force, but to the metal found on the bottom of Revere Ware pots.

3. Weymouth, Massachusetts

Located smack in the middle of the middle class on Boston's South Shore, Weymouth has proved much less interesting to criminals than wealthier Cape Cod or Boston itself. Not surprisingly, Police Chief Joseph B. O'Kane credits Weymouth's low crime rate to its high standards of law enforcement. "It is our department policy to vigorously pursue the investigation of any and all crimes, particularly those which show any pattern, or multiple offenses," he says. Chief O'Kane suggests that it is the "certainty of apprehension" which "gives notice to the criminally inclined that they would do well to go elsewhere."

4. Utica, New York

Utica, located fourteen miles from Rome, New York, has also declined in population since 1960. The city has a general blue-collar and ethnic coloration. Polish- and Welsh-language newspapers are sold in Utica, and less than half the population possess a high-school diploma.

Mayor Michael R. Caruso attributes the city's low crime rate to an increase in the size and visibility of the police force. "When I was elected, the first thing we did was to restore the police and fire departments to their full capacities. We instituted a small mounted police force, since Utica has a thousand acres of parks. We now have a Tac Squad, and a Special Squad that patrols trouble areas with large dogs. And we've returned to a large extent to the beat patrol. This is something that all cities had twenty or twenty-five years ago; now, most of them use patrol cars."

Another good reason why there are so few crooks in Utica may be that there isn't that much to steal. A majority of Utica's families have annual incomes lower than ten thousand dollars—a distinction shared only by Rome and Provo, Utah, among our ten safest cities.

5. Nashua, New Hampshire

Nashua is a boom town. Its population has increased 42.8 percent in the last decade, and now stands at 55,820. Located on the Massachusetts border, it has easy access to Boston, the White Mountains, and the Maine coast.

Half of Nashua's work force is employed by manufacturers, and half is unionized. The town's major industries are electronic equipment, shoes, paper goods, plastics, and machinery. Like most New England industrial towns, Nashua has a population divided between many ethnic groups.

Police Chief Craig D. Sandler feels that Nashua owes its low crime rate in large measure to the fact that "the Nashua police are free from local politics with regard to enforcement policy." He notes that since 1913 "the department has been governed by a three-man Police Commission appointed by the governor of the state. The Commission has power to set compensation, hire and dismiss as the situation may dictate, and establish rules and regulations as necessary."

6. Euclid, Ohio

Could it be the odor of Lake Erie that keeps the criminals away? Euclid, another Cleveland suburb, has a slightly higher median income than Lakewood's. A high proportion of its citizenry is employed by manufacturing industries.

Frank W. Payne, Euclid's Chief of Police, sees the "omnipresence of uniformed police" as the most tangible factor in keeping crime down. "Our patrol cars are assigned to geographical beats with other cars overlapping into two or more beats," he explains. "Criminals observing a patrol car passing a particular area cannot assume that the time is ripe to commit a crime. Other police cars may be in the same area at any moment. When a crime *does* occur, our policy is to dispatch every available police car to the scene so that an apprehension can be made if at all possible. Again, this method discourages other persons who may be inclined to commit crimes; it's a show of police strength."

7. Provo, Utah

Among America's ten safest cities, Provo is unique in a number of respects. It is the only Western city on the list. It has a high unemployment rate, and its average annual family income ($7,167) ranks tenth of ten, but there are no slums in Provo. Finally, Provo is a university town. While Berkeley and Cambridge are among the most dangerous cities in the country, Provo is home to an equally large but vastly different academic population—Mormon-run Brigham Young University, whose 25,000 students make it one of the largest private universities in the U.S.

Police Chief Jesse Evans emphasizes the role of Provo's many programs to combat juvenile delinquency in controlling crime. During the Nineteen Forties and early Fifties, he says, "we had a tremendous problem of malicious destruction, and many burglaries. We learned that the majority of the crimes were being committed by juveniles and teen-agers." Police, courts, civic groups, churches, service clubs, schools, and the parks department put together an ambitious youth program that is still in effect and has, apparently, paid off.

8. Greenwich, Connecticut

Affluence usually attracts criminals, but not in Greenwich. U.S. Census statisticians have apparently given up trying to estimate the median value of Greenwich homes; it is listed merely as "$50,000+." There are 10,635 houses worth more than $25,000, only 526 worth less.

Greenwich is the sort of town where many of the rambling estates may be seen only by following a network of bridle trails, where there are several hundred *private* fire hydrants; where the police, in addition to the usual police services, maintain a scuba team.

Delinquency and drug usage among the spoiled children of the executive class are reputedly rampant on Connecticut's Gold Coast—everywhere but Greenwich. The town stands alone, an emerald island of calm amidst a troubled sea of life's commoner annoyances. As the Chamber of Commerce puts it, "There is no heavy industry and therefore no noise or odor."

9. Florissant, Missouri

Florissant is one of those cities that wasn't there the last time you looked: between 1960 and 1970, its population increased by 73.9 percent. A residential suburb of St. Louis, it has no industries of its own, but is close to a dense industrial area. Most of Florissant's homes are valued between $10,000 and $25,000, and most of its families have income in that range.

D. L. Brazle, the police department's planning and research official, says that "although we have an excellent record of crimes cleared up, averaging between thirty and fifty percent, we concentrate on the preventive side of the law enforcement. One method which we feel has been effective has been the use of the ten-hour-day, forty-hour-week work schedule for members of the uniformed patrol. The prime hours from eight p.m. to two a.m. are covered by a double shift of men, thus allowing one man assigned to a patrol sector to concentrate on patrol while another man assigned to the same sector handles calls for police service. We also carry on a constant program of public education. We attempt to educate the public in what they themselves can do to help prevent crime.

"We know for a fact that our preventive patrol methods work," Brazle adds, "as we have had professional criminals, apprehended for other offenses, admit to us that they have planned burglaries and robberies in our city and then abandoned the plans because 'too many cops come around too often.'"

10. Westland, Michigan

Westland, incorporated in 1966, is a bedroom community on the southwest edges of the sprawling Detroit metropolitan area. A modern, enclosed shopping center and some light industry are located in the city, but most citizens commute to jobs elsewhere. A 500-acre wildlife reserve runs through the center of Westland, and 50,000 people participated in last year's Spring Festival. The town's economic character is middle middle-class, with most homes falling in the $20,000 to $30,000 price range.

Why is Westland, so close to crime-ridden Detroit, one of America's ten safest cities? Saundra Weed, who runs the local Chamber of Commerce, credits "good, old-fashioned community spirit."

And Mayor Gene McKinney, while citing an increase in the size of the police force and changes in patrol procedures, feels his city has so little crime chiefly because "we have good people—good, nonviolent people."

The Ten Worst Places

These are, according to Franke, America's ten most crime-ridden cities, in order of descending crime rate.

1. **Compton, California (a suburb of Los Angeles)**
2. **Newark, New Jersey**
3. **Detroit, Michigan**
4. **Pontiac, Michigan**
5. **San Francisco, California**
6. **Wilmington, Delaware**
7. **Oakland, California**
8. **Cambridge, Massachusetts**
9. **Denver, Colorado**
10. **Washington, D.C.**

(Illustrated by Haruo Miyauchi)

Formerly the Cypress Bachelors

A Benevolent and Protective Order gets it together in the South Bronx

De Tocqueville observed that one of the distinguishing features of American democracy was that political tensions are alleviated by widespread participation in a wide range of voluntary associations. This remark is, of course, no longer true, but what remains true is that we are still a nation of joiners.

Elks, Moose, Eagles, Odd Fellows, Woodmen of the World, All Volunteer Army—all of these special-interest groups were organized around a central purpose. A possible exception is the organization on the right. It has no name. It was once called the Cypress Bachelors, and before that, the Scottmen Lords. Its members range in age from fifteen to twenty-four. Its home is New York's South Bronx, itself a small, crime-ridden nation of 400,000 residents, 20,000 addicts, 9500 members of such fellowships as the Savage Skulls, the Dirty Dozen, the Henchmen, and the one at right.

Ace (far left, foreground) is the group's president. When Esquire inquired after his group's purpose, he replied, "We're just a bunch of guys getting together to help the people."

Help them how?

"You know, rap with the people, clean up streets and buildings, throw dances and stuff . . ."

What have you done so far?

"Well, we used to clean up the streets, and some of the buildings where we used to hang out. The owners would see us on the steps, you know, and they wouldn't want us around. But when we kept places clean, they didn't care so much."

Any future plans?

"Right now we're getting it together, you know? We're gonna hook up a clubhouse, be together, throw dances. Anybody can come as long as they don't start trouble."

Do adults in general get along with your group?

"Some of them; the ones who don't know us are afraid of us."

Photographed by Carl Fischer

Cop of the Year

by Steven V. Roberts

Sergeant Joe Wambaugh is very rich, writes best sellers, knows Truman Capote, and can throw you in jail. Now how does that make you feel, crumbum?

The Other Ball is just another bar jammed between a gas station and a fast-food joint on one of those broad, bleak avenues that stretch across the Los Angeles basin for miles, but never seem to begin or end anywhere. I walked in late one afternoon out of a bright sun and could hardly see in the sudden darkness. As I approached a girl in a blonde wig and a black leotard who looked official, she turned around. The front of her little suit had been cut out, and staring up at me were two sensational boobs that clearly would have offended the accepted community standards of McCook, Nebraska. My eyes began to focus a bit better.

I asked her for Bill Coleman, the owner, and was led toward the back of a narrow room. To my left, on a small stage surrounded by ringside seats, another well-developed young lady clad only in an orange G-string sort of strolled around—you could hardly call it dancing—while snapping her fingers. The spectators tried to look as if they weren't looking—and yet tried not to miss anything—which is rather hard to do. Coleman is an ex-cop, and The Other Ball is a cop's bar. It's actually in San Gabriel, about ten minutes from East Los Angeles, a place where the boys can come when they are off duty—or on—to have a drink, swap "war stories," and occasionally make a discreet date.

One of Coleman's good friends and, when he is off duty, regular customers is Joseph Wambaugh, a burglary detective at the Hollenbeck division of the Los Angeles Police Department. Sergeant Wambaugh also happens to be a novelist, the author of two highly praised and eminently successful books about cops—*The New Centurions* and *The Blue Knight*. This fall Wambaugh published his third book, *The Onion Field*, a nonfiction account of the murder of a Los Angeles policeman and the psychological deterioration of his surviving partner. Predictions are that it will be his biggest book yet, and the film rights sold for more than $350,000 plus even before publication.

I started talking to Coleman about his friend Joe, and soon we were joined by several others. Critics have frequently described Wambaugh's work as "realistic" and "authentic," and the cops at the table agreed. "Any policeman," said a young captain, "can pick up a Wambaugh book and point to any character and say, 'Yes, I know a guy like that.'" The officers enjoy TV shows like *Dragnet* because policemen are portrayed sympathetically, but they find them unrecognizable. "If someone offered Joe Friday a free cup of coffee he'd say, 'No m'am, just the facts, m'am,'" snorted Coleman, whose chunky, chiseled face reminded me of Johnny Cash. "The fact is, policemen put on their pants the same way you and I do. They drink a little, they gamble a little, they even get laid once in a while." The captain whooped at that: "Joe Friday never got laid!"

Joe Wambaugh, a very conservative, very Catholic family man, apparently resists most temptations, but many of his friends, and characters, do not. They are not "supercops," able to leap tall buildings and crack cases in a single bound. They are human beings, sometimes rather weak human beings, who happen to wear police uniforms. *The French Connection* helped publicize the image of the cop as semi-tough, a bit nasty and uncouth, but still able to nail the bad guys in the final reel. Wambaugh's cops don't have any answers. For them frustration is an occupational disease; justice is sometimes done, and sometimes not. They beat up suspects, harass homosexuals and others they don't like, they lie in court, they cadge free meals, they goof off on the job. Some take bribes, and a few get blow jobs from prostitutes in the back seats of their squad cars. All this does not exactly make for an ideal home life, and Wambaugh is one of the few writers who looks at the "psychological violence" of a policeman's lot—the tension, the drinking, the playing around, the unhappy marriages, the suicides. Obviously this is not the image conveyed by most books or TV shows—let alone community-relations programs—but Joe feels he has to keep faith with his fellow officers and tell their story honestly, warts and all.

But even if Wambaugh's characters are different than most lawmen of legend—and maybe because they are—he is probably the major figure in the current rush to blanket the mass media with cop stories. Serpico, Ironside, Batman and Robin, Hec Ramsey, Eddie Egan, McCloud, McMillan, Madigan, Toma—where are you, Gene Autrey, now that we need you? Around Los Angeles, where so many films and TV shows are made, working cops are in great demand as technical advisers and bit players. Dick Kalk, Wambaugh's former partner, got several parts and joined the Screen Actors Guild. He even had *Daily Variety* sent to him at the station house before the captain told him to stop. Another Hollenbeck dick, and a close associate of Wambaugh's, regaled friends at The Other Ball with stories about advising actors at a TV shooting. In demonstrating how to stop and frisk a suspect, he barked, "Freeze, assbole!," and then threw the actor so hard against a wall that he tore a chunk out of the fellow's hand. The director had a heart attack, but the guys in the bar roared.

The cop craze has made Wambaugh a lot of money. His own empire last season included the movie version of *The New Centurions* with George C. Scott and Stacy Keach, and a two-hour television pilot called *Police Story*, on which he was a consultant. This year *Police Story* is a weekly, hour-long series. In addition, *The Blue Knight* has been made into a four-hour TV "mini-series," with William Holden as the lead.

Wambaugh will not discuss his net worth. Suffice it to say he would never have to work again. But he does work—compulsively—and his unbeatable determination to be "real" in everything he does has caused him many problems. He's had constant battles with TV executives he feels have tried to perpetuate the "fantasies" that dominate most cop shows, and he readily admits that many of them think he's "psycho."

The writer's unsettling experiences with Hollywood have also affected his personal life. He took a six-month leave from the police department to finish *The Onion Field*, and nobody thought he would be back, including himself. But when the leave was up last February there he was, ready for work. The job is like a "Linus blanket," he concedes, an anchor in the "real world" he has always known. He is frightened of floating free, of tearing up old roots and not having anything to replace them, of joining that grinning, chatting legion of "personalities" bobbing up and down in front of a TV camera or a photographer's flashbulb.

Joe lives in San Marino, a staid, wealthy community east of Los Angeles, the sort of place, he says, where neighbors have "brand names," rather than screen credits. I went to see him one evening, and his wife, Dee, opened the door of their huge, Spanish-style house; his two sons, both adopted, played in the backyard pool. Tanned and attractive in white shorts and red top, Dee Wambaugh is certainly one of the few wives in San Marino who pours beer for her guests with her own hands. The furniture was all steel and glass and rich leather; the paintings, primitive Caribbean island scenes. The books ranged from old college texts (*Poetry and Criticism of Matthew Arnold*) to a matched set of Fitzgerald to something called *Writing for Television*. I remembered I had heard his friends joking that he keeps a book next to his bar about how to mix drinks.

Sergeant J. A. Wambaugh, L.A.P.D., came into the room carrying his blue cord jacket, his tie loosened. As he sat down he brushed himself off and explained, "I just put some burglars in jail and it was pretty messy." On his belt I could see a service revolver, a pair of handcuffs, and a leather sap that was a bit larger than regulation size. "It's a holdover from my vice days, it gives me a feeling of security, I guess," he explained. "If you hit somebody with the ones we have now, all it does is make them mad and they beat the crap out of you."

A slight man—he likes to say that he loses all fights—with dark, thinning hair, and a plain face that is about as interesting as an egg, Joe Wambaugh is friendly and accommodating but never quite relaxed. When I told him I had read all three books he quickly said "thank you" before I could say whether I liked them or not (I had). Back in East Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, his father had been a small-town police chief and then a steelworker before the family came to California to bury a relative when Joe was fourteen and decided to stay. Out here the elder Wambaugh became a washing-machine repairman and his wife worked as a maid, but things were always tight. There were no college graduates in the family, no professionals. Joe was a "terrible" student in high school in Ontario and right after graduation he joined the Marines. A year later, when he was eighteen, he married Dee, and perhaps it was the new responsibility that motivated him to work for "something a little better." He started taking night courses at a local college and kept it up after leaving the service and taking a job at a steel mill near Ontario.

As he flitted from college to college, Joe learned something about himself. "All through high school I wasn't good at anything, but I discovered when I was twenty years old, lo and behold, I was really good at something, and that was literature." His dream was to be an English teacher, but as graduation approached he realized he was too "antsy" for classroom life. "I guess like a lot of college seniors I panicked and I wanted to run out and do something. I went out and joined the police department because . . . I don't know why. Because I needed a job. And the pay was pretty good. Also, I strongly suspect there was something in me from the time I was a child, admiring my father's badge and so forth."

After joining the force Joe kept going to school, and earned a master's. Then in the summer of his thirtieth year, 1967, he started to write. "There's never been an English major who didn't have the urge to write," he laughed. "So there was that, and the urge maybe to write a true-to-life police story. I had never read one before that was really true to life. Maybe, I thought, I could do a short story. That would be my little bit of immortality, if I could write one little short story that was true about policemen and get that published, that would blow my mind forever and I'd be happy." There was something else, too. Joe had heard the story of Ian Campbell, the cop who had been killed in the onion field, and his partner, Karl Hettinger. If he ever got good enough, he thought, he might someday be able to tell their tragedy.

Wambaugh sent several short sketches off to *The Atlantic*, and a young editor sent them back, but she added a little note saying the stories had promise and urging him to try a novel. That's all he needed. With dreams of Fitzgerald dancing in his head, he started writing a novel. The same impulses that sent him to class after long days in the mill or on the beat—and make him run two miles every day—sent him to the typewriter. "Come hell or high water I write a thousand words a day," he said. "I somehow developed a fanatical discipline. I expect a certain amount from myself and I don't let myself rest until I get it. So I have my devils driving me."

The New Centurions was bought by Atlantic-Little, Brown and exploded onto the best-seller lists for eight months; *The Blue Knight* was almost as successful, and Wambaugh thought he was ready for the story of Ian and Karl. His editor told him that it was too difficult, that he was "not capable" of accomplishing what Truman Capote had done with *In Cold Blood*. But the story continued to haunt him, and it was Capote himself who pushed Wambaugh into a decision. As Joe tells it:

"I had met him on Johnny Carson and he was interested in us and invited us to his house in Palm Springs. He made two screwdrivers, fresh orange juice and I guess about a half a quart of vodka in them. My wife passed out—conk, like bang! Anyway, we sat there and I said look, I've got this story in my system, but this editor won't let me do it. I told him the whole business with Karl and everything and after I was finished he said, 'My God, that's a story! Would I like



to write that story!' When he said that I said, 'My God, I'm going to write that story no matter what!'"

After months of cajoling, Joe got Karl Hettinger and the killers, Jimmy Smith and Gregory Powell, to cooperate. When he took his leave from the force he spent the weeks working and the weekends getting smashed, trying to relieve the agony of the labor pains. Finally *The Onion Field* was done, but the "stretch marks" were still there from the birth, and he could not begin to think about another book. Meanwhile, David Gerber of Screen Gems had talked to him about television, and the idea was appealing, mainly because the cop stories on the tube were even worse than the ones in books. But the relationship between Joe Wambaugh and network television has not exactly been a fairy-tale romance. As he tells it:

"They pay me a lot of money to use my name and be a consultant and all that business, but they're not listening to me. I'm trying to tell them what a police show should be about, what police life is all about. And so far they're giving me cops-and-robbers stories. That's the thing I can't bear about all these shows on television now, the capers and the cops and robbers and all that. What I've gone through with television has been unreal. They brought me in to give them the first true-life television shows about police. Good drama, strong in plot, strong in character, adult shows. And I sit there and I tell them about the way you do it and I look at their scripts and I go over them carefully and then they nod their heads and say, 'Yes, but there's the real world and there's the real world of television. And the folks like lots of shooting and they like sirens and they like chases and they like the caper.' And I keep telling them, that's not what I'm here for. All this bullshit is not what police work is all about. But they can't really free themselves from that preconception yet, and I was terribly naive to think that they could."

The real problem is the obvious one: how do you reconcile artistic values with commercial ones? How do you translate one man's novelistic vision into a show that will appeal to a mass audience? Can the ugliness and cynicism that make up so much of a policeman's life sell beer and shampoo? A successful writer who has worked for TV cop shows answers this way: "The networks and the advertisers limit everyone to a degree. There's no way TV can provide the authenticity Wambaugh wants. You just can't get grim or offensive. It's been that way for twenty years and it will be that way for another twenty, or as long as sponsors control TV. It's a very collaborative medium, there's a lot of bread riding on each show, and everyone runs a little scared."

Wambaugh realizes the problem and will make some compromises, but not many. He accepted the final gratuitous shoot-out in *The Blue Knight*—with background music by Nelson Riddle—but only after he had screamed so loudly that the producers had revised most of the script. "Joe doesn't need television," explains Irving Feffer, his lawyer. "He has the security to buy his freedom. How many writers can really enjoy the luxury of integrity? Very few, and I don't think NBC likes that." Joe likes the money, he likes the idea of TV trying to do "real" cop stories, he likes his buddies to get work as extras and advisers. But he likes his reputation as a "serious" novelist even more, and he is afraid that a second-rate shoot 'em up with his name on it would tarnish that reputation. Maybe if he had more confidence in himself he would not be so worried, but then, this is the guy who still uses a book to tell him how to mix drinks.

When movie producers started bidding for *The New Centurions*, Wambaugh started meeting Hollywood people; his popularity on the TV talk shows and his own involvement with a series plunged him deeper into the celebrity scene. When he was on leave, Hollenbeck seemed far away. "During that time, of course, all my friends and relatives and acquaintances said I'd never go back," Joe remembers wryly. "How could you go back to an eight to four-thirty drudgery like that? Now you've lived the good life and you've been away from it and you're doing all these things. You went to Harold Robbins' New Year's Eve party, and after that, I mean, what's left?"

He did go back, but one thing he is sure of. "I'm not there for any reasons of duty," he snapped. "I don't give a damn about public service." Nor is Sergeant Wambaugh merely out to collect material for another book. One possible answer is the pace and flavor of police work, the lure of the "puta," the "whore," as Bumper Morgan calls his beat in *The Blue Knight*. More to the point, the poor rich writer felt bored and guilty. After *The Onion Field* was finished, Joe went through a "terrifying experience." As he describes it:

"There was no job, there was nothing. I was just sitting here in this big house. What are you going to do, play one-on-one basketball in your dining room? What kind of life is this? I was going bananas in this place. I can't to this day figure out what a gentleman of leisure does. There must be some duty. I've always had duties and I've always worked many hours. I've always had two jobs, and suddenly I had no job."

Then there was the time Wambaugh ran into Kent McCord, who plays one of the leads in *Adam-12*, a cop show Wambaugh rates along with Walt Disney for authenticity. The actor was upset at Wambaugh's remarks and told him that he, McCord, had been riding around in L.A.P.D. radio cars and knew as much about police work as the Hollenbeck dick. "Where does truth and where does fantasy lie?" moaned Wambaugh. "I could see this fella was serious, and I mumbled a few things like, 'Kid, I was a cop when you were chewing bubble gum.' And as I looked around after this guy left I thought, 'There has to be a real world somewhere.'"

That meeting with McCord, there at a posh NBC party with the top brass sidling up and telling him to put plenty of "scientific detection" into the *Police Story* plots, scared the hell out of Wambaugh. "I began to think, 'What if I became enamored of this kind of life?'" Joe recalled. "You know, there is something about fame, and I guess fame and power are a couple of perverted bedfellows and they go together a lot. And I was really caught up in this world. I really became a personality and did the whole number, you know, the talk shows, the press agent. And I got to thinking, I could get caught up in this, and soon I wouldn't be able to separate fact and fantasy anymore and I wouldn't know where the real world is and where the real people are. That's really scary. I want to know where the real world is and where the real people are, and I want to make sure that I'm one of them if I can. I assure you there's nothing more sobering, really, than going out on the streets every day in East L.A. and investigating a burglary. I assure you that everything down there is very, very real."

A few days before his leave was up, the Wambaughs went to a police party and Joe was given a name tag.

"I looked at my wife and I got all misty and I said, 'It says Sergeant Joe Wambaugh.' And she said, 'Big deal.' I said, 'You know, nobody's ever going to call me Sergeant again!' She said, 'Look, Sarge, I'll call you Sarge the rest of your life.' *(Continued on page 310)*

Photographed by D. Gorton

Attention! If you have information concerning Most Wanted Fugitives...

. . . you're one step ahead of the Bureau. Oops, they just got one!

by David Felton



Benjamin Paddock



Katherine Power



Dwight Armstrong



Cameron Bishop



Bernardine Dohrn

PUBLIC RATS

If there should come another crop of kidnapping, killing subhumans such as those the G-men have mowed down in their harvesting, Edgar J. Hoover, chief of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, hopes that the flattering title of "public enemies" will not be conferred upon them. He proposes that they be designated as public rats.

Mr. Hoover did not originate and has consistently refused to adopt the term "public enemy."

To the limited intelligence, "public enemy" is a title that carries a measure of prestige. It builds up the vanity of the criminal, who feels that he is justified in his desperado tactics because the world is against him. "Public rat" suggests the skulking, craven, sewer thing he really is.

—the Chicago Daily News, *May 20, 1938*

Many people believe that the F.B.I.'s list of Ten Most Wanted Fugitives is mainly a p.r. gimmick, that the Bureau places criminals on the list it knows are about to be captured—just to make itself look good.

Well, those people are wrong. The F.B.I. denies it categorically, and what's more, it can prove it. The fact is that lately the F.B.I. has hardly been catching anyone it most wanted to.

That's right—there's no point in keeping this a secret any longer—the F.B.I.'s Ten Most Wanted list is in real trouble. Up until 1970, the Bureau apprehended an average of fifteen Top Tenners a year. In the nearly four years since then, it has caught a total of twelve. Five were caught in 1970, three in 1971, two in 1972, and as of this writing only two this year. And there's every reason to believe, as we shall see, that this situation will continue for some time to come.

It's a terrible state of affairs. Not only does it make the F.B.I. look kind of dumb, but worse, it's rendered a formerly valuable crime-stopping tool practically useless. Right now the F.B.I. people have in their files about a dozen Ten Most Wanted elect—extremely dangerous fugitives they'd like very much to put on the list and capture. But they're stuck, because you can't put a new guy on until an old one's taken off. That's the rules, it's like the Supreme Court. And you can't take an old one off until he's caught or he dies or the charges against him are dropped. And those last two things have only happened to twelve out of three hundred eighteen fugitives in the history of the program.

Now it's true that in 1970 the F.B.I. broke with tradition and expanded the list to as many as sixteen Ten Most Wanted Fugitives. It was at that time, in fact, although not necessarily for that reason, that the program started to go haywire. But they're not doing that anymore. As one agent put it: "You water the program down if you start going beyond ten."

So right now they're stuck. For instance, Herman Bell was the first fugitive to be added in seven months. The F.B.I. was forced to wait until after April 18 of this year, when police gunned down Mace Brown, a hired killer, armed robber, dope-ring leader and jail escapee, during a robbery of the Chase Manhattan Bank in New York City. You may have seen that one on television. According to the F.B.I.'s Supervisory Special Agent in charge of Fugitive Publicity, "We were real anxious to get Bell on the list, but we weren't able to do anything about it until Mace Brown was removed."

You can see why the F.B.I. was anxious about Bell. Two years earlier, on May 21, 1971, he allegedly helped slay two New York policeman responding to a call for aid at a city housing project. They were "shot numerous times in the back with a .38-caliber revolver and a .45 automatic pistol." Now, of course, there are many ways of getting on the list, but certainly one of the best is to shoot two innocent cops in the back. Normally that would get you on in a few months, as soon as the next Top Tenner was caught. Yet with the list as screwed up as it is today, the F.B.I. couldn't so honor Bell until May 9, 1973. During those two years, Bell, considered "armed and extremely dangerous," roamed freely around the country. At one point, on September 20, 1971, he reportedly robbed a San Francisco Bank of America, using four accomplices, two sawed-off shotguns and a revolver. Pity poor Herman Bell. A scant few months after he made the list he was captured in New Orleans.

Anyway, the point is that if the F.B.I. has to wait so long to get someone like Herman Bell on the Top Ten, the list is virtually useless both as a serious law-

the whereabouts of any or all of the F.B.I.'s Ten



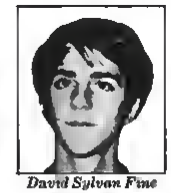
Charles Lee Herron



Leo Frederick Burt



Susan Edith Saxe



David Sylvan Fine



Herman Bell

enforcement aid and as a p.r. gimmick. And one must wonder exactly how it got so screwed up in the first place and who was responsible. These are distasteful questions because, of course, it's become fashionable to knock J. Edgar Hoover since his death on May 2, 1972. Many of us, in fact, were fond of dumping on the old man even before his death; we were as suspicious of him as he was, no doubt, of us. I remember when he died, some of us were standing around trying to figure out an appropriate response; and it seemed to me the only appropriate action would be for us all to raise our flags to half-mast. So naturally there may be some who will cast aside common decency and reverence and glean from the following story a measure of poetic justice.

Nevertheless I think the evidence will show that Mr. Hoover—perhaps in concert with such social fluke as the Students for a Democratic Society and the liberation of women into all areas of the economy, including crime—is primarily responsible for turning the list of Top Ten Fugitives into what today could be considered a national joke.

From the beginning Hoover was skeptical of the idea. True, it had worked fine in the early Thirties, when Judge John H. Lyle and the Chicago Crime Commission issued Public Enemy lists to help round up folks like Al Capone, Charles "Pretty Boy" Floyd, Lester "Baby Face Nelson" Gillis and Alvin "Old Creepy" Karpis. Presumably it would work as well for the F.B.I. to draw up an elite roster of America's most menacing desperadoes, broadcast it through the media, and secure their capture with the aid of thousands of amateur sleuths across the land.

But Hoover was bothered by the prospect of limited intelligences, of immature minds, of what effect such a list might have on them. He was a man greatly concerned with images—not so much of his own men, for which he has been somewhat unfairly criticized, but of the crimes and criminals he was charged with subduing. He worried that a publicized register of star villains might have a "bravado appeal" for "teen-age boys with a headlum tendancy." And there is some indication he was justified in that concern.

For example, Ed Edwards, a former Top Ten Fugitive who now lives in Akron, Ohio, with his wife and three young children, admits that notoriety was the main goal of his dedicated criminal career. Edwards' twenty-year outlaw history started when he was eight and stole a roommate's birthday cake at an orphanage in Parma, Ohio. "I got so much recognition from doing that, I decided right then to become a criminal." Although he committed armed robberies and auto thefts in all parts of the country, he reserved his most outrageous acts for Akron, his hometown, where he could impress friends and relatives.

Says Edwards, "I was once told by Detective Lieutenant Humphrey of the Akron Police Department, 'Listen, you little bastard, one of these days you're gonna end up on the F.B.I.'s Top Ten list.' And I said to him, 'I won't be satisfied 'til I'm Number One!' I believed—and I still do today—that in whatever you do, you should try to be the best."

Now forty years old and reformed, Edwards spends much of his time lecturing high-school students, policemen, Rotarians and Kiwanians, a skill he acquired from three Dale Carnegie courses at Leavenworth Federal Penitentiary. He recalls for his listeners that at first he was panic-stricken after learning he'd made the list. "But than I more or less took it in stride. In fact, I was proud of it." Which was an unfortunate miscalculation on his part, since it directly led to his incarceration.

And that's exactly the dilemma J. Edgar Hoover faced in the late 1930's. Here was a proven aid to law enforcement that at the same time caused people like Ed Edwards to go ga-ga. So Hoover, it appears, decided on a somewhat secretive approach. Publicly he would aim to develop a "sense of loathing" for what he termed "public rats" and the concept of a criminal hit parade. Privately the F.B.I. would compile periodically a list of ten prime fugitives from justice that would be issued to all local law-enforcement agencies and to any newspaper upon request.

To this day the F.B.I. firmly denies it ever issued a Top Ten list before its Ten Most Wanted Fugitives Program was officially announced in 1950. Yet on August 13, 1939, this story appeared in the Chicago *Tribune*:

"TEN NEW PUBLIC ENEMIES NAMED BY GOVERNMENT. Two Who Es- *(Continued on page 324)*



Chester Gould's Golden Moldies

Forty years of friends and fiends

Here's the scene: You're sitting on the other side of this bright light, your palms sweating, trying to identify a bunch of mugs in a police lineup. The cop in the back of the room tells you that you're looking at Murph the Surf, Charlie Starkweather, Richard Speck, Charles Whitman, and Dean Corll. Your duty as a citizen is to match face with felon. You can't. Sure, they all look mean and nasty and ugly up there in the glare, but so do a lot of regular guys, too. Crime is indeed faceless, except when the faces are conceived and drawn by Chester Gould, who is the father of Dick Tracy.

"I try to make 'em so you won't forget 'em," Gould says today, forty or so years after Tracy was born. "I try to make my characters distinctive." A Tracy bad guy lasts about three or four months, then he's sent up the river and is never heard from again. Well, to celebrate this Christmas crime package, Esquire asked Gould to give us all a gift. Pick your favorite finks, felons, and phonies, we said, and put them all on parole *for this issue only*. The faces on the page at right are *those* faces; the faces on the left page are the folks who rounded 'em up and threw away the keys. Can you tell Piggy from Breathless Mahoney? Ugly Christine from Mole? Anyone who can't should study the lineup below.

Facing page, from the top, left to right: Detective Sam Catchem (1931); Diet Smith ('46); Moon Maid ('64), Junior ('32); Lizz ('50); Gravel Gertie ('44); B.O. Plenty ('45). On the screen of Tracy's TV: Chief Pat Patton ('31).

Above, left to right: Steve the Tramp ('32); Mole ('41); Button ('73); Bribery ('66); Breathless Mahoney ('46); Flattop ('43); Scorpio ('69); Mr. Smelt ('73); Pruneface ('43); Ugly Christine ('66); Shackey ('44); The Brow ('44); Pouch ('71); Piggy ('67); Shoulders ('46); Jonny Scorn ('71).

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Politics Makes Strange Dead Fellows

by Max Lerner

In the literature of crime, the greatest absurdity is not death, but power

There was a time before the Flood—even before the Fall—when I consumed the common garden variety of crime and detection fiction I gobbled up even the most banal of the mystery genre—the kind of contrivance set in an English manor house or at a theatre festival, where a man I cared nothing about had to die in unlikely ways, by outlandish weapons, so that his death could be unraveled by the fake ingenuity of some homemade maiden-aunt sleuth, or a self-important French bore, or an English aristocrat-amateur snob who just happened providentially to be on his vacation when and where the first corpse was discovered.

I went doggedly through all the phases of your mystery aficionado, trying to remember the clues and spot the misleading ones, pitting my ingenuity (like an idiot) against the writer, who had the advantage of the setup and the inside track, shifting my whodunit hypothesis from chapter to chapter only to be left for a sucker at the post. For a time I tried the counter-suggestible dodge of smiling at all the amateur suspects and blackballing the benign ones, which led me to the simple shortcut of reading passively to the end, clinging to the conviction that the least likely person—the police inspector, the narrator, the sleuth, the author, perhaps myself—had done it.

Then the flooding truth seeped over me—that I didn't care a gazelle's release of wind about who had done it, or where or when or why or how or with what, because everyone from top to bottom was creshingly mediocre, including the author, and there were no real stakes, so why bother? That was when I confessed in print, to the dismay of the True Believers, that I was a mystery cheater—reading the first chapter, jumping to the denouement chapter (the one before the last), when the sleuth assembles everyone in the living room or wherever and smokes out the killer, explaining to whoever will listen just how it all came about. Then I would either skip the intervening chapters, or riff through them. Which led, of course, to a new benign neglect of the whodunit and private-eye contraptions, not even bothering to skip. The thing had become a mechanical puzzle, a game that wasn't worth the candle of eyestrain and mental effort. I could do as well with solitaire or Double-Crostics.

That was why I defected from the genre, whether you call it mystery, detective or crime fiction, whodunit, private eye, or whatever. I must say in justice to it that it had an honorable and even great tradition, starting with Godwin, Poe, Dickens, Wilkie Collins, and Conan Doyle, and reaching its classic American form (after Poe's brief classics of deduction) in the tough-guy picaresque narratives of Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler, whose raffish heroes—for all their seemingly cool detachment—are not beyond carrying a romantic sadness with them, and even a touch of wry compassion for the emptiness and heartbreak they encounter. The tradition of the rootless sleuth, encountering rootless people, his wits for hire—but never in dishonorable causes—is carried on by Ross Macdonald, in his Lew Archer stories, which still absorb me when I read them, but which I can't recall or even distinguish from each other a few weeks later.

Even before Watergate, my own defection was to political suspense or intrigue. I don't recall just when or how the shift came, but I do remember that even when I was reading the better mysteries—the psychological tales of Simenon and Macdonald—I had already stumbled on the genre that mixes power and deviltry with the unraveling of political intrigue and the extrication (or betrayal) of the secret agent. My initial adventures were with Eric Ambler, Helen MacInnes and Ian Fleming.

Ambler's macabre Levantine intrigue held me for a while, and *A Coffin for Dimitrios* and its sequels seemed to open an enduring vein to quarry in, but Ambler somewhere lost the touch. Helen MacInnes was fine in the romantic settings of Venice and the Greek isles, and for a time I was seduced by their glow, but the theme of an American innocent stumblingly caught up in power intrigues, and coping with them as he and the breathless heroine engaged in decorous love clinches between their surprised encounters with the enemy, proved too thin and cute. I still won't miss a new Ambler or MacInnes, in part because they are not naive about power realities as most suspense writers are, in part because I am a hopeless American opium eater, and like De Quincey I prefer the literature of power to the literature of knowledge.

Ian Fleming shot into the suspense heavens like a meteor, and fell like a dud firecracker. Who that encountered *From Russia with Love* and *Goldfinger* could escape their stylish spell? Jack Kennedy added to the James Bond vogue by the widely advertised news that he read and followed him, but we should have seen that the puff told more about Kennedy than about Bond.

I grant Fleming the strengths of his anticements, as shown by a column I once wrote at a more innocent time, which unhappily showed up in jacket blurbs. When I grew older I learned better. James Bond was a cold warrior, and he lasted while the cold war did. His politics were as ersatz as his shirts, wines, cars, narcissism, and machismo. His collapse should have been an augury of the impending end of both cold wars—with China as well as Russia—an end which has spread panic among political suspense writers and consigned a lot of unfinished copy to the wastebasket. That odd couple of modern diplomacy—Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger—who themselves (especially Kissinger) seem to have stepped out of the pages of suspense fiction, merely read the obsequies over a corpse that had already died and was beginning faintly to smell.

In my earliest days, when I thought I was a political theorist, I used to read Aristotle, Machiavelli, Nietzsche, Max Weber, Lenin, and Freud more assiduously than now. I am more self-indulgent in my afternoon years, and I read John Le Carré, Graham Greene, Eric Ambler, Frederick Forsyth, Anthony Gilbert, Ross Thomas, Gavin Black, Victor Canning, Fletcher Knebel, William McGivern, Victor Marchetti, and Robert Littell. It amounts to the same thing, except that they borrow from the ideological as well as literary masters, and spice the mixture more enticingly. The essential ingredients are the same: that man is a political animal; that what he seems to be has to be stripped away from what he is; that force and fraud are a powerful potion; that men live by symbols which cluster around power and love; that their thirst for secrecy, action and adventure are efforts to fill the void within; that they need an adversary to try their strength against; that the true enemy is not the political adversary—who is actually only the mirror image of the agent himself—but the routineer and bureaucrat and manipulator who feed their starved egos on the offal of political conflict.

Perhaps I read too much into books that are like fruit flies that feed and buzz and couple for a day and are transients that vanish. But John Le Carré, like Graham Greene before him, is not a transient. An increasing flood of writers is drawn to the suspense theme, some of them with considerable talent, partly because the money and market are there, but also because the secret agent—or the unwitting protagonist caught up in some power game—has become the type figure of our era of power and deviltry. If enough good writers are drawn to him, a master novelist with sustained strength and growth may yet emerge, especially if the literary critics and historians get rid of their nice-nellyisms, gentilities and conventional myopias, and pay some serious attention to them.

The trouble with the mystery stuff was that it never got beyond Poe and Conan Doyle as an exercise in deductive reasoning, and never reached full growth as a branch of the psychological novel; it was distracted by the technical police-work and the tough-cool shamus cult. The tough-cool James Bond agent, or the sadistic Matt Helms "contractor" of political executions who winds his way through an endless series of contract books, may prove to be the death of suspense fiction too. The fault is largely our own. Strangers in the void, we demand continuities and cling to the familiar, and what we get is only a more modern version of the old *Perils of Pauline* movie serial.

To keep from ending in a blind alley suspense fiction must explore the limits of what it is authentically—a branch of the political novel, which includes some of the best of Henry James and Joseph Conrad. We have almost forgotten what Conrad did in two of his great novels, *The Secret Agent* and *Under Western Eyes*: the amalgam of character, ideology, plot (in both senses), mystique, fanatic fantasy and dedication, the atmosphere of a whole netherworld unknown to the Edwardian reader. The political novel doesn't have to have bodily danger, espionage, and dirty Intelligence tricks, as witness Disraeli's novels, and Henry Adams' *Democracy*. But in an age of political warfare and overkill weapons systems, of surveillance and secrecy, the novel of political intrigue was inevitable.

It is easy enough to reduce it to a formula: the agent and his adversaries, the mission, the power stakes; the deviltry and how it grows, the hunt and ordeal, including successive doses of mayhem, sadism, death and sex, not necessarily in that order; the unmasking of the villains and the unraveling of the villainies; the resolution and finale, with the hero/victim agent either triumphant or betrayed, his ending linked in some way with the glamorous female who had been either his accomplice or secret adversary or both, and whom he had certainly taken to bed and possibly used in other ways. If I put it oversharply in this pentagonal form of phases and elements, making a caricature of it, I am aware that it doesn't completely fit many or most of the fictions, and that the better ones transcend it and the few supreme novels make it a mockery. Yet there it is, as a formula, truer than most of us would like to admit.

What makes the good suspense fictions—*The Spy Who Came In From the Cold, The Rope-Dancer, Seven Days in May, The Day of the Jackal, The Menorah Men, Madrigal, The Venetian Affair, The Melting Man, They've Shot the President's Daughter, The Defection of A. J. Lewinter*, and a very few others—hold us as they do? One thing is the power stakes. My hunch is that most of us identify with power even as we pretend we don't. American power is too massive today for Americans to face, and the political war with the other power clusters is too confusing to follow. The espionage story is a neat, symbolic way of packaging both the power and the ideological conflict. The British writers are best at it exactly because England has lost its power base and is no longer the Great Power it once was. They can write about power with the detachment of the outsider, tinged still with a margin of power envy of the Americans and the Russians which isn't wholly concealed by their outward contempt for both. The British write suspense stories because they have lost power; the Americans read them because they have power and are puzzled by it. The reader doesn't know much about overkill weapons systems, biological warfare, brainwashing techniques, but he knows enough to relish the competition of terrors between the Intelligence organizations, even while he fears it.

I suspect he also likes to elude the inner censor which guards him from deviltries of his own, and to express his aggressions by following the deviltries permitted to spies, Intelligence bureaus and governments, by "reason of state." We avoid psychopaths and sociopaths in our actual lives, but permit them in political elites, and delight in them in our fantasy lives as they are spun out in suspense novels. The fact is that "suspense" is the wrong term for the genre, since the whodunit also has suspense; there isn't much more to it than mystifying and de-mystifying. The unique thing in the espionage tale is intrigue, not suspense.

T. S. Eliot admitted that he took the lead for his modern symbolic epic, *The Waste Land*, from some myths about the descent into the underworld, the ordeals and the return. Basically, that is the myth stuff behind the whole political suspense-intrigue fiction—the descent into a netherworld by reader and protagonist alike, and the extrication and return from it. In that sense the intrigue novel is one of the few fictions with a solid mythical base. But the intrigue in it must be the kind that stretches men and women by placing them in unlikely and extreme situations, where they encounter the heart of darkness. We are dealing here almost always with a novel of extreme situations—torture, endurance, outwitting, disillusionment, despair. Its strength is to explore the boundaries of what men are capable of doing and bearing—and therefore of being: in that sense it is the ultimate existential novel. Its weakness is that the descent into the netherworld often becomes only a descent into torture, toughness, sadomasochism, with the reader identifying with all of it, snug in his airplane seat with a double Scotch and soda, having just expressed his Watergate belief that all politicians are crooks and manipulators.

Despite this cynical view, there is still a Manichee-

an sensibility in most Americans, a sense of the two kingdoms, of evil and good, light and darkness. A good part of the kingdom of light lies in the feats against the kingdom of darkness—feats so necessary that the American reader relaxes his Puritan censorship over sex, and accepts the promiscuous sexuality of every suspense novel. Sex and death are the two elements which the reader expects to find on the jacket of the paperback, and inside the covers there is an orgasmic quality about the death, and a deathlike unreality about the loveless sex.

It has to be loveless, except in the rarest instances like Le Carré's *Spy*, where the hero gets away with an authentic love affair because he is an anti-hero anyway, a broken-down spy who proves to be expendable. But in most other cases the agent has to be as deeply untouchable in love as he is in everything else. He is the singleminded, unswerving man. He can bed a girl down, yes, and give her the kind of passionate, exquisite fulfillment she hasn't experienced until that moment. He can be a hedonist and sensualist off the job, but he remains the cool, tough, detached professional, careful about the technology he needs, with the same attitude toward his gun and his penis: both are useful, both can get him into or out of trouble. He is the shamus turned political, whom nothing can reach, the desensitized man who isn't ideological, and doesn't know why he does what he does except that it is there to do, and not to do it would be worse than death.

Clearly this is the male chauvinist of a macho universe, with women—except for the occasional glamorous Israeli spy—playing little of an operative role in it. Hence while the crime and mystery story has been a stronghold for women writers (Rinehart, Sayers, Allingham, Hughes, Eberhart, Millar, Marsh, Uhnak, and countless others) the suspense field is more alien to women. Helen MacInnes presides over romantic espionage, Martha Albrand does the post-Nazi stories with elegance, Evelyn Anthony is impressive in the paradoxes of crime and character, but her stock-in-trade has become the wildly romantic woman who flings everything away for a hopeless love. What the suspense novel needs is women writers who will save it from desensitizing without getting sentimental, and men writers who will save it from bathos without falling over into mere toughness.

Finally there is the bureaucracy-betrayal theme. The world of dirty tricks is a ruthless world, and who can be more ruthless than a bureaucrat sitting at his desk, drinking tea, using men as chess counters, sending them to kill or die, with only a marginal quaver of regret about losing a good operative? It is a Lucretian attitude of detachment: "As flies to wanton boys men are to the gods. They kill us for their sport." If an agent has any spunk in him he is bound to resent his "control" in the field, and rebel against the top bosses in his capital, and they in turn use fear and are annoyed with him. This constant friction with the bureaucracy is one of the few human elements in a desert of rationalized brutality and ultimate submission.

If the novel is good and true, and the agent human, the poor arrogant, confused, anguished fool is bound to be betrayed in the end by the bureaucracy. That was the point of Le Carre's *Spy* as it was the point of Victor Marchetti's *The Rope-Dancer*. It is the point of more cluttered novels like Len Deighton's *Funeral in Berlin* and *The Ipcress File*, and of Robert Littell's *The Defection of A.J. Lewinter*, where the agent—himself a bureaucrat—is at once betrayer and betrayed. "Put not your trust in princes" were the dying words of an English statesman who had made the mistake of doing it. Put not your faith in the crumpet-eating control, nor the "old man" who heads M-6 and is paternal toward you, nor the smoothy in Virginia who heads the C.I.A. Power corrupts, especially when you can get yourself off the moral hook by pleading national security and reason of state or—in Moscow—reason of history. The very thing that makes the stakes of power high for the agent is also what makes him helpless. His girl gets shot in a double cross as she tries to climb the Berlin Wall. His own control will sell him out to achieve an exchange of more important prisoners. His top boss turns out to be in the Soviet pay.

In a way this saves the suspense-intrigue novel, by inspiring pity and terror. Maybe only someone studying my early, shy, pimply boyhood will find a clue to my long fascination with power. But I like contrasts. I want a book that links power with love, and love with power. If a book has secrecy and espionage in it, which evidently feeds something in me, I want it also to issue in an open clash of ideas, which will show that the power of the idea may be as great as the idea of power. Above all, I want the whole thing infused with pity and terror, at once scarring and healing.

Le Carré's Laemas, the spy, evokes these feelings because he is too tired and numb to be wholly cynical, and because he falls in love, and because he tries to do his job well, and because he is inevitably betrayed. This gives the suspense novel a degree of the absurd, which is right, because of all the absurdities in life the greatest is power.

In the wake of Watergate, which had power and deviltry in it, and the whole pack of dirty Intelligence tricks, the question lingers about what it will do for and to the suspense novel. There must be a hundred writers busy, wracking their heads about how to use the Watergate interest without appearing to be anticlimactic. Theoretically they ought to do well. They have an audience ready and waiting for them, primed by the long TV political serial. To the mixture of espionage, dirty tricks, power corruption, character, intrigue, unraveling and unmasking which Watergate provided, fiction should be able to add sex and violence and death—in fact, everything except real-life characters, and the fall of real-life people from high places.

They will operate with a handicap, which is that in this case it has been life that imitated art, not the other way around. Some of the field men who did the actual dirty tricks saw themselves as characters in real-life political suspense stories. One of them, E. Howard Hunt, had even written a number of spy novels, and a half dozen of them are in process of being reprinted, along with a brand-new one out after Watergate. The publisher did the business negotiations with him while he was in jail. We had never before counted on the strength of the impulse to act out a suspense story, with the real stakes of power high, and with history bound to be made, whether in success or failure.

The consolation is that the suspense writers will now have a new sense of confidence. They will have a bigger audience than ever. But they will also know more than ever that what they are writing is rooted in reality. If it makes them follow that reality slavishly they will be fools, and end up with cheap imitations of the real thing. But if they use their new resource as a kind of suspension of disbelief on the part of their public, and take off from there on a true imaginative flight—with power and deviltry and love and pity and terror—there may be a post-Watergate flowering in the history of this strange, compulsive genre. I hope so, because I remain hopelessly an intrigue-fiction opium eater. ##



DAILY NEWS EXTRA EDITION

NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER

Sunday 1 357,556
Daily 1 193,237

New York Friday January 17 1928

DEAD!

Story

The above is a reproduction of a New York Daily News *headline.*
It appeared thus, with the exclamation point falling away.
It is also the title of this screenplay

by William Styron and John Phillips

Judd Gray and Ruth Snyder killed Albert Snyder, spouse of Ruth Snyder. They did this on Sunday, March 20, 1927, after a Snyder family outing. They used one pair of rubber overshoes, one pair of rubber gloves, one length of picture wire, wire cutters, gauze bandage, chloroform, a sash weight. They were arrested, indicted, tried, convicted, sentenced, and executed at Sing Sing prison. This screenplay ends with the scene above, snapped by a *Daily News* photographer's hidden camera as Ruth Snyder died in the electric chair, and constitutes the two authors' reconstruction of a classic American crime of passion.

June, 1925

The West Side of midtown Manhattan.

The effect of the 1920's automobiles, double-decker buses, the dress of the people on the street—a sea of straw boaters at this sultry time of the year—angular black cars and vans. Since so much of this movie is concerned with the media, a shot of a newsboy selling an "Extra" which makes reference to Sacco and Vanzetti or Mayor Jimmy Walker or some other contemporary luminary.

Over main titles voice of clerk of court reads The Grand Jury of the County of Queens, by this indictment, accuses Ruth Snyder and Henry Judd Gray of the crime of murder in the first degree, committed as follows The said Ruth Snyder and Henry Judd Gray, at Queens, in the Borough and County of Queens, City and State of New York, on or about the twentieth day of March, in the year Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-seven, aiding, assisting, abetting, counseling, commanding, advising, inducing and procuring each other, with malice aforethought and with a deliberate and premeditated design, to effect the death of Albert Snyder, in the peace of the People then and there being

Office building. Window bearing the lettering "Bien Jolie Corset Company"

Small salesroom. Typical of such offices in the garment trade—rather seedy, overhead lamps of the period, black electric fans, wirework wastepaper baskets, display tables piled high with corsets. Mannequins clad in samples of these "personal garments." Rolltop desks and other office furniture, including a coat-tree festooned with straw boaters. Ads for corsets are prominent on the walls. In one corner stands a young blonde model, posing for a corset advertisement. Around her are grouped Mr. Benjamin, Mr. Johnes—proprietors of the firm—a photographer and Judd Gray. Judd is adjusting the corset on the model under the close supervision of the others.

MODEL Ouch!

JUDD Excuse me!

MR. BENJAMIN Don't apologize, Judd. She's getting seventy-five cents an hour.

MR. JOHNES That's right, Judd. We want it snug about the hips.

MODEL Just watch those pins.

JUDD I'm very sorry.

PHOTOGRAPHER Just one more shot, Mr. Benjamin, and then we break for lunch, shall we?

Judd is intent on adjusting the corset. He is dressed in the style of '25. Jacket removed to reveal elastic bands around his shirt sleeves, cuff links, detachable collar. He is in his mid-thirties, bespectacled, with a rather grave but pleasant expression, somewhat precise in his manner and fastidious in his appearance. Everything about him bespeaks sobriety, dedication and rectitude. However, the effect he conveys is not really one of priggishness—even despite the prominent dimple in his chin.

The street. Judd walking slowly. Buys a newspaper. He walks through the traffic to a restaurant across the street.

Henry's, a Swedish restaurant crowded with noontime business—customers from the garment district.

Judd puts his hat on rack, starts to take a seat at a table being vacated by a couple, a man and woman, clearly well along in their cups. Woman lurches against Judd.

WOMAN: Doody-woody. Woody-doody. I sorry.

Judd smiles a deferential smile—perhaps more obliging than is normally called for, and sits down at the table.

OLAF: Hiya, Mr. Gray, howya doin' today? Today's specialty is potato pancakes, Mr. Gray, I recommend them.

GRAY: If you say so, Olaf, potato pancakes it is.

Judd's face, a look of drowsiness. Off camera masculine laughter punctuated by a burst of shrill feminine giggles. Judd, startled, looks up.

Shot through latticework of neighboring tables of Harry Folsom, a broad-faced outgoing type, flashily dressed after the manner of a salesman traveling in hosiery. Behind him two young women are vaguely discerned.

JUDD & HARRY (*simultaneously*): Hiya, Judd! Hello, Harry!

HARRY: We wondered when you were going to start to snore.

Laughs, joined uproariously by the women.

JUDD: Well, honest, Harry, I haven't been feeling too peppy these days.

HARRY: Well, old pal, I've got something to pep you up! Come around and eat with us, why don'tcha?

JUDD: Thanks, Harry, I'm just going to gohhle a bite.

HARRY: (*to Olaf*): Ah Judd—Olaf, hring Mr. Gray's lunch over here, will you? And bring us some glasses—ice—ginger ale.

Judd, standing beside the other table next to Harry. The two young women are opposite Harry.

HARRY: Judd Gray, meet Mrs. Kaufman, Kitty Kaufman.

Shot of Mrs. Kaufman smiling, a conventionally pretty woman of about thirty.

HARRY: And this is Mrs Snyder But I'll let you call her Ruth

More laughter, as if to a clever joke

HARRY: Ruth here has been partaking through my great hearted generosity of the finest and sheerest hosiery in the universe, if not in the world She is now so well fixed with hose that she could outfit the whole damn chorus line of every show on Broadway. When I spotted you come in, Judd, I said—oh! oh!—I said to myself it's now about time for this lady to make the acquaintance of the man who purveys the most elegant line of cor set-ries. One good turn deserves another, that's my philosophy, right Judd?

Close-up of Ruth, a woman of thirty. She is looking directly into Judd's eyes, assessing him with curiosity and amused fascination. She is dressed in dark, almost transparent chiffon and there is a great grey fox fur wrapped about her shoulders, while small curly twists of blonde hair show around the edge of a dark cloche hat.

Harry extends a flask.

HARRY: Ladies, let's all have a sip from the cup that cheers.

KITTY: Just a drop.

RUTH: Just a tiny bit, Harry.

Harry begins to pour a large amount.

HARRY: This'll fix you up, old Tommy, old Gay Tommy.

RUTH: *No*, Harry, I told you, just a tiny bit.

HARRY: How about it, Judd—have a smile, old pal, old pal of mine!

JUDD (*places a hand over his glass*). Not this time, thanks, Harry. The boss—uh, Mr. Benjamin has a lot for me to do this afternoon.

HARRY: Come on Juddsie, Buddsie, have a big *smile* for old Harry!

Judd surrenders his glass.

RUTH (*amused and to herself*): Juddsie, Buddsie . . .

HARRY: Did you hear about the fellow who was engaged to a lady contortionist? Only, she broke it off!

Ruth and Kitty glance at each other, then burst out in peals of laughter.

Judd smiles thinly.

HARRY: Hey, I heard this great little poem up in Troy. Listen "There was a girl from Cape Cod Who thought babies came only from God, But it wasn't the Almighty Who lifted her mightie—It was Roger the Lodger, by God"

During the ensuing laughter, Harry replenishes the drinks.

RUTH: Oh, did you hear this one! . . . "There was a young man named Skinner Who took a young lady out to dinner; At a quarter to nine When they started to dine, It was in her—not the dinner, but Skinner."

KITTY: Oh Tommy! That's my Gay Tommy!

As Judd gulps his drink, a look of mingled shyness and excitement comes over his face, and he blurts out a limerick.

JUDD: "There was a young man named Dave Who kept a dead wh—"

He mouths the word falteringly.

JUDD: "whore in a cave, He said I'll admit I'm a bit of a sh—"

Same trouble with this word.

JUDD: "shit. But think of the money I save."

KITTY: Oh, I don't like that one!

HARRY (*suddenly indignant, honestly upset*): Neither do I, Judd! Dammit, that's pretty disgusting! I mean, you gotta learn to draw the line somewhere! I mean, with ladies—

RUTH: Well if you ask me, I think it's pretty cute.

JUDD: Thank you.

RUTH: I mean, I really thought it was kind of funny, Buddsie, or whatever your name is.

JUDD: Judd. Judd Gray.

Judd takes the flask and, after offering Ruth another drink—which she refuses with a pleasant nod—replenishes his glass.

RUTH: What would Mr Benjamin say?

JUDD: I don't think he'd actually mind.

RUTH: Mr Benjamin's really your boss?

JUDD: Uh-huh, Mr Benjamin, and his partner is Mr Johnes.

RUTH: Corsets?

JUDD: Uh-huh.

RUTH: Wholesale or retail?

JUDD: Wholesale. At Bien Jolie we like to use another word It's considered more tasteful "Corselets."

RUTH: It sounds kind of dopey to me.

JUDD: Or we often say—"personal garments."

RUTH: Oh me, oh my!

Ruth reaches out to lightly touch his stickpin.

RUTH: I like your pin.

JUDD (*loosening up more*): Merci. My mother gave it to me on my graduation from high school—

RUTH: High school—

JUDD: Yes, Barringer High in East Orange, Enn Jay I would have gone on to college but financial circumstances—

RUTH: We live in Queens Village It's a development.

JUDD: "Gay Tommy." Where'd you get that monicker?

RUTH: Oh, I don't know. "Gay Tommy." I guess it just describes me. My friends call me all sorts of names (*Laughs.*) Nice names, I hope.

JUDD: You have a pack of friends, I bet Girls *and* fellows.

RUTH: I like having friends A person is lost without his friends One of the most important things in this old crazy world is friends, and being a good fellow.

JUDD: Well, you *are* a good fellow. I could tell that the first thing I saw you.

RUTH: You're married.

JUDD: Yes. Why?

RUTH: You're all married. All you fellows in the trade.

JUDD: Well, what about you?

RUTH (*long pause*): My homelife is *not* one of perfect bliss.

JUDD: Gee, that's a shame.

RUTH: And what about you?

JUDD (*stiffens slightly*): I have a pretty fine situation myself, I have my home—and my little family—

RUTH: Say, was Harry serious about that corset you were going to get me? Sorry—"corselet."

Judd reaches into his wallet for a calling card.

JUDD: Just as soon as I find the right garment for you, it's yours at cost. (*Proffers the card.*) Just ring me up—

RUTH: I'm married, I told you I can't carry a card like that around with me.

JUDD: I mean, it's a perfectly businesslike—

RUTH (*reaching for card*): Give me a pencil. (*Writes down a number.*) Thursday nights are a good night to call.

JUDD (*totally relaxed, he raises his glass to her*): Here's to the stars in your eyes—

Several weeks later. A commuting train—early evening. Judd is reading the New York *Graphic*. Camera picks out glaring headlines having to do with Sacco-Vanzetti case: "ITALIAN-ANARCHIST MENACE," etc.

CONDUCTOR'S VOICE: East Orange!

Judd rises from seat, preparing to get off with his two heavy sample cases.

Suburban residence. Unpretentious but well tended—small lawn, driveway, garage. Automobile driven by Judd enters scene and parks in driveway. The car is a well-worn 1920 DeSoto. Judd emerges, burdened down by his sample cases. It is a fine summer twilight evening.

Shot of Judd's face reveals a look of weary sadness as he enters the house.

A very neat living room.

JUDD: Isabel!

ISABEL'S VOICE (*rather tired and dispirited*): Just a minute, dear, I'm cooking.

JUDD: All right, honey.

ISABEL'S VOICE (*calling*): Are you going to be here this weekend? The Nussdorfers asked us for bridge on Saturday night.

JUDD: No, dear. I've got to set the alarm for six. I'm catching the eight-nineteen out of Grand Central. On the road again. I've got to cover Albany and Schenectady by the end of the day.

ISABEL'S VOICE: Oh, Judd, not again!

JUDD: Then next week Amsterdam, Utica, Rome, Oneida, Syracuse, Rochester, Batavia, Buffalo. What are you cooking?

Isabel enters the living room. She is a worn, drab, nervous woman in her thirties. She is wearing an apron, and her face is bedewed with perspiration from the kitchen.

ISABEL: Shepherd's pie.

JUDD: But I thought Momie was coming to dinner tonight.

ISABEL: Yes, she's expected at half past six.

JUDD: But Isabel, you know that Momie can't eat mutton.

ISABEL: Oh dear, I forgot.

JUDD: Haven't you got something else?

ISABEL: Well, I have a nice piece of calf's liver. She loves liver.

JUDD: Oh, that's dandy. I'll fix it myself for Momie, just the way she likes it—with lots of crisp bacon.

ISABEL: There's no bacon.

She notices the sample cases in front of the sofa and attempts to lift them. She looks appealingly at Judd.

ISABEL: They're too heavy. Can't you keep them in the hall? So we don't always have to look at these ugly things?

Judd patiently lifts the grips and moves them to the hallway.

JUDD: That's all right about the bacon, I'll cook Momie her liver anyway.

Shot of Momie as Judd opens front door to welcome her. She is carrying a large pantry tray on which are arrayed the unassembled pieces of an ambitious jigsaw puzzle.

JUDD (*bending forward to kiss her*): Bon soir, Momie.

MOTHER GRAY (*suffering him to kiss her cheek, in a brisk tone*): Don't jostle my puzzle. I'm just getting started on the first corner. It's the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock.

Dining-room table as dinner is being served.

ISABEL (*removing plates of first course*): What's the matter? You didn't finish your fruit compote, Mother Gray.

MOTHER GRAY: I'm saving room for that liver.

Isabel exits to the kitchen.

MOTHER GRAY: The thing about this puzzle is that it's the biggest one I ever tackled. It cost me eight dollars. Over two thousand pieces I think it said on the box. You know, ordinarily I don't look too carefully at the picture on the box, because that would be doing it the easy way. But this one was so big and complicated that I took a good look at the picture, I admit it. It shows a whole lot of prominent people getting off the *Mayflower* by means of Plymouth Rock. I remember it showed on the box there was Sir Miles Standish, Captain John Alden and Priscilla Something-or-other, also a bunch of Indians, one of them was Pocahontas, could that be right? The Indians are all very clean-looking people, and what gorgeous colors there are going to be when I fill in their costumes!

Judd, trying to look attentive but distracted, blinks and wipes his glasses.

ISABEL (*returns from kitchen*): I'm so sorry about the shepherd's pie, Mother Gray. I just forgot that you couldn't eat mutton. But Judd has cooked you a nice piece of calf's liver

that we had. I know how much you love liver. (*Sets down plate.*)

MOTHER GRAY: Judd, where's the bacon?

JUDD: Well, we didn't have any, Momie.

ISABEL: Judd was so late getting home, Mother Gray, and the A&P was closed.

MOTHER GRAY: Judd, you know you don't ever eat liver without bacon. It tastes wrong. It's wrong. Wrong.

Judd squirms but says nothing.

MOTHER GRAY: After all these years I just can't understand how you could be so forgetful.

JUDD: Momie, well, we can fix you some soup. (*To Isabel.*) Honey, open Momie a nice can of some kind of Campbell's soup. Bean soup. I know you always like bean soup, Momie.

ISABEL: Oh Lord, something's burning! The shepherd's pie! (*Rushes out.*)

JANE: I won't eat any burned pie.

Shot of Momie eating her soup, Judd eating the liver, Isabel eating the burned shepherd's pie. All but Momie eat in silence.

MOTHER GRAY: It will be worth all the time my Plymouth Rock puzzle takes me because when it's finished you know what? As a good Presbyterian I'm going to contribute it to the Home Arts exhibit at the church.

JUDD (*to Isabel*): Pass the salt, honey.

Ruth's house in Queens Village. She is busily going about her domestic chores—dusting, plumping up the sofa cushions, feeding the canary. The house is bright and cheerful.

Grays' living room. An hour later. Here we get a sharper view of a typical middle-class suburban American living room of the 1920's. Dominating the room is a new Atwater Kent "Superheterodyne" radio. Shot shows Judd, Isabel, and Mr and Mrs McNab—neighbors of the Grays—sitting as they listen to the radio. Momie sits apart at a card table, working on her jigsaw puzzle. The radio is giving forth with a popular variety show of the period. The Grays and the McNabs are seen listening intently to the program, then Judd gets up and walks over to the radio. We see that he is demonstrating the radio to McNab, a paunchy, white-haired man in his sixties.

JUDD (*changing the program*): You see, Mr. McNab, it'll get both New York stations and listen how clear it'll bring in Philadelphia. Isn't that a bang-up tone?

MCNAB: Well, Judd, my boy, I foresee the time—in the not too distant future, either—when every home in America will have a machine like this. I see no reason why Mrs. McNab and myself, at our time of life, shouldn't also indulge ourselves in this little luxury. Grateful to you for letting us drop by and listen.

JUDD: May we offer you some, uh—liquid hospitality?

MCNAB: Why yes, that would be just fine—

JUDD: Honey, I'm leaving in the morning and I'll be gone for ten days—

ISABEL: Oh, very well, I'll get some glasses.

MRS. MCNAB (*to Mr. McNab*): Forgive me, but what was it you promised me Sunday when we walked home from church—

MCNAB (*brusquely, almost brutally*): Go on in there and help her get the glasses!

She flees, and he turns to Judd.

MCNAB: Judd, it really tickles me to see that a young man like you at this stage of your life could afford such a swell instrument.

JUDD: I had to work too, Mr. McNab. Ten days at a stretch. I have to travel in Pennsylvania and New York State, going from one town to another seeing my customers until I'm ready to drop. It's lonely work, Mr. McNab.

MCNAB: Lonely work, you say! Entertaining buyers? Sometimes I think you're the luckiest man in East Orange. Living up there at the Waldorf-Astoria, and all that free food and booze, showin' those buyer cuties the bright lights of Broadway, goin' to the theatre and dancin' parties—(*Lewdly, sotto voce.*) Little somethin' on the side, Judd? What about those ladies you meet in the business, those tall California girlies? (*Nudges Judd.*)

JUDD (*stiffly*): Mr. McNab, I don't believe you've been acquainted with businesswomen. Naturally they're pleasant and easy to talk with, but when they come to the city, they are on their firm's business. And doing that business to the best of their ability is first and foremost in their minds. I've known many women buyers and I haven't met one whose morals I didn't have the deepest respect for.

Isabel and Mrs. McNab return with glasses, ice, and a pitcher of water. Judd gets a bottle of whiskey from its hiding place behind the seven or eight books on the raouly bookshelf.

Same living room half an hour later. Isabel and Mrs. McNab chat quietly on the couch, Momie works muttering at her puzzle, Judd and McNab are standing with their glasses on either side of the radio. It is plain that Judd has quickly shed much of his habitual reserve. Radio is now silent.

JUDD: Dad wanted me to go to college. I wanted to go to college. But Dad died and I never got to go to college. My grandfather was identified in corsetries, and that's how it got to be my line. But let me tell you, Mr. McNab, if I was to start out today I'd go through college. I'd go to Cornell University—the Cornell School of Hotel Management . . . Hotels. . . . That's the business. You meet people—people who count. You know—people high up in the political world. Opera singers. Respected writers like Sinclair Lewis. People on the stage and radio.

MCNAB (*to Isabel*): Say, what do you do about this gink, your husband? The way he talks you'd think he was a failure in the world. He's got a nice home, a fine job, interesting contacts, plenty of travel opportunities, and a lovely little wife. What's eatin' this Gloomy Gus of yours?

Ruth's kitchen. Shot of Ruth cheerily washing dishes, humming to herself.

Grays' living room.

MOTHER GRAY: These old eyes aren't what they used to be. Why, I can't tell blue from green. (*Holding up a piece of her jigsaw puzzle.*) You girls come over here. Is this blue or is it green? There seems to be a spot of brown in it, too. It could be Miles Standish's shoe.

JUDD (*his voice is a bit boozy now*): You don't understand a man like me. If you'll pardon me for saying so, Mr. McNab, you don't understand a dog-gone thing about me. A man can have all of these things you talk about and there still can be something wrong. I mean, it's like not having enough air to breathe, almost like being buried. Like having a buried life. Aw, Mr. McNab, I don't know. Probably it's just the idea of going off tomorrow and having all those lonely nights in places like Schenectady.

MCNAB: Judd, forget about this "buried life" fiddle-faddle. I have an idea what your trouble might be. (*Looks sourly at his glass of whiskey.*) Maybe you'd better let me put you in touch with *my* bootlegger.

ISABEL'S VOICE (*indulgently*): That's going to be a beauty, Mother Gray.

MOTHER GRAY'S VOICE: These grey pieces here, I think they're part of Plymouth Rock.

Judd is looking at a bookcase and its largely empty shelves. His eyes rest on the bottom shelf and his mandolin.

JUDD: Darn it all, Mr. McNab, there are so many things a fellow could be doing. I've always loved music, and singing songs. I've had this since I was sixteen years old. I used to be pretty good at the mandolin. I might have gone on.

He takes the mandolin from the shelf and absently strums a few capable chords.

JUDD: I might have gone on. . . .

MCNAB: The mandolin, Judd? Seems pretty out of date to me. When you've got an Atwater Kent radio.

Judd strums silently, pensively.

ISABEL: Judd, Mother Gray would like you to fix her some iced tea.

Judd seemingly does not hear, goes on strumming.

ISABEL: Did you hear me, dear? It really is a humid night and your mother says she's thirsty.

Wearily, Judd leaves the room—still strumming his mandolin.

Kitchen. Unwashed dinner plates piled in the sink, pots and pans, a dismal scene. Judd walks to old-fashioned upright icebox, opens it, regards the interior groggily for a moment. His action in the kitchen is slow, deliberate, almost as if underwater.

JUDD (*shouts*): Isabel, there isn't any ice!

He slowly closes the icebox door, resumes plunking at the mandolin for an instant. He sees the telephone on the wall. He sets the mandolin down and takes out his wallet, extracting a card from it. Going to the phone, he lifts the receiver.

JUDD: Operator, I'd like Queens Village, New York. I want Idlewild 4797. (*A pause.*) Mrs. Snyder, please. Mrs. Snyder, this is Mr. Gray, Judd Gray of Bien Jolie. You suggested that I call you on a Thursday evening.

Ruth's house. Ruth at wall telephone. Her voice is cool but interested.

RUTH: Well, hello. Your call got in just under the wire, but that's okay. (*Pause.*) Oh? What size is this garment?

Another pause, during which she removes a stick of Juicy Fruit chewing gum from its wrapper and inserts it delicately into her mouth.

RUTH: You say this model is called the Cleopatra? That sounds sort of cute. (*Pause.*) What *kind* of measurements? (*Pause; she chews reflectively.*) Yeah, but how can you take measurements in a restaurant? (*Pause.*) No, lunch is out. (*Pause.*) Well, I might be able to have a fairly early supper next Thursday.

A wary look crosses her face, and as her eyes dart nervously the camera draws back to reveal the living room of her house, then an open window through which are seen the large headlights of a substantial Buick touring car pulling into the driveway.

RUTH: I've got to hang up. Yes, sixthirty Thursday. (*Hangs up.*)

Now the camera reveals the living room of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Snyder of 9327 222nd St., Queens Village, New York. In general, the room presents a more cheerful atmosphere than that of the Grays'. As the camera pans, it slowly passes Granny Brown, Ruth's mother, who is seated on a sofa with her feet immersed in a basin of water. She is a big-boned Swedish woman in her sixties with a slight accent. Off camera noise of the Buick at side of house.

RUTH'S VOICE: Momma, you want some more hot water?

GRANNY BROWN: Thanks dear. It sure feels good to give the dogs a good soak. It's not just that practical nursin' don't pay well, you gotta stand on your feet all the time.

RUTH: I'd better get the water before the Governor comes in.

Shot of Ruth bringing kettle of hot water into living room just as the front screen door opens, and Albert Snyder enters. He is a forceful man of German descent, forty-three years old, presentable looking, even handsome in a brown-haired Teutonic way, he is wearing his bowling costume and carries his bowling ball and shoes in a satchel. The name "Motor Boating Magazine" is revealed on the back of his jacket.

SNYDER: Why doesn't Granny soak her feet upstairs in the bathroom?

GRANNY BROWN: It's hot up in the bathroom.

Camera follows Snyder into an immaculate, well-lit kitchen.

SNYDER: I've said before that the parlor of the house is not a foot clinic. I thought that was understood.

As he proceeds into the kitchen, he is removing his shirt and goes to the sink and with a bar of Ivory soap begins to lather his chest and armpits.

SNYDER: Hasn't it been made plain enough that each room in a house has its own particular function? The front parlor is for relaxing, the dining room is to dine in, the bedroom is to sleep in, and the *bathroom* is where you soak your feet. Jesus Christ!

Ruth, holding steam kettle in living room.

RUTH: And I suppose the kitchen sink is where you are supposed to wash your manly torso.

SNYDER'S VOICE: What did you say?

RUTH: Nothing.

Pours water into the basin, silently mouths the words, "The old fart."

MARTIN SNYDER'S VOICE: I had a bad dream! I had a bad dream!

Martin descending stairs. The Snyder son, six years old, is clad in his pajamas and has a white cat cradled in his arms.

MARTIN: I dreamed Juniper's kittens were frightened! (*Cries softly.*)

Snyder comes into the hall, drying himself with a dish towel.

SNYDER: Are those kittens sleeping there with you, too?

RUTH: Albert, the kittens sleep in the basement.

SNYDER: Not in my studio? I don't want them crapping on my drawing board again.

RUTH (*mocking*): No, they're not in your studio, Albert.

SNYDER (*to Martin*): No wonder you have bad dreams, sleeping with that disgusting animal! (*Explodes.*) Now, by Jesus, I want you to put that cat down in the basement!

Martin bursts into a paroxysm of weeping.

RUTH: Albert, goddamnit, he's a child! He had a bad dream! How can you *talk* like this to that baby!

SNYDER: All right! I apologize! I a-p-o-l-o-g-i-z-e! I'm sorry! It's just—we got skunked tonight! We got licked by *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, of all the crappy teams. Six to one the score was. And me, big ace bowler, got a single strike all evening. The worst score I've had all year! I'm so sorry! I'm sorry, Ruth.

RUTH: That's all right, Albert.

SNYDER (*bending down to embrace Martin*): I'm sorry, Baby. I got mad because they beat us. Let's go upstairs, and you take Juniper and I'll listen to your prayers.

Martin returns his embrace. Snyder picks him up along with the cat and they climb the stairs.

Ruth stands at bottom of stairs, back to camera, while above, Snyder is visible climbing the last steps.

RUTH (*in naked entreaty*): I wish you'd listen to *my* prayers some night, Albert.

He disappears from view as she calls to him.

RUTH: Albert!

The silence is resonant.

RUTH (*turning to Granny*): Just once in a while! A little *bit* of tenderness.

Henry's Restaurant. Judd enters and encounters Harry Folsom at the cashier's desk. Harry is accompanied by another flamboyant flapper, a blonde.

HARRY: Hiya, Judd. Hope there's no hard feelings. I'm really sorry about that.

JUDD: What's that, Harry?

HARRY: You know that young-man-Dave-in-a-cave gag? I landed on you a little hard about that. I want you to know I'm sorry about that.

JUDD: I was out of line about that, Harry. It was a silly thing to say—to recite.

HARRY: Well, I just wanted you to know that it went over big at our sales conference in Atlantic City last weekend. A wow.

Ruth enters. She approaches to join Judd.

HARRY: Why, Mrs. Snyder, as I live and breathe! (*Winks insinuatingly at Judd.*)

RUTH: What's so hilarious, Harry? (*Glances frostily at flapper.*) Is it because you've changed your luck?

JUDD: She came to purchase one of our garments. You remember, you suggested it.

HARRY (*leering*): I'm very happy for both of you. Well, ta-ta!

Flourishes his straw hat and exits with the blonde.

Ruth and Judd at a table, later.

JUDD: No, Harry's a capable fellow. Fine salesman, a square shooter, and a real good egg to be with most of the time. Yet—and I always believe in

minding my own business—when a man is married it always imposes a certain moral responsibility.

RUTH: I'll say.

JUDD: You know, it's—growing up. Take Harry, he has many truly fine qualities, but I wonder if in some ways Harry just has never grown up.

RUTH: You mean those jokes—

JUDD: No, not really, we all like to try to make people laugh—

RUTH: The, you mean—the women.

JUDD: Well, he's got that name. Yes, darn it, Harry's a *philanderer*! And isn't that kind of immature? "When I was a child I spake as a child. Now that I have become a man I have put those childish things away." You remember those words.

RUTH: William Shakespeare.

JUDD: Oh, no, the Bible. *Ecclesiastes*, isn't it?

RUTH: The Bible.

JUDD: I wish I could quote from the Bible as freely as I used to be able to. When I was a boy I could quote whole chapters. But most of it's gone now. There is not much of the Bible in the garment trade.

RUTH: You can say that again. Hey, I forgot, I brought you a present.

She removes a pint bottle of whiskey from her handbag.

RUTH: It's supposed to be good. I don't know, myself. I don't drink so much.

Later. Coffee cups are before them and glasses of whiskey.

JUDD: "Truth is beauty. Beauty is truth. That is all ye know and all ye need to know." That's John Keats, the great English poet. I learned about him from my mother. She made me acquainted with so many writers. Mamie's getting a little old—you'd probably say "tetthed"—but she was the main source of my education. Shakespeare. Milton. The great German poet. Goethe.

RUTH: Oh, Goethe. (*Pronounces it "Gother."*) I've heard my husband speak of him. He's a Kraut, too.

JUDD: Your husband—he sure is one lucky fellow. What's his line of business?

RUTH (*with a note of mockery, lost on Judd*): Oh, my husband. My—the Governor—he's a very successful man. He's earning $115 a week. He's art editor of *Motor Boating Magazine*.

JUDD: Oh, I've heard of that. So your husband's an artist.

RUTH: He does layouts.

JUDD: That must be very interesting work.

RUTH: Very.

Later. Judd is feeling a faint euphoria, Ruth is relaxed, hands supporting her head as she hangs onto his every word.

JUDD: So many people are careless about their lives, have lost the old moral values. They just stumble through. When you read the newspapers. Read about this old multimillionaire, this Daddy Browning, taking this sixteen-year-old chorus girl—

RUTH: Daddy and Peathes Browning. Peathes and Daddy (*Laughs.*) I see what you mean. All the same, life can be horrible. There's cruelty and emptiness and death and—Oh, there I go again. What's got into "Gay Tommy?" And my friends are always telling me that I'm quite the cutup.

JUDD: You shouldn't chide yourself. We all have our dark and gloomy side. What I see you as is a sensitive and—proud—and deeply feeling person—Darn it, you're different!

RUTH: Judd—

This is the first time she has called him by name.

RUTH: —I thought I'd *explained* to you I have to get home before the Governor gets back from his bowling. Now what about this garment I was supposed to get?

JUDD: Oh, forget the Governor for tonight. What would you say to a little dancing? I know just the place. It has a terrific band—

RUTH: I can't.

JUDD: Just for a little while. It's been such a long time since I stepped out. Gee, I'd like to dance with you. Just for a little while.

RUTH: Just for a little while. Then do I get my corset? Pardon me, corselet.

Dance floor. A small jazz band is playing. Ruth and Judd are dancing. *Always* is playing insistently.

RUTH: I love to see everyone having a good time! Why not? Oh, why not!

Hallway of office building. Judd and Ruth are standing in front of door lettered "Bien Jolie Corset Co." Judd is slightly unsteady as he unlocks the door. They are both giggling, giddy with high spirits.

JUDD: What a dull way to end the evening, back at the old office again!

He opens the door and for a time is unable to find the light switch. Sound of their voices, giggling.

Showroom of Bien Jolie Corset Co.

JUDD: This is our main showroom.

He opens door to a smaller room.

JUDD: And this is our fitting room. It's a little crowded with these special orders.

RUTH (*stands as if posing in front of the mirror*): This is a cozy nook.

Over her dress she is wearing her fox fur shawl. The muzzle is clamped upon the tail to form a tight encircling scarf.

JUDD: Here we are. Here's your garment. If this is not just the ticket you tell me so.

He places the parcel in white tissue paper into her hands.

RUTH (*opens parcel and looks at corset*): Isn't this a dainty thing?

JUDD: Isn't it demure?

RUTH: How much did you say this was going to be, wholesale?

JUDD: Please. It's a gift.

RUTH: You're so kind to me.

He removes his glasses, places them in jacket pocket.

RUTH: Okay if I try it on?

JUDD (*indicates a curtained booth*): Certainly. Right in there.

Ruth removing her clothe hat, then attempting to remove her fox fur. The catch is stuck and Judd assists her in opening it.

RUTH: Ouch, my sunburn!

Ruth entering booth.

RUTH'S VOICE: Nearly burnt up yesterday when I went boating with the Governor on Sheepshead Bay.

Ruth in corset and panties, standing before mirror.

Judd professionally adjusting fastenings in the back of the corset.

RUTH: Owl

JUDD: Let me give you a little camphor ice for that sunburn.

Camera on Ruth as Judd fetches a jar of camphor ice, and then hands it to her. In this pause the radio is heard playing.

RUTH: I can't reach back there.

Judd begins to apply the camphor ice to her skin above the rim of the corset. He is trembling.

RUTH: Gently.

JUDD: Like that?

RUTH: Kindness (*Begins to cry softly.*) No one is that way to me. At least, no one but my mother.

Flat tenor voice from radio: "I'll be loving you, always . . ."

They fall into each other's arms.

Shot of Judd, pantless but still clad in his shirt, shoes and socks with garters, and Ruth dressed only in the corset. They are writhing together amid the stacks of packaged corsets.

JUDD (*whispering*): Gee! . . . My God!

RUTH (*whispering too, looking into his face*): You act like nobody ever loved you before.

Bryant Park. Behind the New York Public Library, four days later. It is lunch hour on a sunny Monday. Judd sits nervous and expectant on a park bench. Nearby is a mobile lunch cart with an umbrella, attended by a mustachioed Italian hot dog vendor.

Ruth, approaching Judd's bench.

JUDD: Hi there!

He bolds out his hand to Ruth, who, scarcely beheving the innocence of his gesture, giggles and takes his hand in hers.

JUDD: I wanted to see how you would look in the sunshine.

RUTH (*sitting down beside him*): You funny gink! I know why you wanted to have lunch here. It's because you're scared to be seen with me at Henry's three times in a row.

A long silence.

JUDD: I've seen the stars in your eyes. You know, last Thursday night? I haven't been able to sleep. I mean, even eat—

RUTH: Eat? (*Looks at cart.*) At least you could offer a lady a hot dog.

JUDD: You know, about Thursday night. I told the most awful lie to Isabel.

RUTH: Isabel who?

JUDD: My wife. I admit I told Isabel that I was traveling upstate for ten days. But you know, I came back Thursday. To see you. It's the truth.

Ruth blinking, striving to comprehend his need to confess.

RUTH: You really mean that?

She sees he means it.

RUTH: Well, aren't . . . you . . . something. Now, how's about my hot dog?

Ruth eating a hot dog as she looks at Judd, off camera.

RUTH: You know, the last few days I've been trying to remember what you looked like. I kept thinking about somebody's picture I saw in the paper. Somebody big.

JUDD: Well, some of my friends say I could pass for Francis Xavier Sheean.

RUTH: Francis Xavier Sheean.

JUDD: The attorney general of the State of New Jersey.

RUTH: You're the ticket, all right.

JUDD: You're lovely.

RUTH: Let's get some peanuts. Letsa buya somea peanuts fromma da Woppa.

Judd buying peanuts from the hot dog vendor.

Ruth casting peanuts among the pigeons.

Judd hopelessly infatuated by Ruth's display.

Shot of Ruth and Judd now includes in the background an old dray horse, a pathetic swaybacked mare, standing at the curb.

RUTH: Oh, look at that poor thing. I bet she'd like a peanut.

Ruth trying to force a peanut past the horse's unreceptive muzzle.

RUTH (*to horse*): You're not hungry, honey? You don't want a nice peanut? Oh, and isn't it awful the way your master makes you stand here like this when I bet all you want to do is lie down.

JUDD: But she's not uncomfortable standing up. That's the way she rests. A horse is built that way.

RUTH (*patting the horse*): I'll bet your master hurts you. I'll bet he's stupid and mean—a mean stupid Kraut, like the Governor. Jawohl, und does he holler at you, horsey? Und ven he gets mad doss he scream und throw a fit? Iss dot right, horsey?

JUDD: The way you imitate foreigners. You should have been an actress.

RUTH: My husband isn't a foreigner. He's an American. Just the same he's a big dumb Kraut.

JUDD: You know, I don't understand about you and your husband. You sound so angry whenever you mention him.

RUTH: He makes me angry.

JUDD: Don't you love him at all?

Ruth, silent, continues to pat the horse.

JUDD: Gee, you must have loved him when you first met him, at least.

RUTH: When I first met Albert Snyder I was nineteen years old.

Ruth and Judd begin to walk away from the horse and onto Forty-second Street.

RUTH (*slowly and bitterly as they walk*): The Governor's whole life is a big mistake.

JUDD: He surely must be a hard man to live with to make somebody like you say something like that.

RUTH: Oh, I'm not asking for pity. Plenty of girls have it a lot harder than me. He works hard, he's a breadwinner, and he provides us a comfortable home. He can be awfully mean to my mother. But how many husbands would let a girl's mother live right there in the house? Nobody's all bad. But he's so damned *unfeeling*. He's got so little real sympathy. I mean, how many girls would put up with a man who paints a picture of his dead fiancée—

Shot of slick sentimentalized ladies' magazine-type portrait of a pretty brunette in a negligee.

RUTH'S VOICE: He was madly in love with this Jessie Guishard, this little Frog from Canada, some silly Canuck with tuberculosis who practically died in his arms! I mean, it was like some dopey German opera the way he mooned over this Jessie and that portrait he painted of her—

While Ruth talks, camera shows pantomime of Snyder placing portrait in various parts of the house, of Ruth indignantly removing it, of Snyder placing it elsewhere.

RUTH'S VOICE: I mean, he wanted to put it over the mantelpiece and after that he tried to put it right between our beds! How much does someone have to put up with? Enough is enough!

Forty-second Street.

JUDD: That's just terrible!

Ruth's face. Relishing the surge of emotion she has evoked in him. This is a long close-up in which her sorrow is replaced by an awareness of the new possibilities that Judd has brought to her life. There is an erotic quality in this look.

RUTH: The next time we meet, can't it be just you and me alone?

Judd's face. Profoundly apprehensive, as if he were torn between his desire and dread of its consequences. We see that he is beginning to sense danger in their relationship.

JUDD: You know, honestly, I'm wondering if we should meet next time.

RUTH: That is entirely up to you.

Grays' living room. The time is six o'clock in the evening, two days later. Judd, dressed in his best suit, is sitting in a chair awaiting Isabel, who is standing in front of a mirror trying to decide which of three hats she will wear for an evening in the city. Mother Gray is seated at the card table, playing with her puzzle.

MOTHER GRAY: I've gotten Miles Standish completely filled in, from the top of his head to the tip of his boot, which is resting on Plymouth Rock itself. My, what a stalwart-looking man he is—so dependable and strong. He was the real founder of our nation. And you should see the respect on the faces of those Indian chiefs. They seem almost awestruck. Captain Standish was a military man. . . . Lavender never did become you, Isabel, I think you would look much better in something plain and brown. I know Judd is taking you to the Ziegfeld Follies but that doesn't mean you have to dress like a Follies girl. Where did you say you were going to eat? At that French restaurant Judd told me about? Mind you, watch that French cuisine. The French always put so much garlic in their food. I suppose it aids their digestive processes, they're such a constipated race of people, you know. If one of you takes a garlic dish, remember the powerful odor it brings to the breath. Some people find it extremely distasteful and I'm sure it'll be on your breath by Sunday. Most people don't like to smell garlic in church. But have a good time and if it gets too late why don't you just stay at that room that your company keeps for you, Judd, at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel? By the time you get back I'm sure I will have Priscilla's bonnet filled in. I already have most of her face done. It has such a look of radiance upon it, coming to our country for the first time . . .

Restaurant-cabaret on the East Side of Manhattan. Judd and Isabel are dancing industriously, trying to muster an air of gaiety. Neither partner says a word. As the orchestra finishes its number, Judd and Isabel dutifully troop back to their table. On the table are glasses and a bucket of ice.

JUDD: Have another little smile, darling?

ISABEL: This makes four for me, Judd, and heavens knows how many for you.

JUDD: I'm so proud of my little bride and pleased as punch to be stepping out with you, Isabel.

ISABEL: Well, we've done this so suddenly. When you asked me to come to New York this evening, it took me by surprise. Do I look all right?

JUDD: You look like a dream.

ISABEL: I'm just a country mouse in a place like this.

JUDD: That's ridiculous. You're the

sweetest girl in this ballroom None of those flappers can hold a candle to you

Pours himself a drink as Isabel regards him nervously.

JUDD Honey, these days we've not been alone together, not nearly enough I took you because there is something we just have to discuss

ISABEL Something terrible?

JUDD It could be terrible, it could be wonderful It just depends on what you think about it

Pours Isabel another drink

JUDD What I'm trying to say is that I have to be away from home so much Sometimes I feel that I'm living in two worlds All I care about on earth is you and my little family Then there is this other world (*Gestures to indicate the dance world*) This—and this world offers a man so many temptations . . .

Shot of Harry Folsom approaching the table with still another girl on his arm

HARRY Well, as I live and breathe, it's Henry Judd Gray of East Orange, New Jersey!

JUDD Harry, this is my wife, Mrs Gray Dear, this is Harry Folsom, a business acquaintance of mine

HARRY Well, I'm certainly glad to meet *you*, Mrs Gray

Hurriedly dances off with his partner

ISABEL What did Mr Folsom mean? Was that some sort of joke he was making? I don't get it.

JUDD Dear, I'm going to tell you right now For the first time in my life I've had improper relations with another woman And I beg your forgiveness

Isabel's face registers incredulity

JUDD If you can only forgive me we'll start all over with a clean slate and I promise to be faithful to you and you alone for the rest of my life.

ISABEL Improper relations! (*Laughs nervously with an edge of hysteria*) Is that what you wanted to tell me about? Did you think I haven't known all along about this other world? The lady chents! The buyers! All the cheap little hussies in the corset trade! And the drinking that goes on! Did you think that I could shut my eyes to all that? Ever since we were married did you think I could shut my eyes to all that?

JUDD But Isabel, listen to me—

Isabel as she clenches her glass and turns studiously away, full profile.

JUDD *Listen to me!*

ISABEL And that bedroom in the Waldorf-Astoria. That salesman's bedroom in the Waldorf-Astoria? I may be from East Orange, you may think I'm a stick-in-the-mud, but I'm not quite that dumb! My father warned me about you. The time you left the Presbyterians to join our Episcopalian Church he said your heart was not in it My father said never trust a man who drinks and has a dimple in his chin!

JUDD That's a rotten thing to say! And it is so unfair!

Waldorf-Astoria bedroom Shot of Judd and Ruth in bed at the Bien Jolie room in the Waldorf They have just finished making love

RUTH (*luxuriously*) I'm in the prime of my womanhood

JUDD You certainly are

RUTH I'm getting pretty fond of Little Buster Sweet Sue likes Little Buster

Judd grins a satisfied, knowing grin.

RUTH Sweet Sue likes Little Buster Very much Ow, that damned sunburn!

JUDD You should take better care You have such delicate skin

RUTH How can I? The Governor keeps dragging me out into the middle of Sheepshead Bay, fishing for haddock

JUDD Poor Momsie

RUTH That dumb Krautbottom and his boat And his desd, darling fiancée

Snyder dining room It is dinner time two weeks later Seen eating dinner are Ruth, Snyder, Baby Martin and Granny Brown Martin pushes away his plate, only a nibble taken out of one of a pair of lamb chops Snyder glaring at Martin Ruth gently pushing back the plate, indicating that the child should eat the chops Martin steadfastly refusing to eat

SNYDER You eat that (*Looks at Ruth*) I pay good money for these lamb chops As long as I buy the food for this house I expect it to be eaten.

MARTIN It's bad meat It tastes putrid

SNYDER What did you say? Did you complain about your meat?

Martin, raising his voice, defiant, plainly in imitation of his mother·

MARTIN I said it's putrid I'm not going to eat it

SNYDER (*yelling*): Exactly who do you think you are? Some prince? You're too good to eat what's put before you? Your little majesty?

Slaps him hard against the ear Martin flees from the room, wailing

RUTH (*rising from her chair*) Don't you dare do that to my baby!

SNYDER: Don't tell me how to bring up my son I'm head of this household

RUTH Well, good luck to you, Albert. Storms out of the room

GRANNY BROWN I'm going up to my room (*Leaves*)

Snyder, all alone, looking miserable amid the ruins of the dinner

Snyder neighborhood Ruth hurrying down the sidewalk, with a grim look

Snyder dining room He slowly rises from the table, forlorn and wretched

Snyder garden: The small garden at the rear of the house. Martin is crouched, silently weeping Next to Martin is a fallen log and an aluminum kettle which has been used as a birdbath

Snyder entering the garden with a pair of pruning shears He clips his bushes, shyly and uneasily glancing at his son He is gradually making his way toward him.

A drugstore Ruth enters phone booth, deposits coin and dials

RUTH Are you there, Judd honey?

Snyder garden Snyder, still clipping the bushes, moving close to Martin

Shot of Martin, still weeping but now somewhat distracted by some brightly colored birds in a corner of the garden.

Snyder He stoops down, picks up the fallen log and stands it on its end again. Replaces the kettle on top. With the butt of the shears he hammers a nail through the bottom of the kettle and into the top of the log, thus restoring the birdbath.

Martin watching his father as he reaches down, picks up the nozzle of a garden hose and refills the birdbath Snyder notices the birds Martin has been watching.

SNYDER I'll bet they've been missing their bath We'll give them some nice clean water.

He smiles at Martin, who smiles back at him Then Snyder glances at a bird feeder hanging from a high tree limb beside the house

SNYDER: What happened to the seeds? We can't let our little birds go hungry. They'll go away, and they won't come back this winter if you and I don't feed them

MARTIN I'll get the seeds, Daddy. They're in the garage

The drugstore Ruth in the phone booth

RUTH. You don't know what a brute the man is He struck my baby. Honey, I can't stand this much longer!

Shot of Snyder reentering the house

SNYDER Ruth! (*Enters dining room.*) Ruth! (*Calls upstairs*) Hey, what happened to Ruth?

GRANNY BROWN'S VOICE. She run out of the house

Ruth in phone booth.

RUTH. I swear to God, I'm going to take my baby and put him somewhere where he can't touch him!

Snyder house Snyder mournfully clearing away the dishes

Waldorf-Astoria lobby An afternoon several days later Through the crowd the camera picks up Baby Martin seated on a sofa, reading a copy of *Black Beauty*. Soon he is approached by the bell captain, an elderly Irishman.

BELL CAPTAIN Well, hello again, little fellow. Aren't you quite the reader, though? Still reading your picture book And where is your mother?

MARTIN: My mother's upstairs

CAPTAIN: And she didn't take you up with her?

MARTIN My mother wants me to wait.

CAPTAIN: Your mother must be a busy lady. *(Continued on page 264)*



Sex

Introduction by Tom Wolfe

Such heaving! Such groaning! Such peeling squealing biting sticking ramming jamming gobble licking nuzzling guzzling coconut ilia rut-boar grunting skotophilia lapping gasbing crinkly chasms prescribed therapeutic spasms—if there is any justice up in Heaven, Doctor Freud has been assigned a corner apartment with one of those little concrete balconies or "terraces," of the Collins Avenue condominium-tower variety, rigged out with a telescope and an infrared X-ray attachment that enables him to look down through every roof and every ceiling in the United States . . . day or night, into overstore massage parlors on lower State Street as easily as the flimsiest cinder-block motel room, even into the utter darkness of the Lido East movie theatre . . . so that he may enjoy every last jerk, shudder and gush that his remarkable brain —clinically dead since 1939—continues to trigger in our time . . . I doubt that there is another man in history whose ideas, unaided by any political apparatus, have directly influenced the behavior of so many people in the generations immediately following his death Darwin and Marx are in the running perhaps, perhaps Zoroaster, if what little has been recorded of his history is to be believed, possibly Rousseau, although it is difficult to say that his influence was direct No, on second thought the good doctor stands alone . . . on his condominium terrace, I like to think . . . clapping his hands together like a child with mittens, as he so often did when he was praised during his lifetime

Now, the complex and subtle parts of Freud's theory, featuring elaborate literary conceits and marvelous leaps of analogy, have scarcely made a dent on posterity What has sunk in so deeply has been a single, simple notion of his concerning sexuality. This notion bears none of the elegant nomenclature which he loved so much, nothing on the order of *the Oedipus complex* (he adored italics [and I don't mind them myself]), *libido* or *Ego&Id&Superego* In fact, he gave it no name at all, since it grew out of a mere habit of thought whose importance he never recognized

During Freud's university years (the late 1870's and early 1880's) young en- *(Continued on page 304)*

Illustrated by Doug Johnson

In the beginning was the sexual revolution. But that was some time back. For instance,

This Is Hugh Hefner's Daughter!

by Roger Ebert

Christie is tall, slender, with sparkling eyes and perfect teeth and light brown hair that falls lightly onto her shoulders. She would be an ideal choice for a *Playboy* centerfold, but there is little chance she would ever apply and still less that she would be chosen.

She greeted me at the door of her mother's two-level house in Northfield, a well-off suburb northwest of Chicago, and led me into the living room to be introduced to Paul Regan, her boyfriend of the last three years. She offered me her father's favorite drink, a Pepsi, and as she got it from the kitchen I talked with Paul. Successfully overcoming an impulse to ask him what sort of man dates Hef's daughter, I noted that he was tall and strongly built, with blond hair and a U.S.M.C. tattoo on his right bicep. He looked something like my idea of a surfer, but Paul, in fact, is a Brandeis graduate and will enter Georgetown University's Law School this fall.

He met Christie at Brandeis during her freshman year, and they have been living in his dormitory room ever since. Five years older than she, he was poor Irish from South Boston and fought in Vietnam before being admitted to Brandeis on an Upward Bound program. In no time at all he was running the program, and both he and Christie were teaching English and math four hours a night, three nights a week, in a South Boston compensatory education program.

He was very proud of her. "Christie wrote up two programs that were accepted and funded through O.E.O.," he told me. "When I left the program, they were going to name her for my job."

"But then everything fell through when the funds were canceled by our glorious President," Christie said, returning from the kitchen. "So we didn't have anything to do this summer and we decided to see America. We just spent four weeks driving all over the East, and tomorrow we're leaving for L.A. We stopped long enough to visit my mother and Hef."

You call him Hef?

"Well, I've never called him Dad or Daddy, because he's not exactly the Dad or Daddy type. And it would be cruel to call him Hugh. That's a *terrible* thing to name a man. Most of the Hughs I know use their middle names, but his is *Marston*. . . ."

She shrugged as if to say, what can you do? "This is the first summer I haven't worked," she said. "Most of my work has been with these government programs, but the summer after my freshman year I worked at the Playboy Club in Boston. I was the Assistant Bunny Mother."

"Her job was to make sure the girls were cute and shaved under their armpits," Paul said. He got up and wandered upstairs.

Christie giggled. "I was going to be the Customer Service Bunny," she said, "but I was only eighteen at the time and the Boston liquor laws are puritanical. So I took the other job. I was supposed to chaperon when the Bunnies played softball with celebrities on the Fourth of July, things like that. I felt funny; I was younger than they were."

She was born on Chicago's South Side, she said: "I was born in November, 1952, and the magazine was born in December, 1953. I don't really have any family memories from those days, though. I don't remember Hef from when I was a little girl, but there's this funny photograph of Hef and mother, and Hef is holding me in his arms and he has a crew cut and is wearing white socks. The papers always run it when there's an article about how Hef was married and had a daughter and son. It always embarrasses everyone."

The marriage broke up not long after, and Christie's mother moved to Chicago's North Side with her children. While Christie was still in grade school, her mother remarried and the family moved to Wilmette. "Before then," she said, "I'd see Hef like at Christmas, birthdays, Easter . . . but when mother remarried, she and Hef thought it would be best if he kind of stayed in the background and gave the new family a chance to jell. It's kind of sad, in a way, that I didn't know about this agreement. I thought he was being sort of aloof. But now we're on very good terms and I see him as often as I see my mother. I know he's happy that I'm doing well at Brandeis. . . and I suppose he's happy I didn't turn out ugly."

How do you react to being Hugh Hefner's daughter?

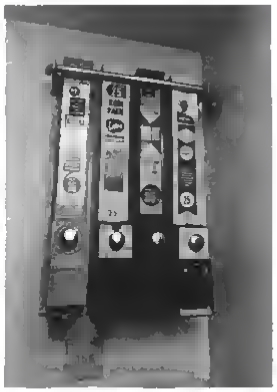
"Well, at first I generally don't tell people who my father is, because he's not some obscure millionaire they've never heard of. He's associated with a special life-style, and that leads people to make a lot of assumptions about me. They won't let me be Christie.

"I remember an experience that had an effect on me at the time. I went to the National Music Camp at Interlochen for six summers, and you know how the word gets around that one of the campers is Hef's daughter? One day a boy asked me if I was really Hugh Hefner's daughter. I said I was. He said that was funny, because he thought it would be this girl named Julie. 'Why Julie?' I asked. 'Because she's got big boobs,' he said.

"Isn't that ridiculous? To think that taste could somehow be genetically ex- *(Continued on page 330)*



Photographed by Arnold Zann



Thirty Years on the Rubber Route

An apology for the life of Joe H. Klein Jr., of Austin, Texas

"I've been in the coin-machine business all my life. Started back in the Thirties. At that time I had a confectionery business over in Taylor, Texas, and that was when beer came in. The beer places and taverns just popped up overnight, *thousands* of 'em. Until then you didn't have any coin machines to speak of. But when the beer places popped up, here came the machines right behind. It was a whole new specialty business overnight, vending and amusement machines. I bought a pinball machine and put it in a place, and one machine leads to another, and pretty soon I went full time into machines. I picked up the rubber-machine line about twenty-five years ago. I knew for sure the demand was there, and the line was competible with my other machines, so I gave it a try. Fifteen years later, I must have had about two thousand machines out, all over south Texas. It was my specialty. I was sellin' five hundred gross of rubbers a week—*five hundred gross a week*—not to mention *givin' away* fifty gross a month as free samples. People all over the route had got to know me, and when they'd see me comin' they'd say, 'Here comes the rubber man,' and run up askin' for samples. You know, like I was the ice-cream man or something. Just beggin' me for 'em and I'd pass 'em out. That was in the peak of the business, about ten years ago. I was the biggest independent operator from Dallas on down, sellin' seventy-two thousand a week. That was the peak."





"Now I got maybe two hundred rubber machines out, and I guess I'm losin' ten locations for every new one I get. Biggest thing that's doin' it is the Interstates. The Interstate'll kill a *whole town* when it loops it, takes all the traffic away and that just kills it. The longtime independent businesses are dying out, and here come the franchises, the only ones that can afford to buy on the right-of-ways. They'll come along and put in a real fancy damn modern streamlined place, you know, everything modern, and they won't take a machine. They say, 'No sir, not on that beautiful wall.' But I got some customers, some locations, they feel like I do about it. They know the sufferin' and misery of venereal disease. They wouldn't let anybody take those machines out. *Nobody!* I have people come up to me real often and tell me what a wonderful thing they think it is that we have these machines. That it's the grandest thing in the world for fighting venereal disease. Others will tell me sometimes when I'm servicin' the machine that it's no good for children to see the machines. And I'll just tell 'em that I hope their children never get venereal disease. Your real steady rubber user is a man who actually knows what V.D. is. He might be dumb or ignorant or he might be real smart, but he still wants that rubber, because he knows the horrible things V.D. can do to him. He knows it's one of man's worst enemies and he can't take a chance."

Photographed by Geoff Winningham



"Of course the rubber-machine business is like all your vending machine ideas, it's based on convenience. In the drugstore you might have to wait ten minutes to get waited on. With the machines you can be in and out in a minute or two, buyin' in the privacy of the rest room. It's just a real convenience. But it's the goddamn toughest way in the world to make a living. Just servicin' the machines, travelin' the route, keepin' it up, day after day. What kills you is the thieves, tearin' up the machines, breakin' in, goddamn *mutilatin'* the machines. But I got in it and I'm stuck with it. You know, you get attached to it, attached to your machines, that's what you know and that's what you do and that's what you stay with. I seen hundreds come and go in the business, but they don't *know* the business. Not like I know it. And it's gettin' tough all over, tougher and tougher all the time. All the operation costs more, but I can't increase the price of my merchandise. You can still buy a Korona for a quarter, or two Spartans, and that's the biggest bargain in the country. Look at the cost of Cokes out of the machines! They've gone from a nickel to a quarter. A Korona hasn't gone up a penny. How can it? What am I gonna do to raise the price to, say, twenty-nine cents? Am I gonna put a little slot box there for the pennies and use an honor system? If I do, you know what I'll get? Bobby pins. Sure as hell, I'll get a box full of bobby pins, toothpicks, matches, you name it. Anything the public can stick in the slot."

"All the small businesses, your restaurants and clubs and bars and private service stations, the Interstates are just *killin'* 'em. If you don't believe me, just drive your old highway from Houston to San Antone. *Look* at the places. What's not been demolished and hauled off is closed. I had a real nice location here, had it almost thirty years, one of my original locations. Well sir, last week I come by to service it and *where is it? Can't find it! NOWHERE!* I look at the spot and it's *gone*. Just a pile of bricks and plaster left, and here's this guy in a front loader puttin' it all in a dump truck. So I drive over and get out to try to find my machines. I had a real nice installation here, four new machines. So I can't find 'em in that trash, and I yell up at the man on the front loader, 'Where's my machines?' And he yells, 'What machines?' And I say, 'My rubber machines, what the hell machines you think?' But they've hauled 'em off by now. That's how it happens. They just come in with the dozers, bzzzzzt! and there you go. One day a place is here for thirty years, next day it's gone. And they haul it off, machines and all, do you think they call me? Hell, no. These machines cost anywhere from fifty to a hundred dollars, plus the rubbers in 'em, but they just haul 'em off and don't let me know. It's unbelievable. Like those machines were never there."



Hi. Guess which one of us has the $16 secret from Frederick's of Hollywood?



Photographed by Jean Paul Goude

I'm wearing Frederick's $5 Pointet bra and his $11 Living End.



I'm wearing well.



Gay Talese Has a Dilemma

by Philip Nobile

So does Mrs. Gay Talese

Ralph Nader was furious. He had just shuttled into New York, schlepped through ridiculous crosstown traffic and arrived an hour late for a private West Side gathering of concerned citizens. Since he had to fly back to Washington the same evening, he hurriedly launched into the matter at hand—a New York road company for the famed Nader's Raiders. What could a local offshoot do for the tired, huddled masses of the city? Recalling his bumper-to-bumper cab ride from the airport, the guest of honor cited the transportation mess first off. Then he opened the floor to Jack Newfield, Bess Myerson, Kevin McCarthy, Rip Torn, Mary Travers, Dick Shewn and a caucus of young Lindsay types. While they were all batting around the urgency of perennial urban issues—like housing, pollution and unemployment—a greying, well-groomed man in his early forties watched impatiently from a corner of the room. He considered Ralph Nader a phony; all liberals were phonies.

"Mr. Nader," he finally interjected, raising his voice above the discussion, "these aren't the problems of New York. They're signs of health. Problems are challenges and ought to be lived with. This is a city of tremendous energy. Look at the positive side. So many people don't know what to do with themselves so they've gotten into problem-solving. They emphasize problems and the press is part of it. When there's a demonstration in front of some foreign embassy, the press focuses on the one shattered pane of glass, not the seventy-five that remain intact. The real problem is what do you do with the problem solvers after the problems are solved. . . ."

Nader's face grew taut as he listened incredulously; his audience was embarrassed. But the gentleman in the corner persisted. "I don't go a day in this town without becoming angry. Yet I stay. And everyone in this room stays. So I don't agree with you, Mr. Nader, on the subways and automobiles and housing."

"If you don't think these are problems," Nader exploded, "you have no place here." Pointing toward the door, he shouted, "In fact, I think you should leave."

"Nader," his startled antagonist shouted back, purposely dropping the "Mr.," "*don't* you tell me to leave. And *don't* you tell me about New York. *You're* the carpetbagger here. The problems of this city reflect the feelings of individuals. For example, I see sexual censorship as one of New York's major problems although I doubt any of you would agree with me. Sure, wipe out pornography and ban *Screw*, but that's not where it's going to end. The next stop could be those liberal papers—The *Times*, The *Post* and *The Village Voice*—which are supporting Lindsay's anti-pornography drive and the vigilantes who are out to destroy sin. Sexual censorship gets to freedom of speech and eventually to Masters and Johnson because what they're doing is also obscene. . . . Loneliness is a problem in this city. The lonely middle-aged man—the priest, the policeman. Massage parlors deal with loneliness better than any city agency. Actually, I happen to be doing a book on this subject but it's so unfashionable that none of you would be interested. . . ."

Nobody reacted. The sexual freedom-fighter was alone in the crowd. Newfield, you champion of the oppressed, he thought, open your mouth. No, Newfield was a lightweight, he couldn't expect great things from him. Where was Mary Travers? She made her career out of protesting, didn't she? Liberals can be liberal in everything except sex. Of course, if he had said, "More Masturbation for Grape Pickers," that would have been okay. Far-out sex is right on. Still, how can liberals fail to recognize that sexual censorship is tied to censorship in general? The first book Hitler banned was *Ideal Marriage* by Van de Velde. That's the issue, he felt. That's more important than air pollution, than the carburetors Nader gets off on.

A Nader aide broke the tension by whispering in his ear that he was arguing with Gay Talese. Nader softened noticeably. "Mr. Talese, I'm sorry we had to meet under such circumstances."

These days, however, there are hardly other circumstances in which to meet Talese. Sex has consumed him. When New York *Times* reporter Lacey Fosburgh and her then fiancé Marc Libarle ran into him at the May *Paris Review* anniversary party, they scarcely said hello before he asked, "You two go together. How many times a week do you make it?" And next he had to know if either of them fooled around during separations. Fosburgh and Libarle were terrific sports despite Talese's outré inquiry. They told all. But Masters and Johnson wouldn't when Talese put the same question to them in front of two thousand at a recent American Society of Newspaper Editors convention. "We don't keep score," Virginia Johnson Masters politely demurred. Talese would gladly admit his weekly average—a daily average seems more like it—if he could keep score. For researching the American sexual revolution has merely accelerated an already fast carnal life.

Even so, Gay Talese has almost nothing to hide. Since he invades the privacy of his interviewees, he



Photographed by Duane Michals

expects no immunity for himself. *New York* magazine sought to profile him last spring. Fine. Although the project was premature (he hadn't written a word of his book), he was game. Too game. After *An Evening in the Nude With Gay Talese* by Aaron Latham appeared (July 9), the serendipitist's journey stopped short. Talese made a big mistake; he allowed Latham to trail him to The Fifth Season, a nude health spa in Manhattan, and watch him frolic naked with a bereass masseuse who playfully tugged on his private parts. "I love it. I love it," Talese teased her in flagrante delicto. "Do it. I have dreams about it." The article began, ended and constantly flashed back to this undressed interlude. With his pants down for so long, Talese didn't have a prayer.

"I wanted to do one overwhelming scene," Latham speaks in self-defense, "and I followed him around for weeks before I got it. Gay was after scenes in his famous pieces—Sinatra fighting in a Las Vegas bar, DiMaggio in his restaurant. People will remember that night in The Fifth Season for a long time." That's what Talese is afraid of.

"I'm not an American Legioner at a hunny club," he protests bitterly, "and that's how Latham's piece portrayed me. I came out without dignity and my work was not taken seriously." True enough. Latham's morose delectation in The Fifth Season foolishness crumbled into caricature. But Talese can blame only himself for the graceless apologia Latham recorded—"Getting head from an N.Y.U. student is not going to threaten a marriage of fourteen years." (*Coast* magazine quotes him in a similar unedifying one-liner: "After getting h—— jobbed and s—— off one hundred times, it gets a little wearing.")

Donald Klopfer, the seventy-one-year-old Board Chairman of Random House, always treated Nan Talese like a daughter. She had been with the firm since 1959. Sensing his senior editor would need solace in the wake of that shocking article, he popped into her office with some fatherly advice. "What Gay is doing is not good," he said. "What do your children think?"

"Well, they have difficulty reading," Nan answered, referring to her daughters, Pamela, six, and Catharine, nine.

"I never thought that could come in handy," replied the publisher who co-founded Random House.

Solicitous female friends called Nan to ask after her. Was she all right? Her husband's concupiscent coming-out in *New York* was the talk of the town while she emerged as the long-suffering innocent party to gross adultery. If the spectacle bothered her, she did not or would not let on.

How Talese was doing few cared. The heel could stew in his own self-advertisements. Some nut, using the pseudonym of Sister Veronica and the initials of a fake religious order, promised novenas for his eternal damnation on a postcard. "You will pay for your filthy sex abuse and lechery. Jesus will punish you!" As a lapsed Catholic who doesn't observe the formality of bringing up his kids in the Church (although both children were baptized illicitly by their mother's own hand), Talese worries less about the hereafter than the here and now. He was slightly disturbed by a curious letter from a tough newsman insisting that nothing of their month-old casual dinner conversation which touched on sex could be used in the book. When the mother of a friend of his daughters suggested the article might affect the youngsters adversely, his anxiety increased. Still he could joke about the situation with Betty Prashker, his editor at Doubleday. "I don't feel the publicity is damaging," he said to Prashker on the telephone. "But people can't understand why Nan doesn't sleep with Nelson Doubleday."

The humor died in Ocean City, New Jersey. This is the southern Jersey coastal town where Talese grew up and where his parents remain. Joseph and Catherine Talese are a proud old couple. He trained as a master tailor in Italy and Paris but was forced to labor beneath his talents over here. She helped run the family clothing business, rejecting the stay-at-home peasant traditions of most first-generation Italian-American women. They hoped their Gaetano would honor his father by going to Paris to learn tailoring from his father's teacher, the great Antonio Cristiani. Instead their single-minded boy chose another craft which eventually made him rich and respected. He had not disappointed them. The Ocean City Chamber of Commerce honored its famous native son with an achievement award in 1970. Naturally, Ocean City dwellers who happened to pick up a stray newsstand copy of *New York* would enjoy reading about Talese. Prurient interest travels swiftly, however. Local vendors quickly sold out the hot issue and stacks of *New Yorks* were reordered to satisfy the demand.

"Why is Gay lowering himself?" a customer queried Talese's mother in the Talese Town Shop. "What he's doing is disgusting." Then his father suddenly noticed his golfing buddies ceased asking, "How's Gay?" Most of all they were hurt by reading Talese's offhand and crudely rendered remark regretting that he did not have incest with his mother. Now his parents were dragged into this mess and their suffering pained him more than anything else.

Talese would not allow himself to retaliate. Although he despised the style and content of Latham's profile, his ethics forbade him to criticize a fellow journalist's assessment of himself. He silently endured the secondary insults of several letters to the editor in *New York*. "It's just that there must be something better to read about," the harshest want, "than an adult man's living out his fantasies at the expense of his family, and then talling all, so that everyone can see how uninhibited and what a swinger he is. He's the kind of person who gives sex a bad name." To top it off, *New York* rejected David Halberstam's spirited letter condemning the magazine's cheap treatment of his friend and attacking its editor, Clay Felker.

"My marriage can't stand another tough piece, and you're a tough guy," Talese said to me as he contemplated the extent of his cooperation with another profile. "The first time you may seem foolish," Nan Talese added, "but the second time you seem to be looking for it." And what sort of sympathy could he expect from me, a practicing papist who never ever slept with any woman save his wife of eight years? Mrs. Talese was not fearful on this account; if anything, I could better appreciate her spotless chastity. Rather she was disinclined to reveal intimacies which might help explain the marriage but offend her keen sense of sexual privacy. After long and sometimes angry deliberation among us, both decided to talk—Talese eagerly, because he was tired of his image as the heavy, and Nan reluctantly, because holding back as she did with *New York* would only confirm public suspicion that a "cold bed" at home drove Gay into marathon infidelities.

The seed of Talese's sex book sprang forth unexpectedly in a midtown Manhattan massage parlor on a March afternoon in 1971. As he lay naked on a bed submitting to the sensuous rub of a pretty topless masseuse from Bessemer, Alabama, his next literary plot thickened. Talese wasn't quite finished with *Honor Thy Father*, but he knew the subject of sex couldn't be far off. The quick change in sexual mores in the Sixties intrigued him. He was also impressed by the gutsy mating habits of Bill Bonanno, the son of Mafia don Joe Bonanno and the principal character of *Honor Thy Father*. Contrary to everything sacred in Sicilian Catholic family tradition, Bonanno had kept a mistress openly in Phoenix just across town from his own home. He set the woman up in a house, gave her a child and bought her the same kind of car as his wife's. But sex-in-general was too broad a landscape for Talese. Without a structure he couldn't begin. He needed a stage to define the limits of his story. The Verrazano-Narrows Bridge was the setting for *The Bridge*, a pointillist study of boomere; the Times building carried him through the complicated history of the paper in *The Kingdom and the Power*; and the Bonanno family reduced the Mafia to manageable proportions. Until he chatted up this masseuse, inspiration eluded him. When she completed the dorsal massage, she instructed Talese to turn over and asked if there would be anything else. Like what? Like, in the argot of the massage parlor, manual release. Why not? He climbed the Verrazano side by side with boomers and hid out with mobsters, hadn't he? So what was a trifling manual release? The end of the dilemma. Now he had his stage. A few more manual releases and Talese passed his initiation. He was into the tune of managing two parlors for months at a time. Gradually, he spread himself around to orgies, pornographic films and superstars, European flesh spots, high- and low-class sex-magazine editors, ordinary souls in sexual metamorphosis and the recently defunct California commune Sandstone which was briefly the venereal capital of the world.

For two years now it's been nothing but sex, sex, sex for Talese. He can afford it, of course. Doubleday signed him up for two books at $1,200,000. And so far he's drawn two yearly payments of $200,000. You may think that's nice work if you can get it and bet the lucky devil is getting as much as he can. Who's kidding whom, after all? Nicholas Pileggi is a magazine journalist as well as being Talese's cousin. He roomed with Talese when they were both young reporters in New York and the pair have stayed best friends. From Pileggi's vantage point, sex isn't the half of it. "Gay is not any husband married to an attractive wife going out to have his joint yanked," he commente with animation. "There's another layer. Gay is a serious writer. I can't emphasize the danger he was in during the Mafia book. He was glued to Bonanno and I knew guys were out to kill Bonanno. They came to me and warned, 'If you're close to your cousin, tell him to stop hanging around with that bum. There are guys in the street now looking for him. And if your cousin's with Bonanno, they're going to kill him too.' I told Gay, but he continued. That's what I mean when I say he's a serious writer."

George Plimpton, the father of do-it-yourself journalism and an old Talese acquaintance, has recently been going through the motions of photographing a *Playboy* centerfold. Beyond this level of erotic involvement, however, Plimpton is a paper lion. "Most writers subscribe to the dictum of Faulkner's that 'Ode on a Grecian Urn' is worth a thousand grandmothers or whatever that line was. I don't. I was very fond of my grandmother."

A. E. Hotchner met Talese when Nan was editing his 1966 biography *Papa Hemingway*. They have been blood brothers ever since. Like Pileggi, Hotchner argues for Talese's transcendence, but like Plimpton he does not go all the way with his buddy. "Gay's immersion in sex is no different from his immersion in previous books. His method is to dive into the tank. We applauded his investigation of The *Times* and thought it was terrific when he wound himself up in the Mafia, but we're scandalized by his sexual research. I walked into Elaine's last night and didn't get to the jukebox before I was jumped by a number of people. Why is Gay doing this? What does Nan think? Why does he permit this publicity?

"Wives are threatened. They're home writing bills while their husbands are out free-lancing. Writers play the game by certain rules. Now Gay's made it difficult for them. Say some guy is out in Hollywood doing a piece on a sex symbol. His wife can do this charade about his research, but we know he's balling her. He says, 'I'm no Gay Talese.' Talese has broken the franchise.'

"All I can suggest is that every writing machine is different. It may be that Gay has to submerge himself in a subject in order to write it. So when he writes from the inside, he can easily substitute his own feelings."

This isn't Hotchner's style (and fortunately, because he confesses his wife would not consent to Gay's modus operandi). "I'm just not attracted to participatory journalism. I wrote about Hemingway's shock treatments without getting one myself. I can discover everything I need to know by observation and then let empathy take over. If Gay has to participate though, fine."

According to Hotchner, however, Talese has not surfaced well from his latest immersion. "This is a much bigger subject than he's ever tackled before. I find him puzzled. He's more confused than I've seen him in the past."

On weekends some boomers drive hundreds of miles to visit their families, are tender and tolerant, and will deny to the heavens any suggestion that they raise hell on the job—except they'll admit it in whispers, half proud, half ashamed, fearful the wives will hear and then any semblance of marital stability will be shattered.

Like most men, the boomer wants it both ways.

—The Bridge

Gay and Nan Talese lead an extraordinarily charmed life in an East Side town house that once belonged to Enrico Caruso's wife. Nan moved into Gay's small front bachelor apartment on the third floor after they were married in 1959. As neighbors gradually departed, they acquired three more flats on the first and second floors. William Styron wrote some of *Nat Turner* in a second story *pied-à-terre* he sublet from them in the early Sixties. He would often come downstairs at night to read the day's occupation to the young couple. The Taleses ran an open house than. Gay was still a reporter for The *Times* and just breaking into magazines. Without the presence of kids, there was no curfew. Friends popped in at all hours, and bootlegged copies of Styron's key increased the foreign traffic upstairs. It was terribly fun. But when Nan became pregnant in 1965, Styron departed.

Tranquility is now assured by a four-tiered domestic arrangement. Nan's place is on the third floor. She converted their original apartment into a sitting room-study which she lined with book shelves and smoked-glass mirrors; they sleep here on a double bed tucked away in a cozy alcove. The Taleses share this tier with

an elderly music teacher who never leaves her apartment. The two girls, a live-in nurse and a dog occupy a floor below. Mexis are seldom formally en famille; the kids usually eat in their own quarters and spend most of their time in their fourth-floor "headquarters."

Gay has provided himself with a marvelous sanctum sanctorum on the ground floor just off the patio. His living-writing module is comfortably furnished with two couches, three soft chairs, a color television and a low circular marble table whose center is arrayed with a variety of spirits, its edges with mail and magazines. A long, shuttered armoire containing a wardrobe befitting a tailor's son dominates one wall. Gay's plain wooden desk is set against another. Between them hangs a montage of drawings and photographs documenting the successful alliance of two very independent persons: Gay, the reporter, with Martin Luther King and Frank Costello, a mafioso collage, a caricature by David Levine; and Nan with poet Leonard Melfi, peering out of a sports car and stunning, as always, in color stills from a 1961 *Holiday* magazine layout.

Although Talese has made a haul in recent seasons (not to mention Nan's steady five-figure income), he hasn't invested exorbitantly in interior decorating. The town house's tasteful appointments are more serviceable than lavish. Talese likes things that last—like their nondescript double bed of ancient origins and the battered but unbowed Olivetti portable he bought in 1959. He will not surrender his 1957 TR3 to the junkheap either. The only real property he ever owned until purchasing the town house in 1973 was a big Victorian summer place in Ocean City, a far cry from the Hamptons.

Nan generally returns from the office around seven o'clock and romps with Pamela and Catherine for an hour or so. After the children are in bed she may cook something simple for herself and Gay in the small first-floor kitchen. More likely they will dine out with one of Nan's authors or with Gay's cronies at Elaine's, or, just as often, alone.

And when they are alone, they talk. "If there's anything wrong with this marriage," Gay remarks, "it's that we talk too much." He is pugnacious in conversation, Nan never raises her whispery voice—her strongest expletive being "Holy goodnight." Gay can say the darndest things and she'll softly respond, "Darling, do you really mean that?"

"When I'm with Gay and Nan and they're having a fight, I never feel uneasy," says Hotchner. "They like each other. I saw the opposite with the Hemingways. Mary Hemingway always had the scissors out cutting him up. That's not Gay and Nan."

The Talese are not what you would call socialites. They do attend a fair sampling of the right openings and parties, occasioning a citation in "Suzy Says" or *Women's Wear Daily*, but these appearances go with the territory. They are an extremely self-contented couple.

Gay is rhapsodic on the subject of his wife. Her beauty, her intelligence, her independence, her poise. And the greatest of these is poise. Gay will always remember the look on Nan's face when he thought they were about to die together. "We were driving through the mountains in North Carolina on the way to Asheville to see Thomas Wolfe's home. We were married a year, 1961, somewhere in there. It was wintertime and a sudden snowstorm came up. Suddenly I realized we were riding on solid ice. We were going around a turn. There was no guardrail and the road dropped away on both sides. It was too damn late to put on the brake. We were just going along for the ride. As the car turned to go off the road, I turned to Nan for signs of panic and there were none. She didn't leap at me or clutch at me or jump out the window or scream or anything. She was aware of the danger, but she was calm. It was a short marriage—over the cliff near Asheville, North Carolina and you can't go home again." Fortunately, the car stopped with just one wheel dangling over the edge of the cliff. "I believe these moments, these pressure points tell a lot about you. Nan's calmness symbolized to me my friend, my lover, my wife, my passenger and that was key. That was very essential. If I had been President at Dallas, I don't think she would have been jumping off the back of the car."

Realizing his solid reputation as a rake puts Nan in an awkward position, Gay is especially defensive about their marital sex. Long ago he resolved that no matter what occurred during the day, he would not let Nan down at night. He has apparently kept that promise—and without much effort. "Physically, I am endlessly excited by Nan," he insists. "She's the sexiest thing I know. If I'm home and I want to make love to her, I've never been too tired. I've never been unaroused by Nan. When I'm away I have fantasies about her. I fantasize scenes with Nan in our shower in Ocean City. I can see Nan's body through the shower curtain and the white outline of her bikini against her tan. And, goddamnit, I focus on that in California." Their marriage seems a modern Song of Songs.

Nan is nowhere near enough, however. Despite their ultimate compatibility, Gay's *cor irrequietum* needs other women, many other women. "I guess for me there have been times when I've been attracted to other women in a very healthy way and have enjoyed their company and have felt more close to them as a result of it. I am absolutely without guilt in this department because I've never felt there was anything to be guilty about. I've never felt threatened in the supreme relationship that I have with my wife, Nan."

For Gay, sex outside marriage is "an appendage of friendship." His affairs aren't quickies, although force of circumstance sometimes rushes the encounters: he once took a young lady in the stacks of Esquire's research library and a friend of the family once took him against his dining-room wall in the late afternoon while Nan was en route from work. Every so often, one of Gay's *liaisons amoureuses* will be brought round for dinner and to meet Nan if she hasn't met her already. Discretion rules, of course. Gay holds his tongue. What Nan suspects, she keeps to herself. If she inquired, he would own up, but he believes a gratuitous confession is the last refuge of a scoundrel. Nan simply doesn't care for gory reports.

Has Gay ever seriously contemplated the cause of his Don Juanism? "Yes. I really do enjoy it. You know the Vince Lombardi quote: 'Winning isn't everything; it's the only thing.' Well, sex is joy. Writing isn't joy. Making money isn't joy. I receive no pleasure from work because it's total pain. The act of making love is the only pleasure I know," He traces his female cathexis back to childhood. "Women are so beautiful. When I was a little boy in Ocean City I used to marvel at the women on the beaches. The female form is so desirable. I can totally recall with details women I saw on the beaches of Ocean City in 1939. I can close my eyes and see them. I've never been in therapy. I can't analyze it."

But Mary Phillips gives it a whirl. She is the ex-wife of *Screw* editor Al Goldstein and one of several sex-book sources who have succumbed to Gay's interviewing techniques. During their first couple of morning sessions in his study, he passed the observation that in his experience subjects open up better after sexual intimacy. Miss Phillips welcomed the overture. Gay turned her on and besides she was trying to deprogram herself from sexual exclusivity. She had been monogamous with Goldstein and now she and her lover were experimenting. So Gay and his interviewee did it right there in his study. "I asked him later if he f—— much down there, and if so, wasn't Nan wise to it? He said he did on occasion but that Nan never bothered him." A *Captain's Paradise* and he doesn't even have to flip the photos.

The honeymoon was brief. "We couldn't make any noise while we were f—— downstairs," comments Phillips. "The whole scene suggested that sex was dirty. Then somebody knocked on the door as we were getting dressed. I had to hide in the kitchen. It was like an episode from a soap opera. It was the maid knocking."

At lunch afterward Gay tried to swear her to secrecy. Phillips was anxious to meet Nan, but Gay wouldn't hear of it. "I wasn't going to call her up and say, 'I've got news for you, I just f—— your husband.' I merely wished to have everything on the table. He doubted my motives and called me a blabbermouth. So I told him if that were the case I'd never sleep with him again." And she didn't.

This was two years ago. Mary Phillips is pleased by Gay's latter-day candor in *New York*, but she still clings to her previous assessment. "With Gay it's less sexual pleasure than it is an ego trip. I think conquest is more important to him than research. Anyone who knows Gay knows all about his exploits. He revels in his image as a sexual hon and he works hard to maintain it."

What if Nan turned the tables on Gay and did as he did? Could he bear it? "Not for a minute," A. E. Hotchner stresses. "She's a one-men woman and that's part of what Gay demands inside." Nan agrees that her taking a lover would not go over well with her husband.

"I think it would be very difficult for you," she said to Gay in the course of a late August evening conversation I had with them.

"What would I do besides kill him?" he replied.

"Probably you'd kill me," Nan joked.

"No, I wouldn't. I don't want a repeat of the *Sicilian Clan*."

Although Gay won't commit himself to an Italian-style *crimine passionnale*, he won't endorse Nan's theoretical infidelity either. However, at first he underlined that Nan was free and that he's abided by her unfavorable decisions before and that if an affair didn't change her or affect their marriage, friendship or love, then he could accept it.

Gay's credo was incredible to me. We horsed around with the question for several more minutes. Then I asked him again point-blank if his relationship with Nan could survive intact if she shared his attitudes.

"Would I feel about Nan as I do?" he said.

"Would you have the confidence that I have?" Nan asked.

"I think it's fair to say no," Gay answered uneasily. "I'd just have to be honest about that. Nan would be a different person. She'd be like most people and I wouldn't marry most people. . . . The marriage would survive. I'd live with her, but it wouldn't be special."

Ahah! The defamer of chickenhearted liberals, the apostle of consenting polymorphous perversity and the roving correspondent of the sexual revolution, is actually a chauvinist pig in his own backyard. Not with his wife you don't. "I'm not a hypocrite," Gay contended in a follow-up discussion. "It's more complicated than that." He has been miserably lonely on the road without Nan. In the beginning, he implored her to accompany him to California. She could get a leave from Random House and bring the kids out with her. The old *Kingdom and the Power* and *Honor Thy Father* team would be reunited. They would pilgrimage to Sandstone together. Nan would be his co-researcher, his Virginia Johnson. He could test his impressions on her just as he did after all-nighters with *Times* men and assorted mafiosi and their wives. She might even coauthor the book. But Nan nixed the invitation.

Gay did a six-week stint at Sandstone in May-June of last year. He passed in the commune's everybody-belongs-to-everybody-else basic training with honors, and telephoned Nan daily expressing his newfound ecstasy. When he returned to Ocean City in July, he tried to con Nan into a Sandstone state of mind. Gradualism was the best policy. Walk before you run. Thus he prevailed upon her to visit a nudist camp with him. Nan relaxed in the buff at Sunshine Park in Mays Landing, New Jersey, one summer afternoon. It was no big deal, but she still wouldn't go all the way with Sandstone.

Pushing Sandstone on Nan doesn't connect. Where was the percentage in offering his wife up for sexual sacrifice when he freely admits *her* infidelity would ruin their romantic idyll? "It's possible that if Nan went to Sandstone, she would have made love to someone else. There is also the possibility she would have become enamored of another person and divorce me and I would have lost my best friend." Then why reservations for two at a sex commune?

Gay is glad we're finally here. Now he can sum it all up. "You have to take risks. Let me give you a line from Sinatra which is really a line from Talese." He reached over his desk for a copy of his collection, *Fame and Obscurity*, and read from a 1967 piece entitled *Frank Sinatra Has A Cold*.

"In an age when the very young seem to be taking over, protesting and picketing and demanding change, Frank Sinatra survives as a national phenomenon, one of the few prewar products to withstand the test of time. He is the champ who made the big comeback, the man who had everything, lost it, then got it back, letting nothing stand in his way, doing what few men can do: he uprooted his life, left his family, broke with everything that was familiar, learning in the process that the one way to hold a woman is not to hold her."

Gay turns immediately to another article in the book—a profile of Peter O'Toole. O'Toole had an enormous influence on Gay in 1963, when he was deliberating the wisdom of having a child. Nan wanted to get pregnant, but Gay feared the loss of independence. "O lad, don't worry, give your wife a child," O'Toole counseled. "F—— it. Do it." Then Gay recited from O'Toole's favorite poem which he quoted in the profile:

"I do not choose to be a common man . . . it is my right to be uncommon—if I can . . . I seek opportunity—not security. . . . I went to take the calculated risk; to dream and to build, to fail and to succeed . . . to refuse to harter incentive for a dole . . . I prefer the challenges of life to the guaranteed existence, the thrill of fulfillment to the stels calm of utopia."

"Man, that's what I'm into," Gay exulted. "I loved that interview. I probably dug that guy and his spirit of recklessness more than any other interview. That spirit is in everything I *(Continued on page 315)*

Beds

When sex came out of the bedroom a lot of other things moved in, expanding the functions and activities of this once private chamber. Eight prominent Americans tell you what's happening in theirs these days.



JIMMY BRESLIN

"It's like a subway station, this room," says Breslin. "It starts at six a.m. when our youngest kid turns on TV cartoons; sometimes at four a.m. he lets us know what a terrific test pattern we're missing. I wrote my new book, *World Without End, Amen*, in another place but it was typed here. The bed? Well, it's big. When I get depressed I hide under the covers for a week." The eight Breslins pose in the master bedroom of their home in Queens, New York, while a neighbor peers in.

SALVADOR DALI

"Beds for me create a glorious artificial paradise for working and dreaming; I have a bed with cushions of Chinese dragons and serpents, another made of Salomonic columns." The paradise pictured here was created in the ballroom of the St. Regis Hotel to simulate Dali's bedroom in Spain which is dominated by an ornate fireplace. "In the presence of fire there is more sleep, more fantastic, glorious dreams. And as the world knows very well, I am a fantastic dreamer."

Photographs by Dan Wynn



BILL LOUD

When Pat and Bill were divorced, he left "the big house on the hill" for a three-room bachelor apartment. "The bedroom is my crash retreat, a place where I go and shut the door. Don't have TV here—it dulls the mind—just a small stereo, king-sized bed, an old Japanese screen and some lanterns I found in a teahouse. Half the time I'm traveling, in Los Angeles or other parts of the country. While I have a terrific life going for me, only a very small part of it is going on here."



ROBERT ALTMAN

Altman's ten-room pied-à-terre near Hollywood is his office. And his bedroom, furnished with props from his films, is his very private office. "There's something about the confidentiality of the bedroom that makes it far more personal than a regular office, so I hold all my private business conferences here." The person he is conferring with privately is his wife Kathryn who brought the bed with her from a former marriage. Altman made the wrought-iron and tile headboard.



SONNY & CHER

"Our bedroom's like the old-fashioned kitchen: the center of the house. When we first were married we had such a small place that we got in the habit of watching TV and eating in bed, and our friends crowded around on the floor." This habit has carried over to their current, posher quarters in Holmby Hills, but with additions: an all-white bedroom, a specially made four-poster bed, stereo, TV cassette viewer, fireplace and two couches to accommodate friends and daughter Chastity.

Photograph by Tony Esparza



JO MIELZINER

Mielziner has lived with this single bed in his New York duplex since the 1930's. "I'd prefer a larger one with a motor to change positions but there's not enough room for it and the other things I've collected during fifty years in the theatre. Originally, my bed was the place of connubial bliss but now that I'm seventy-three years old it's another story, alas." It serves as a reading place, a work area for displaying his stage designs, and as a last refuge of peace and quiet.



ZSA ZSA GABOR

"Bedrooms should be fun, not just places to collapse in," says Zsa Zsa, seated on her bed ("an exact copy of Madame Du Barry's"). For fun, she hangs "a different painting in the bedroom every week, so I have something wonderful to look at. Also, often I have close friends to dinner. We eat off trays, something light, always with Dom Pérignon. Then we watch color television." Her other fun company is Genghis Khan, her dog. He sleeps nearby, on a marble table next to the bed.

Up the Down Co-ed

by R. V. Cassill

Notes on the eternal problem of fornication with students

The girl comes into my office at the end of my office hours. A while ago as I passed back and forth through the corridor I saw her waiting among half a dozen others who have some requirement for my time today. I couldn't begin to guess what shyness made her wait until last for her turn. I know her name. I have graded one of her papers. Her background, character and motives are unknown to me and of very little interest. Like the others who have come and gone she is wearing dungarees and a patched jacket—a costume I find both boring and pretentious.

She comes in carrying a book bag and a black notebook and sits down on the far side of my desk with the notebook balanced upright on her knees. She has begun to read the assigned material from Rilke, she tells me, and is having difficulties with comprehension, though many of the poems have "moved her a lot." I am obliged to believe that because the uncertainty of her voice seems to carry seismic vibrations of the feeling generated by her reading. Rather than trust her voice, presently she opens the notebook, reverses it, and shows its exposed interior across the desk for my inspection.

I read aloud: " 'Who, if I cried, would hear me among the angelic ordare?' "

"I'm not *exactly* sure what that means," she says with a sullenness I interpret as disguise for a whole dovecote of fluttering emotions.

I light my pipe and begin a discursive explanation. My hand that holds the still-burning match may be quivering a little, for I, too, have been shaken by those syllables of yearning and intimation, not for the first time. The body trembles. It might tremble a good deal more if it foresaw where it was being led.

The reader may be assured from the beginning that this late-afternoon conference is leading my student and me to a more profound sympathy with the poet. There are good reasons why it can not lead to something the reader might find more reprehensible. Not only am I nearing the mandatory age of retirement, I am firm in my conviction that the golden era of faculty-student copulation on our campuses has degenerated into something altogether more perilous and less promising. Now the lads who share the co-ed's room appear to keep a more proprietary eye on her comings and goings than the roommates and administration spies of my prime. What my contemporaries and I regard as the current brotherization of higher education acts to delimit sex to the status of a commodity, or perhaps a hygienic requirement. Students declare they prefer "good interpersonal relationships" to "grand passions." Other hypocritical sneers and inverted puritanisms of the young scare me more than the prohibitions that used to keep me nimble.

A great many years have passed since the morning when a ringing phone woke me to a hangover and the dean of women's voice saying, "Sorry to disturb you, Professor." She wondered if I knew the whereabouts of an undergraduate who had not checked back into the dormitory the night before. Of course I knew where she was—asleep in the room from which I had wobbled barefoot to answer the phone, with her glasses lying on the carpet beside the bed and her clothing—as I saw while the phone burned like a hot rivet stuck in my ear—strewn piece by piece from the front door of my house to the foot of the bed itself.

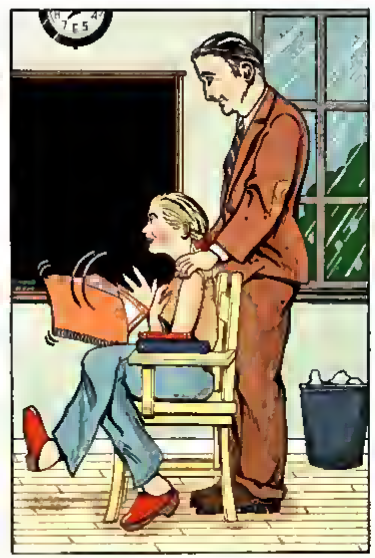
Where my wife was, how I answered the dean of women and hustled the girl into a taxi is another story, which I prefer to tell only to colleagues who are veterans of similar close shaves. My point is only that having for a long time dodged the classic traps and hazards, I have no stomach for the accusations of outraged youth. Better to be cut down by what was once called the sword of public outrage than mousetrapped by inconsistent pieties left over from the drug culture.

I see myself as a reasonably clean old man with a fixed nostalgia for the days when colleges were declared to stand *in loco parentis*. If the college was surrogate for the family guardianship of life, limb and mental health, then it was presumed to inherit the incest taboos existing within the nuclear family. Even the bachelor professor who courted and subsequently married one of his students seemed to glow with a sort of lurid radiance. In the days when the very term *co-ed* could be exploited by jokesters and journalists for its suggestions of moral intrepidity, the assumption was that the college girl might go down for football players or big men on campus. Maybe the coach of a winning team. At the farthest extreme, for a rare experimentar in behavioral psychology, half mesmerist and half Martian, anyhow. But surely not for advisers in the humanities, professors of history, chemistry, art, linguistics.

Probably it was that lurking specter of the incest taboo that heightened the emotional pitch for teacher and student, projecting on the erogenous zones of the imagination inferences about Abelard and Héloise or Ibsen's Master Builder enchanted to his doom by the demands of youth. What might be called a straw taboo performed its subtle erotic ministry. The unthinkable became inevitable. How bright the light went up in many a questing young mind when full awareness dawned that the man who was supposed to be sitting behind his desk *in loco parentis* (whatever that means, actually) was *not* Daddy but might by virtue of his age and experience satisfy long-frustrated curiosities about Daddy! Consider the inebriating shock of watching the hypothetical eunuch in the academic harem transfigured into the hypothetical satyr!

"Is this *allowed*?" a superior student once asked me with an ironic chortle ghastando-ing from awe to glee—certainly not an awe inspired by my recklessness or what I was doing to her, but awe of the transfiguration of roles she was helping me undergo.

A charming friend, now in her middle age and none the worse for it, once told me laconically that her parents sent her from the farm to college with the admonition, "Daughter, do what the professors tell you!" Some of her professors—three or four, I gather, at various stages of her higher education—directed her to his domo on the office desk or seminar table. And when this brilliant woman in her turn became a professor, she told me, she once gave a young man "crisp as celery" a composite grade for his summer's endeavors with her. "I teased that I would give him an A for being a good lover, a C for his written work, averaging it out to the B I reported to the registrar. Later I saw I had hurt his feelings more with this flippancy than anything else. He was very earnest about his future in the field. And he knew he had been a mediocre lover."



I thought she had given him justice rare in the annals of the grading system. But I see that in her anecdotes about submitting to and imposing authority there is nothing that particularly distinguishes colleges from any other institution. File clerks under the fluorescent lights of business or a government bureau look much the same to the executive seeming them from his corner office as students settling into a lecture amphitheatre look to a professor at his lectern. For purposes of concentrating potential targets, one institution is surely much the same as any other. Having a captive audience can give one a head start to any goal, and I suppose that shooting fish in a barrel has its fascination for some professorial sportsmen. But I truly think the systematic scorer is more a rarity in teaching than in most professions.

For there's something to the idea of the professor as a sexually neutralized being. H.L. Mencken used to overstress this in his malice against the "beaneries," as he called our schools. His slurs against the "enaphrodisiac wives" of the faculty came close to target without hitting it. He seems not to have guessed what many girls matriculate knowing—that if the professorial lamp is properly rubbed, the phallic genie will pop out.

I have known faculty wives around girls' colleges who vouched for the probability that the students were more "predatory" there than elsewhere. They think *The Blue Angel* is a red herring—that in real life it's not the show girl who makes the professor flap his wings and crow but a field-hockey star seperated too long from her boyfriends at other schools. Operating from the same commonsense suspicions, the administrations of such colleges have been more prone to hair-trigger firings of teachers accused of wrongdoing, so the professor there lived in a fog of peril unknowo to his fellows at the land-grant universities. Where it was dangerous even to think of plucking your red, white, or blue angel from the student body, the thing was often done, I suppose, before the intent to do it had cleared the threshold of consciousness. Absentmindedly, I mean. So the protests of innocence that sometimes accompanied the midterm discharges were often at least subjectively true. A friend who survived and smartened up at a girls' college told me in his riper years, "Now I put this picture of the wife and kids here on my desk where it faces them when they show up for conferences. If they want to climb past that, I can argue my responsibility is limited." Still, he expressed no eagerness to argue this fine point with a nervous administration.

I remember a student whose intent I had never suspected until the moment I hove between her knees. A freak frost coated the car windows that night to hide us from the view of passing students. Our loudest utterance was her chirp—"I'm so glad!"—as I went in. The semantic distinction between *gladness* and, say, *ecstasy*, *happiness* or mere *welcome* fascinated me as much as the action of her endearing parts and perhaps somewhat longer. Glad! The more I worked over the semantics the more firmly I believed she had chosen the *mot juste*, as women can at the moment of penetration. She was glad that her wide-eyed appreciation of my lectures had conveyed the essential signal of consent to me, the sly little wonder! So delicately stalked and signaled, I had met her pounce with mine, though we had not so much as touched fingertips in passing papers from hand to hand before that night of the miraculous frost. How purely the campus lights glowed through that frost as I gathered the dainty perquisites of my professorship!

Another confidante said of her roommate, "Oh, she's already *got* her professor"—which I did not understand to mean the fellow had been taken from his wife or even made to declare the permanence of his affection, but only that he was reliably available to her.

In any case what unfriendly hindsight might call predatory student behavior may be morally and psychologically ambivalent. In Herbert Gold's story *Paris and Cleveland Are Voyages*, a student, impatient to get

Illustrated by Doug Taylor

herself to Paris, is seduced by the ardant reminiscences of a middle-aged professor who has come back to mid-Americe from his trevels. Then, like La Belle Dame sans Merci herself, the girl leaves him palely loitering in Cleveland while she flies off to the legendary capitals he will never see again. It is a tale of the seducer seduced. Its justice is damn near too poetic to be borne by those of us who have endured the graduations of our campus wives.

Watching them go we say, in Jamesian phrase, that at least the experience has brought out certain values in them. What has done them so much good and us so little harm must surely have a sanction of its own, as Hawthorne's Hester said about her fornication with the minister. *Mutatis mutandis. Et in Arcadia ego*, we say. All things good and rare are brief, and though the longer such liaisons are protracted the more certain they are to turn into rueful comedy, it is just barely imaginable that the high notes we have struck may be the best allowed to the human couple grappling in the flesh. (We don't always talk this way in academic circles, or invoke D. H. Lawrence when we are nostalgic for sexual epiphanies, gone like the snows of yesteryear. We talk in all vernaculars. But somewhere between the study and the bed or moonlit sward—do you like that?—such things do get uttered. Or they say themselves in the cello chamber of the skull when we come blinking out of the library and see under the campus elms a sandaled girl "who had red, mournful lips and seemed the greatness of the world in tears . . .")

Lying sticky in the moonlight after such pleasures we may say—we have said—that very deep in the phylum of the race lurks the principle that education is the loftiest activity of man and that liberal education comprises more than cerebral intercourse. Lip to lip we have toyed with public-relations slogans about "educating the whole person." With heels on dashboard we have labored to turn this administrative cliché into simple, sensuous and passionate truth. And failed . . . ? In melancholy retrospect I'm not sure that, there and then, I failed, but only sure I could not cling to that soft assurance and quick-melting success.

In comic retrospect only the focus is different. In most of the good fiction which could be included in an anthology called *The Student Boffer*, pathetic comedy is the dominant mode. Lately there has been what might be called a "harvest" of such fiction. Among the best of the novels are Bernard Malamud's *A New Life*, Thomas Hinde's *High*, Hilary Masters' *An American Marriage*, Richard Stern's *Other Men's Daughters*, and Christopher Isherwood's *A Single Man*.

In Isherwood's tale the encounter is between a homosexual teacher and a male student, but all of us heterosexual knights at arms can recognize our own argument in this passage of dialogue: "'I know *exactly* what you want. You want me to tell you *what I know*. . . . And I can't tell you that. You have to find it out for yourself. I'm like a book you have to read. A book can't read itself to you. . . You could know what I'm about. You could. But you can't be bothered to. . . . Instead of trying to know, you commit the inexcusable triviality of saying "he's a dirty old man" and turning this evening . . . into a *flirtation*! . . . It's the enormous tragedy of everything nowadays: flirtation. Flirtation instead of fucking. . . . And miss the one thing that might really—and, Kenneth, I do not say this casually—*transform your entire life*.'"

The question unresolved in the novel is whether the transformation in Kenneth's life—if he had gone beyond flirtation, as he does not—would have been essential, peripheral, nominal, transcendental, or maybe just in the way he let his love beads hang. A question, in a word, that would set the Platonists against the Aristotelians again at a time when the campuses are supposed to be quieting down.

I won't take a position on it, except to say that what is surely operative in the intercourse I celebrate is the *wish* for such a transformation. You *want* to walk out of Sodom when the angel tells you it is time to go, and you want to walk out hand in hand. Figuratively speaking. Or lunge out, belly to belly, figuratively speaking. In any case get out and go "where body is not bruised to pleasure soul"—as you may declare to the young lady. "To Byzantium," you tell her, laughing your hangdog laugh.

Once late at night a friend of mine, who than intended to leave his wife and son for a student girl, several times denied my analysis of the temptation to put a capstone on educational efforts by getting an orgasmic acquiescence to them.

"Bullshit!" he said, with as much pain as scorn.

I said that all the finest intellectual Don Juans I had known cared less about getting girlish legs up than for the moment of hallowed sympathy and dialogue that came afterward. He said, "Bullshit!"

He said it was all bullshit because he had had that hit with his wife and some other women and he wouldn't be about to wreck up his career and self-image and the rest if that's all he was after. He said this girl of his just happened to have come to him honestly troubled about what she ought to believe from all the bullshit she was given in class and from the media and from the boys she had been going with. He had found, in answering her from his best thoughts, a release from all the bullshit he was in one way or another compelled to dish out in his classrooms or with his wife in those times when her sympathy and dialogue were not a hit hallowed.

Wasn't he afraid this girl would turn into a wife a little farther along the road? He wasn't following me.

He was thinking. What he thought was: "A man wants to *bolt it down*, doesn't he? You say something you truly believe to someone who is trying to believe it too and you've got to have some way of bolting it down. It's got to be bolted down. . . ."

I'm not sure it brings out the moral of this anecdote to tell how his story came out in time. I'm not sure how funny it is to think of this man, near forty then, trying on three continents and a hundred rented beds to "bolt down" the certainty of his desire. But it is funny, isn't it? "See him bolting it down in Rome. Bolting it in Tangiers. Bolting it in New England again." It's as funny as being mortal and wishing you weren't. The position is ridiculous, as the old maxim tells us.

The student who asked about Rilke's *Duino Elegies* is certainly thirsting to know what this modern poet means when he has the nerve to talk about angels. None of the medieval bullshit about angels with feathered wings will satisfy her. None of the contemporary bullshit about angels as part of religious superstition outmoded by advances in science. None of the academic bullshit about metaphor—about "tenor" and "vehicle." She wants to know about *angels*.

I can see the pupils of her eyes expand and contract as we talk, little jeweled orifices, quivering vortices down which the noblest intentions might plunge and be lost. Eyes blue enough for an angel to fly in.

Who—if she and I cried out in unison—gladly—would hear us among the angelic orders? (A professorial joke. Heh, heh.) ###

Infidelity

A SCREENPLAY BY F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

EDITOR'S NOTE America was watching the Hardy movies, and loving them. Andy Hardy, Judge Hardy, and Mother were showing us the kind of America we wanted to see. The year was 1938, and the Hays Office, a censorship board under the rule of Joseph Breen, was perfecting our vision, with Hollywood's willing consent. If Mr. Breen saw no reason why Walt Disney's cows should exhibit udders, it was not because Mr. Breen did not like movies. Mr. Breen saw a great many movies. Not infrequently, he saw scripts before they become movies. There was nothing wrong in this. Everyone—owners, producers, directors, writers, and Mr. Breen—was agreed it would be silly to turn a script into a movie if there were some basis to believe Mr. Breen might not like the movie. Or parts of it, anyhow. That's why Hunt Stromberg, F. Scott Fitzgerald's employer, showed Mr. Breen the script for Infidelity. The script was not yet finished, but it was finished enough to give Mr. Stromberg the notion that Mr. Breen might be displeased. And he was. Mr. Breen thought Mr. Stromberg and his employee, Mr. Fitzgerald, were making it look as if sin paid. It looked to Mr. Breen as if adultery were being rewarded. It looked to Mr. Stromberg, after Mr. Breen dismissed all arguments, that the whole affair was regrettable but nevertheless a bad job. So the script was not finished and the movie was not made. Thirty-five years later, what Mr. Fitzgerald had in mind about the breakup of an American marriage is seen here in print for the first time.



Illustrated by Barry Zaid

The Waldorf Roof after the theatre on a gala night A well-dressed crowd, two bands, a floor show

Camera picks up two men in tailcoats at a table near the door One of them is trim and elderly The other has wild, rumpled hair They have dropped in for a quick drink and their top hats sit on the table before them Both hold opera glasses to their eyes, through which they rather unsteadily observe the crowd

Camera shoots between them at the crowd

GREY HAIR Table beside the bass drum

RUMPLED HAIR (*moving his opera glasses*) I've got it

GREY HAIR What do you say?

RUMPLED HAIR Let me concentrate

A blurred close shot of a table across the room seen through a frame shaped like this ◯◯ to suggest opera glasses The blur clears to show two young people leaning ecstatically over the table toward each other

The observers' table

RUMPLED HAIR I say, engaged

GREY HAIR Sure Now the couple on their right

Camera, acting as opera glasses, pans to a dull couple of thirty, utterly bored, staring for amusement anywhere but at each other Accidently, their eyes meet with a glazed expression and, as if startled, hastily seek other focuses

GREY HAIR'S VOICE Married

RUMPLED HAIR'S VOICE That's too easy

Camera, as opera glasses, pans again to the right, picking up a devoted couple of thirty-five, happy, at ease with each other, interested in what's outside because they are seeing it together

RUMPLED HAIR'S VOICE Married

GREY HAIR'S VOICE Yes (*Pause*) Lucky devils

Camera, as opera glasses, pans left, picking up another couple The girl is talking earnestly, passionately to the man The man is listening, his mouth moving uneasily Once his eyes wander quickly from side to side, then back to her Her eyes have swayed slightly with his.

GREY HAIR'S VOICE Cheating

The observers' table Both men lower their opera glasses, laughing

RUMPLED HAIR That's obvious

He drinks as Grey Hair raises his opera glasses again

RUMPLED HAIR (*calling off*) Waiter—the check

GREY HAIR Wait a minute

Close-up of Grey Hair's face. His face tightens with interest as he looks through the glasses

GREY HAIR Take a look at this couple

The camera shoots between them at the crowd.

RUMPLED HAIR (*raising opera glasses as a waiter's hand lets check fall on table*) Where are they?

GREY HAIR Near the mike where the waiter is Seen their faces somewhere

Camera, as opera glasses, picks up Nicolas and Althea Gilbert at a table beside the floor show, they are a handsome, attractive, vital, well-dressed pair Camera holds on them during following business during which their lips move appropriately but we hear nothing They have just been served a light supper by a waiter who now retires Nicolas makes a polite reference to the floor show which she answers with a courteous smile, such as one gives to a stranger The smile fades rather quickly, however, and their eyes meet for a moment, gravely—but not as if they were strangers' eyes, for with a stranger, some conversation would have to go with such a look

Now Althea says something and he reacts politely and deferentially, again as to a stranger, but once again their eyes meet and hold, silent and inscrutable in the way no strangers' eyes would They are certainly accustomed to each other, with equal certainty there is a barrier between them

GREY HAIR'S VOICE What do you make of them?

RUMPLED HAIR'S VOICE Brother and sister

GREY HAIR'S VOICE Too polite (*Pause*)

RUMPLED HAIR'S VOICE Married—but love somebody else

At this point the couple's eyes meet for the second time

GREY HAIR'S VOICE I don't know about that either.

RUMPLED HAIR'S VOICE, I give up Come on Who started this game anyhow?

A sort of wipe dissolve, as if the glasses were being laid down, disclosing

Full shot of the room from the observers' table As Grey Hair and Rumpled Hair rise to pay their bill, the camera forgets them and moves swiftly forward through the tables with the music swelling up It takes position for a two-shot of Nicolas and Althea Gilbert and during the rest of this scene, as a distinct innovation in treatment, it remains *entirely* stationary. The shot is wide enough so that we can see the entertainment on the other side of their table—enough of it to almost hold our interest by itself In the floor show, between and beyond them, we see a soprano finishing a torch number.

SOPRANO (*singing*) *There's love outside the window, There's love beyond the door, There's love around the corner, But I don't go there anymore*

Nicolas and Althea clap perfunctorily Their eyes meet, but this time they avoid the glance just slightly

NICOLAS (*attentive*) More sherry?

ALTHEA No, thanks

Some gay people pass them going out, brush against the table, excuse themselves. Nicolas looks quickly to see if Althea has been annoyed, then inclines his head slightly. The two eat in silence With a not too emphasized gesture, Althea turns her wedding ring with her thumb. Headwaiter comes into scene

WAITER Everything all right, Mr Gilbert?

NICOLAS Very nice

ALTHEA (*almost in the same breath*) Very nice

Waiter retires

NICOLAS (*polite*) Salt

ALTHEA (*handing it*) Oh, I'm sorry

NICOLAS (*using it*) Thanks

A ventriloquist number now begins on the floor—they give it mild attention They are well-bred, their expressions are in full control The air of constraint will transpire from what they do and say—there should be no attempt to "act" it

THE VENTRILOQUIST (*to his dummy*) Well, Jimmy, since you took the fatal leap, I haven't seen so much of you.

DUMMY My wife complains of that, too.

A peal of laughter from a nearby table The Gilberts' expressions are pleasant but they do not smile Their attitude continues through several other jokes on marriage The ventriloquist moves out of our vision, his voice continues, faint and indistinguishable

NICOLAS Want some coffee?

ALTHEA No thanks, but you have some.

NICOLAS Not for me

Laughter at the ventriloquist comes from the tables Nicolas turns his head slightly but isn't much interested He raises his hand to the waiter who comes into the scene

NICOLAS Check, please (*To Althea.*) Or perhaps you want to see

ALTHEA (*wakening from an abstracted mood and covering up with a polite smile*) What? No—no. I've had enough

Nicolas nods at the waiter who figures the check Nicolas pays, and for the first time Althea looks around at the other tables, ending by looking directly into the camera which thereupon moves up to a close shot of her Her face is passive, mask-like, but we are sure she is a woman who has not found in life what she desires

The lobby of the Waldorf The Gilberts step out of the elevator, his attitude is protective The other passengers cast covert glances at this notably handsome, well dressed couple Camera follows them out the door

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The street in front of the hotel Nicolas stops beside a newspaper vending machine for an early morning edition After a step, Althea stops too In deference to her, he hurries with the paper stuffs it in his pocket, and they walk on together The doorman recognizes them

DOORMAN Yes, Mr Gilbert—your car's here (*Signals down street and blows whistle.*)

Limousine draws up, chauffeur jumps out, the Gilberts get in and they drive off

Interior of limousine, night Althea is staring straight ahead, Nicolas takes out his paper, turns on the little light and reads Althea's glance is caught by an item on an inner page—an advertisement for fine laces. Nicolas adjusts the paper politely so she can see it—before he turns the page, he takes a side-glance to see if she's finished

ALTHEA I'm through (*She turns eyes front again.*)

Hold on Nicolas and Althea riding in silence long enough to indicate that their silence is habitual No individual shots—the camera should emphasize their physical nervousness, yet lack of intimacy They seem to be so perfectly mated, they should be in each other's arms, deliriously happy

A rich but not palatial house in the East Sixties, night Nicolas starts to unlock the door when Starks, the butler, opens it



As camera follows them in

NICOLAS (*to butler*) You didn't have to sit up, Starks

BUTLER There were some phones, sir

Camera follows them into a luxurious drawing room, in the best taste, family portraits, etc, not just Park Avenue interior decoration These are people of tradition

BUTLER Your brother phoned from the airport in Chicago, sir He's arriving by plane tomorrow morning

NICOLAS Ah, good, good (*He half turns to Althea as if to share his joy, but recollects himself immediately, enthusiasm fading.*)

ALTHEA (*shedding her fur coat*) That's nice

BUTLER (*reading from a list*) And Mr E R P Atherton, and Senator Wade from Washington, and Mr Morris Cauley

NICOLAS (*lightly*) Give me the list—I'll dream on it

BUTLER (*to Althea from another list*) And from the hospital (*Althea is instantly alert*), the superintendent—Mrs Gostal, is it?

ALTHEA (*supplying it*) Mrs Gosnell

BUTLER She phoned that she has the other trustees for ten o'clock

ALTHEA Oh, thanks

BUTLER And there was Mrs Payson calling from Southampton, and Mrs Cromwell (*she takes the list from his hand*) and some gentleman who will call again (*To Nicolas.*) A bite to eat, sir? (*Picks up Nicolas' hat, stick, etc.*)

NICOLAS Thanks, we've eaten

Althea starts out into the hall

ALTHEA (*looking at list as she walks*) Starks, tell the new parlormaid she can stay Get her some new uniforms

Nicolas stands out of her way As she slowly passes the fireplace, her fur coat catches in the projecting spike of an ornate andiron She stops, detaches it in a gesture and goes on Nicolas quietly picks up the andiron and quickly bends the offending part until it breaks off Althea, unseeing, passes out the door

Close shot of Starks looking startled at the piece of andiron which Nicolas now drops on the floor Nicolas' face has not changed with the effort

The hall Althea mounts the stairs slowly Nicolas follows five steps behind.

Starks's face is seen looking up at them, faintly frowning

Two open bedroom doors

ALTHEA (*formally—a little hurried*) Good night I enjoyed the play

NICOLAS Good night, Althea

She goes into her room Nicolas looks after her for a split second Then camera follows him into his room Moving about, he takes off his coat his vest and slips off suspenders Then he looks at the list the butler has given him, crumples it, flips it absently into basket, frowns and stoops to look for it The basket has other papers in it, and patiently he smooths out one or two His hanging suspender, dangling on his arm, upsets the basket He stands up and looks at it listlessly The scene is not comic—it is to indicate and accentuate his aloneness, his helplessness, that boyish clumsiness which makes women feel maternal

Althea's bedroom Luxurious She is taking off her necklace Through the door, the maid is seen drawing a bath On her dressing table is a big open jar of cold cream She lets her dress slip off, stands on tiptoes and stretches Then she picks up a squash racket from a chair and, in front of the mirror, makes a couple of tentative strokes, practicing form, that brings her hair tumbling down

Nicolas' room In his pajamas, Nicolas presses a window-opening device, then he gets into bed and lies staring at the ceiling a moment before he turns off the light

Althea's room The maid waits Althea is coming from the bath, ravishing in a silk nightgown, looking like love—but no lover Camera should hold on these shots if tense mood of mystery has been successfully established

THE MAID Is there nothing Madame wants?

ALTHEA (*turning*) Nothing—absolutely nothing

The maid leaves Althea turns out the side-lights and gets into bed She opens a book, reads a few lines, then lowers it and stares at the ceiling

The camera moves up to the page of the book, open on her breast, and we read INVICTUS "*Out of the night that covers me,/ Black as the pit from pole to pole,/I thank whatever Gods may be/For my unconquerable soul./ In the fell clutch of circumstance/I have not winced nor cried aloud—*"

The shadow of her hand crosses the page The light goes out

The Gilberts' breakfast alcove on a May morning A New York street outside the window Althea, dressed in pajamas, looking very fresh and beautiful, is pulling up her chair at the breakfast table as the butler sets down two glasses of orange juice and two newspapers

Nicolas comes in, dressed for business

ALTHEA Good morning.

NICOLAS (*politely as he sits down*) Morning Sleep well?

ALTHEA Yes, thanks (*To butler as he brings over covered dish from the serving table and shows it to her.*) Is this made of the new ham?

BUTLER Yes, Madame

ALTHEA It ought to taste of hickory smoke and molasses (*More to herself.*) When I was a girl in Virginia, we had smokehouses full of it every autumn

The butler serves her husband who drinks his orange juice, looks at the headlines and puts the paper in his pocket Two lovebirds in a cage behind Althea cheep at her, and she gets up and goes to them The birds perch on her finger, and she chirps back at them

ALTHEA You'll get your breakfast after a while

She turns and looks at Nicolas He has just forked a piece of his sausage cake Suddenly he realizes he is being looked at and is grateful for her interest, eyes brightening.

ALTHEA Well—?

NICOLAS Well?
ALTHEA (*smiling*) Nicer?
NICOLAS What, nicer?
ALTHEA The ham
The look in his eyes makes her turn away to return the birds to their cage, and speak in a cooler voice
ALTHEA It's sent up from the South
Nicolas' little eagerness fades
NICOLAS Oh, yes—it's fine. Delicious. Everything is—
ALTHEA Thanks
The drawing room. A little later. We track in front of them as they walk from the breakfast alcove through the drawing room, to the front hall. Her side-glance is on the room as they pass—she stops momentarily to adjust some flowers that dangle awkwardly from a vase, then catches up with her husband.
The hall. The butler is handing Nicolas his hat and holding a light coat for him.
NICOLAS (*realizing something*) I don't need this—it's spring.
BUTLER Yes, sir.
NICOLAS And it's Saturday. (*To Althea.*) You going to the country?
ALTHEA To the Bancrofts'. You didn't want to go.
NICOLAS (*with a faint sadness*) No.
ALTHEA. You'll have so many things to talk over with your brother—I'll be back tomorrow night.
NICOLAS (*to butler*) If my brother phones here, call the office immediately.
BUTLER Yes, sir.
NICOLAS (*to Althea*) Have a good time.
ALTHEA Thank you, Nick.
He goes out.
Drawing room. Althea walks back toward the breakfast alcove. Over the shot comes the sound of a telephone bell.
Street. Truck Nicolas to the limousine. Inside, he takes out his newspaper. Then, involuntarily, as though propelled by a strange longing, an inner loneliness, he looks back toward the house.
Breakfast alcove. Althea, glancing out the window, sees him looking from the limousine. She waves her handkerchief in a friendly fashion—but only friendly, like everything else. Sound of telephone bell continues.
The limousine. Nicolas' reaction. His eyes almost glisten with emotion.
The breakfast alcove. Althea turns from window, unmoved. The phone in breakfast alcove is still ringing. The butler hastens to answer it.
BUTLER (*at phone*) Who is this, please? (*To Althea.*) A gentleman from foreign parts.
ALTHEA (*surprised*) A gentleman from foreign parts? (*Suddenly an expression of pleased recognition comes into her face as she crosses to the phone.*)
The International Life Company, anteroom of the gigantic offices. Camera picks up Nicolas coming in from outside and tracks him through deferential clerks, typists at desks, and people waiting to see him, following him into his luxurious private office with the skyline outside the windows. He is definitely in a mood, throws his hat on his desk and wanders to the window, his eyes far away.
Miss Crane, his secretary, a neutral, not glamorous type, comes in and hangs up his hat.
SECRETARY Morning, Mr. Gilbert. (*She sits down with pad and pencil.*)
NICOLAS (*abstracted*) Good morning. (*He looks at her.*) Not yet.
SECRETARY (*surprised at his tone*) What?
NICOLAS (*as if in a dream*) I mean, not yet. There's something else.
SECRETARY (*puzzled*) Something I can do?
NICOLAS (*seeing her for the first time*) Not you. No, not you. (*More collected.*) I'll send for you later.
Confused, she turns, her handkerchief dropping from her lap. Nicolas takes a step and picks it up, holds it gingerly, his mind going back to his wife's gesture of that morning.
SECRETARY You don't approve of my handkerchief?
NICOLAS Oh, yes. It's very nice. (*Hands it to her.*)
SECRETARY (*smells it*) The perfume's some you gave me last Christmas.
NICOLAS Hmm.
An office boy opens the door.
BOY Mr. Harrison Gilbert.
Immediately a burly, successful-looking man, a few years older than Nicolas, brushes by him and advances toward his brother.
HARRISON Nick!
NICOLAS Harry!
They do a boyhood grip—first slapping, then clasping hands on the third count. Miss Crane and the office boy go out.
HARRISON (*smiling—referring to the grip that Nicolas fumbled*) You missed it—first time in twenty years. What's the matter?
NICOLAS (*smiling*) I'm just surprised. I thought you weren't ever coming East again.
By the door. The office boy opens it, piles two expensive, shining leather grips and a bag of golf clubs inside. As the door closes—
Two-shot of the brothers.
HARRISON I wanted to see you . . . to see you close.
NICOLAS (*a little embarrassed*) Well, that's nice—
His brother turns him to the window and examines him.
HARRISON I meet people sometimes—who've seen you—and they say things—things that worry me.
NICOLAS (*scoffing*) What's this?
HARRISON They say you look like thirty—you think like forty—you always did—but you act like fifty.
NICOLAS (*backing away*) I deny it all.
HARRISON And when a man acts like fifty, he feels like fifty. And, Nick, you're thirty-three.
NICOLAS Am I? That's right.
HARRISON How's Althea?
NICOLAS Never better. Very busy—interested in the children's ward she started at the orthopedic. She's gone to the country for the night, but you'll see her tomorrow.
Pause. Harrison sits on desk.
HARRISON Nick, what's the matter between you two?
NICOLAS Oh, we're fine. Do you expect two people to go on staring at each other like a couple of love-sick calves all their lives? Do people expect marriage to be one long honeymoon? Marriage has its phases—its acts—like anything else. This is another act, that's all.
HARRISON (*interrupting*) Nick, what's the matter between you and Althea? What happened two years ago? (*Pause.*)
NICOLAS A door closed, that's all.
HARRISON Why? Why, Nick, up to two years ago—
At this point, with the voices continuing as an overtone, the scene dissolves to a montage composed of the following elements:
(a) Althea in a wide hat in a rose swing—Nicolas pushing and running completely under it, so that first her smiling face and then his come up to the camera.
(b) Nicolas in a room, holding a stepladder. Althea is driving a nail—She loses her balance, clutches the air wildly, and falls into his arms, laughing.
(c) Nicolas and Althea, dressed as clown and harlequin, driving down a country road at dawn, his arm about her.
(d) Nicolas and Althea donkey riding in Mexico—her donkey stampedes, sending him teaming after in wild alarm.
(e) Nicolas and Althea snowballing each other in front of a big house. Nicolas ducks and a snowball knocks off the hat of a staid passerby.
(f) Nicolas at phone, his face fond and tender. Althea at phone, the same.
(g) Two hands over teacups, clasping.
(h) Nicolas and Althea entering a bedroom, arms about each other, closing a door behind them.
Over this shot comes the following conversation:
HARRISON (*continuing*) . . . You were the happiest pair I ever knew. The only thing that bothered me was that you were too happy.
NICOLAS It couldn't last.
HARRISON But it didn't have to break into bits. There was enough to last you your lifetime. People used to stare at you, envying you, wondering where you'd found it—found what everyone in the world is looking for.
Pause.
NICOLAS Don't you think I remember. On the day she sailed for Europe, two years ago—if anyone had told me it could end—
His voice fades off as the montage ends.
Medium shot. The gangway of an ocean liner. A standing sign reads, "Conte di Savoia—Sailing at Midnight." Shooting from the pier, the camera goes swiftly up the gangway, passing stewards with luggage.
Dining salon of the ship. Quite a few people supping or drinking at tables. In the foreground a well-dressed group is saying good-bye.
Ad lib. Write me from Paris?
Your summer clothes are in the country.
Etc.
STEWARD'S VOICE (*calling over scene*) Fifteen minutes more.
Camera trucks forward swiftly through tables, taking up a medium-close position as in the shot on Waldorf Roof. Nicolas and Althea sit opposite each other but now all has changed. The emotions are love and excitement, sadness and animation, and every emotion is shared and exchanged.
ALTHEA (*leaning over table*) I don't believe I'm going away. I never have believed it and I never will. If you were leaving me, I could understand it—but that *I'm* going away, free and in my right mind—(*She shakes her head somberly from side to side.*)
NICOLAS You're not going away. Listen, did you read in the papers about the dog they froze up in a cake of ice—
ALTHEA Poor dog.
NICOLAS Wait a minute—
ALTHEA (*near tears anyhow*) I'm afraid I'm going to weep over that dog.
NICOLAS Wait! They thawed him out after a month, and he came to life again. That's how it'll be with us.
ALTHEA But what'll I think about in my cake of ice?
NICOLAS Oh, you'll look out and see the Italian scenery and watch your mother get well and write me letters.
ALTHEA (*desolately*) Here are some letters. (*She hands him a package—six letters, each addressed to Nicolas Gilbert, Esq.*) This is for the time I'm on the boat. You're to open one every day.
NICOLAS Oh, that's fine.
ALTHEA They're not so good. They're all about the waves and the fascinating stranger I meet on the boat deck in the storm. (*Pause.*) You ought to see a lot of Kitty Tredwick while I'm away, or Mary Hoffman or that horrible woman with the pink hair you admire so.
NICOLAS (*taking out notebook and consulting it*) I'm seeing her tonight. The others'll have to wait a few days.
ALTHEA And *please* wear the knee bandage another month. And listen. (*Leans over table.*) I don't want you to write me. Send me a few cables if you like.
NICOLAS (*vaguely hurt*). Not write?
ALTHEA No. I can't explain. This is a dream, being away from you, and a cable is part of the dream, all vague and impossible. But a letter would be like seeing you a long way off—where I couldn't reach out and touch you.
Nicolas is shaking his head from side to side—tears are winking in his eyes.
NICOLAS You are the craziest girl.
STEWARD'S VOICE (*off scene*) Five minutes more.
NICOLAS I want to see your state room.
As they go up—
A beautiful, big, light cabin on a high deck filled with flowers, Nicolas and Althea coming in. She stands with her arms folded, looking at the floor.
NICOLAS Comfortable?
ALTHEA Yes.
NICOLAS Everything you want? (*Crosses to washstand.*)
ALTHEA Yes.
NICOLAS (*at washstand*) Hot water—cold water—(*Neither flows.*) I guess they don't go till the boat starts. Even ice water.
ALTHEA You can freeze me right now.
He comes behind her and puts his arms around her.
NICOLAS No, not yet.
ALTHEA (*unsmiling*) Yes.



NICOLAS (*letting her go and speaking with dead seriousness*) This is pretty awful, isn't it?
ALTHEA This is the awfullest thing that ever happened. I can't stand it.
She grabs his hand and begins to jump up and down. He jumps with her and, unsmiling, like two children, they jump in a circle, shouting.
ALTHEA AND NICOLAS We—can't—stand—it. We—can't—stand—it—
Door opens and stewardess puts her head in.
STEWARDESS Is anything wrong?
They stop jumping and look at her.
NICOLAS AND ALTHEA (*together*) Yeeesss. Everything.
NICOLAS (*peeling fives from a bull roll*) You take care of this lady as if she was a piece of glass. She *is*.
A tin gong beats in the hall.
STEWARDESS All ashore that's going ashore. (*She exits.*)
Althea, wide eyed, points suddenly to the window.
Shot of the porthole and outside it.
Apparently the ship is in motion, passing the lighted portholes of another ship.
Nicolas throws up his hat in joy.
NICOLAS Yea—we're moving! I'm a stowaway. I'll ride as far as Quarantine.
ALTHEA You can't ride to Quarantine! It's contagious there.
Althea rushes toward the porthole.
Medium shot as from the porthole. Another ship, backing into dock, is passing close to the *Conte di Savoia*. It is the old optical illusion of one's own train moving when it is really the train beside it, moving in another direction.
Two-shot of Nicolas and Althea beside the porthole.
Nicolas laughing; Althea looking relieved.
ALTHEA Shall I be glad or sorry?
NICOLAS It gave me an idea. I'll ride to Quarantine with you and come back on the tug.
ALTHEA (*catching his arm and starting him out the door*) You will not. I won't have you catch some foreign disease.
NICOLAS (*resisting*) Quarantine is only where they halt the immigrants' ships.
ALTHEA Then why do they call it Quarantine?
NOTE: *Althea has no "screwball" affectations but is clinging to any talk that distracts her.*

As they go out of the cabin—

The embarkation deck crowded with good byes Nicolas and Althea come out and make their way to the rail beside the gangplank.

ALTHEA They wouldn't call it Quarantine if—

NICOLAS I tell you it doesn't mean disease

Althea waves at someone on the dock His eyes follow

ALTHEA There's Charles.

Medium shot of crowd on dock

Close up of uniformed chauffeur waving his cap

Two shot of the deck Nicolas and Althea waving back.

ALTHEA Charles wouldn't say that about Quarantine (*She chokes back her tears, turns suddenly to Nicolas, takes hold of his upper arms and says in a quiet voice*) You're my man—you know it, don't you? (*He looks at her unsmiling*) You know I'd die for you this second or any second, and I haven't any life in the world apart from you You know it, don't you?

He smiles just slightly and nods There is a great din from the gongs and now the crowd pushes over and through them, scrambling for the dock Nicolas and Althea are borne apart by the rush

Close-up of Althea, raising her voice a little to reach him.

ALTHEA You know it, don't you? You're aware of it, aren't you, Mister?

Close-up of Nicolas borne, resisting, with the crowd, trying to stop by the gangway rope A man humps against him

MAN Beg pardon

NICOLAS I beg your pardon (*He looks back at Althea*)

Close-up of Althea She cups her hands

ALTHEA Know it?

Close-up of Nicolas pushed farther down gangway Agonized, he makes a hugging gesture with his arms

Close-up of Althea with tears on her cheeks

Medium shot of Nicolas at bottom of gangway walking backward

Close shot of Nicolas He trips—his chauffeur catches him. Nicolas hardly notices that he has tripped He and the chauffeur fight their way to the dock railing

Medium shot of the boat from the dock Passengers waving.

Two shot of Nicolas and chauffeur.

NICOLAS Which is she? Where is she?

CHAUFFEUR There—on the boat, sir

NICOLAS Where? Where?

CHAUFFEUR (*peering stupidly*) She's one of those people

NICOLAS (*passionately*) No, she's not—she's something entirely different!

Close-up of Althea on the deck, her face in a set smile, automatically waving a handkerchief

Close-up of Nicolas seeing her, his face lighting up Whistles and horns are blowing.

Medium shot of the ship—moving

Close-up of Althea, her handkerchief blowing from her hand The camera follows it as it flutters down the side of the ship

Close-up of Nicolas seeing the handkerchief, his eyes following it down He starts from scene

Medium shot of the ship pulling away

Close up of handkerchief landing on dock, still fluttering along under dock lights in the breeze from the boat

Camera trucks after Nicolas as he runs out dock where the crowd is thinner He stops, waves toward the boat and goes on His face is serious as he pursues the handkerchief He almost has it when with a last little jump it disappears over the side of the dock He looks after it, then he looks after the boat

Long shot of boat in the distance.

Nicolas raises his hand to wave but realizes the boat is too far away It is difficult for him to realize Althea has actually gone.

Apartment house on Park Avenue

Nicolas gets out of his car and walks in.

Magnificent duplex apartment Starks admits Nicolas

NOTE *In this retrospective, even Starks's clothes are a different type than in the contemporary part of the picture*

NICOLAS Hello, Starks.

Camera trucks Nicolas through the dining room, with Starks following

STARKS Did Madame get off all right?

NICOLAS Don't let's—mention Madame for a few days

Phone rings

STARKS A Mrs Holland has called several times

NICOLAS (*now at the buffet in dining room*) Didn't you tell her Mrs. Gilbert was sailing?

STARKS She asked for you, sir

NICOLAS (*mixing a drink*) Asked for *me*? *I* don't want to speak to her (*Drinks*) She may be beautiful to some people—(*Drinks*) She always reminds me of a monkey (*Finishes drink.*) I'm going to bed.

Nicolas' bedroom. He is in pajamas, sitting on the side of the bed, taking off his slippers A cigarette burns on the night table. Phone rings, absentmindedly, he picks it up

NICOLAS Hello—hello. (*At the response, his face falls—he starts to hang up, wishing he'd let it ring With artificial enthusiasm:*) Oh, hello What brings you here yes, I know you live here (*curses to himself*) but I thought you were away—in India or somewhere (*he lowers the phone from his mouth while he picks up the cigarette from the night table He speaks impatiently to himself*), or in the zoo.

WOMAN'S VOICE (*on phone*) I read in the paper that Althea sailed today.

NICOLAS Yes, she did

VOICE So I sprang to the phone, thinking, 'Now that he's unprotected, I can try again'

Nicolas nods grimly at the phone Then an idea strikes him.

NICOLAS (*confidentially*) As a matter of fact, you can come right over I don't think Althea's coming back at all

VOICE (*startled*) What?

NICOLAS Fact—she's leaving me Listen—come in by the window, will you?

VOICE (*startled*) The window?

NICOLAS (*very confidentially*) Climb up the side of the building. There's a big parade of baby pandas coming in the door That's what Althea couldn't understand—that's why she left me— (*A click at the other end Nick looks at the phone, smiles and hangs up*)

Insert—envelope *Nicolas Gilbert, Esq*
To be opened the first day

Insert—another envelope *Nicolas Gilbert, Esq.*
To be opened the second day

And so on, with flashes of two more envelopes

An office. Morning It is very smart and important but not the same office that Nicolas occupies now.

Nicolas—the cheery, spirited Nicolas of two years ago—comes in, just arriving for his morning's work A woman, apparently his secretary, is seated at a typewriter with her back to him and does not rise as he comes in He gives her a faintly surprised glance, forgets her, sits down and opens the top drawer of his desk Two envelopes, addressed to him in Althea's writing, remain He puts one back in the drawer and looks at the other.

Insert—envelope *Nicolas Gilbert, Esq.*
To be opened the fifth day

Nicolas opens it and spreads it out before him

Woman at typewriter steals a side glance at him

Iris Jones is about thirty, well preserved, healthy and with a certain charm Any man would look at her twice, but she is cast as one who has not the special hallmarks by which the privileged classes identify each other. She runs her words together in a way Althea would not, and though Althea uses a racier vernacular, her slang seems always within quotes It is important that she be cast as a small-town girl

She turns back to the desk

Nicolas continues to read the letter He is absorbed and intent.

The door of the office opens very quietly, disclosing the same Miss Crane we have met before the retrospective, but, of course, in a noticeably different costume She looks at Iris and smiles like a conspirator

Iris, seeing her, smiles back mischievously, hand at her lips.

Miss Crane, smiling, withdraws quietly

Nicolas finishes the letter and puts it in a locked drawer which we see contains the open sheets of other letters in Althea's writing

He snaps out of his dream and stands up

NICOLAS Well, Miss Crane, suppose we forge onward and upward

Close shot of Iris, her back still turned

IRIS Yes, Mr Gilbert.

NICOLAS (*pacing*) The position of a Vice-President—(*The fact of a strange voice suddenly penetrates his consciousness and he stands still*) What's that?

IRIS I only said, "Yes, Mr Gilbert"

Nicolas walks swiftly toward her—as he nears, she swings around, facing him, gravely smiling

NICOLAS Iris Jones[1] (*He takes hold of her arms*) Iris Jones[1]



IRIS I fooled you I was pretending to be your secretary again

They look at each other She is smiling but her eyes are a little frightened Nicolas conceals a lot going on in his mind by resuming his mood of astonishment

NICOLAS (*letting go of her arms and straightening up*) Iris[1] Well, sit *down*

IRIS I am sitting down But I can stand up (*She does so Smiles at him, trying to be just an old friend, but adoring him*)

NICOLAS I can't believe it Come here (*To conceal his momentary confusion he walks back toward his own desk and sits down She follows and stands beside him.*) Iris[1] (*He shakes his head*) Sit down (*She looks about—there's no chair She half sits on desk*) Here, let me get you a chair (*He rises and goes over to chair where she's been sitting, brings it over and prints at it*) Here, sit down (*He sits down in it himself*)

NOTE *Gag ends here—don't plug it*

NICOLAS I haven't seen you for five years

IRIS Almost six years

NICOLAS Iris[1]

IRIS (*pretty upset herself*) You were the first man who ever called me Iris I used to be Irene, but the day before I got the job as your secretary, I found Iris in a book called *The Green Hat*

NICOLAS Are you still Iris?

IRIS Yes—and still Iris Jones Though perhaps it won't be long now

NICOLAS You're getting married?

IRIS I think so I came to New York to see it once more and sort of make up my mind I live upstate

NICOLAS Where?

IRIS Oh, upstate You know—at the top of the map In a little town.

NICOLAS Hiding out, eh? You think I'm going to pursue you there?

IRIS No, I know all about you (*Pause*)

NICOLAS (*thoughtfully*) I didn't forgive my father for—*spiriting* you away One morning you just weren't here—that's all And I got your note It was months before I realized that father had done it

IRIS You've forgiven him now, haven't you?

NICOLAS Yes (*Seeing her face fall ever so slightly.*) Not altogether We had happy times, you and I

A luncheon table in a crowded downtown restaurant a few hours later Nicolas and Iris have just finished lunch

IRIS I'm glad your marriage is happy, and I'm glad I'm glad

NICOLAS That's like you

Waiter comes into the scene Nicolas pays the check during the next speech

IRIS I wasn't always glad I hated her at first—her picture in the paper in the fur coat she was always used to—and you gave me my first one But then I got to like her face—very brave—and loyal—and I knew she'd never let you down—she'd take care of you as long as you live

NICOLAS Do women really fret about men— or do they just pretend to?

IRIS (*considering—granting it to her sex*) They fret a lot

NICOLAS If Althea had married someone else, I'd *want* her to come to a bad end

IRIS Do you want me to come to a bad end?

NICOLAS (*affectionately*) Not you

IRIS (*matter of factly*) Because you never cared very deeply

NICOLAS Bunk—I hate that talk about 'the only girl I ever loved' I loved you once, Iris—for a year I thought you were the only person in the world Why do I have to lose that? Why do I have to deny it or belittle it? It was there—it was there

Two shot, with the camera favoring Iris, her eyes shining with gratitude

NICOLAS (*getting up*). And now I love Althea—probably loving you taught me what love was about

Small hotel Night

Nicolas in dinner coat and black soft hat, helping Iris out of taxi

IRIS Thanks, it was wonderful It was like old times—almost (*Pause.*)

NICOLAS (*with a friendly smile*) Now wouldn't it be silly if it was like old times—*completely*? Wouldn't it? It would spoil everything

IRIS (*naturally*) Good heavens—I realize that I wouldn't even like you if you made love to me

NICOLAS When do we meet?

IRIS (*rather startled*) Well, I was going home tomorrow

NICOLAS (*scoffing*) You've only been here three days And I'm lonesome Who could be better company? I think even Althea would approve (*Lightly*) I'm phoning her tomorrow, and if it didn't cost five dollars a minute, I'd even tell her about it!

A telephone switchboard An operator is working

OPERATOR Mr Nicolas Gilbert is calling Mrs Nicolas Gilbert at the Lombardi Hotel, Florence, Italy

Another switchboard.

OPERATOR (*Italian type*) *Signora Gilbert—un momento, aspetti, prego Signora Gilbert?*

A luxurious hotel sitting room Althea is at the phone in summer clothes and hat

ALTHEA (*ecstatically*) Oh, darling! Oh, darling, she's much better She's up and around We're starting home two weeks from today.

New York Nicolas' office (of two years ago)

NICOLAS (*standing at the phone*) I've played golf—I've played squash—I've laid awake thinking of you night after night

ALTHEA (*standing at the phone*) Oh, this is awful—worse than a letter I want to get on the boat right away Did you look at the country place?

NICOLAS' VOICE (*over wire*) What country place?

ALTHEA The one I mentioned in the last letter

NICOLAS' VOICE I didn't get it

ALTHEA The last letter I gave you at the boat.

Nicolas, in his office. He starts His hand moves to the

drawer where the last letter still reposes, unopened. He slips it in his pocket.

NICOLAS: Oh, yes—ye-es. Listen, Althea, please come home.

ALTHEA: Oh, darling, if wires can sing, these wires ought to be in opera now.

NICOLAS' VOICE: We're talking on the air.

ALTHEA: You mean walking on air.

NICOLAS' VOICE (*misunderstanding*): No! Talking on air.

ALTHEA: Walking *and* talking. It's grand!

Telephone switchboard. Operator, with a smile, is handing earphone to another.

OPERATOR: *Disse senti questi Americane pazzi come parlano.*

Althea's sitting room. Full shot. She hangs up and turns from the phone. Her convalescent mother, an aristocratic woman of fifty, quiet and *not* domineering, is coming in from the bedroom, followed by an English nurse. The latter is a sort of feminine Arthur Treacher. Both are dressed to go out.

ALTHEA: Oh, Mummy, it was wonderful! I actually heard his voice.

MRS. CHILTON (*dryly*): Whose voice did you expect?

ALTHEA (*jubilantly*): Off for the races?

ENGLISH NURSE: The races—I thought we were going to tea in the country.

ALTHEA (*beating her breast*): I meant the races in here. (*In time to her hands.*) Pt-a-*clop*, pt-a *clop*, pt-a-*clop*, pt-a-*clop*. Nicolas wins! Althea second—hurray!

MRS. CHILTON: This two-year-old ought to be back in her stable.

ALTHEA: You know I won't leave you till you're stronger. Excuse me for being so happy—that he's well and alive. (*She turns to the open window and speaks more gravely.*) I'll be with you in a minute—I want to think of everything he said while I can still remember. (*Her eyes are far away as she looks out.*)

ENGLISH NURSE: The country around Florence is beautiful this—

She subsides as Mrs. Chilton's hand covers her hand warningly. The nurse looks at Althea, only half understanding.

Close shot of Althea at window. Her expression is a gentle, kindly smile, with a trace of sadness in her eyes—a longing deep in her, passive, not dynamic.

NURSE'S VOICE (*over shot after pause, rather resentfully*): The country *is* beautiful—Lady Whaley once told me— Oh, I beg your pardon.

Althea turns around.

ALTHEA: All right—let's go.

MRS. CHILTON (*to Althea*): Hm? I haven't seen you like this since that awful summer you were fifteen.

Long shot of a hilltop restaurant just outside of Florence. A simple, picturesque local café, popular with visitors. (*The hilly nature of the location is necessary to the story.*)

In front of the restaurant. The hills fall away rather steeply from a terrace on one side. There is music coming from inside. A limousine drives up. Althea and the nurse help Mrs. Chilton out.

Interior of restaurant. Beside the door there is a cashier's desk with postcards and souvenirs for sale. In one corner, three peasant musicians play guitars throughout the scene. At tables covered with colored napkins, two dozen customers are scattered—tourists having tea or drinks, and natives playing cards or dominoes.

Our party enters. A waiter approaches them, and the camera tracks with them to a table.

Group shot of their table. The nurse is taking off Mrs. Chilton's wrap.

MRS. CHILTON (*to Althea*): Did you see who I saw?

ALTHEA: No, who?

MRS. CHILTON: I think it's Alex Aldrich.

ALTHEA (*looking over her mother's shoulder, then cautiously drawing her head out of sight*): Heavens! I think it is.

A table, twenty feet away. Alex Aldrich, an American in his late twenties, is looking at a map spread out on his table. He is the type played by Ralph Bellamy in *The Awful Truth*—handsome, attractive, worthy, thoroughly admirable, but somehow too heavy in manner to grip the sympathy of an audience if playing opposite a man of charm.

Group shot of Althea's table. A waiter is coming into shot.

WAITER (*to Althea*): Tea, Signora?

MRS. CHILTON: Tea.

ALTHEA: Tea—with lemon and biscuits.

The nurse nods to waiter. He withdraws.

MRS. CHILTON (*to Althea*): Does he see us?

ALTHEA: No, thank heavens. (*To nurse.*) Change places with me.

As they change places, the shot widens to include another table, five feet away. Three men sit there: one is a pudgy, "overgrown" man of thirty, an unattractive, overbearing type. He is the illbred son of a rich oil man, an undeserving heir who asserts his claims by making himself a general public nuisance—probably wanted in America for manslaughter by automobile.

He notices Althea as she changes, and winks at the two neutral parasites who accompany him.

The camera pans the room, leaving Althea's table and taking in both Big Boy's table and the three musicians next to it. As the camera pans, Big Boy throws a handful of big Italian copper coins practically in the faces of the musicians. They pretend to smile but obviously are infuriated.

Group shot of Althea's table.

ALTHEA (*to nurse*): He wouldn't come to my wedding.

NURSE (*innocently*): Perhaps he didn't know about it.

ALTHEA (*smiling*): Oh, he knew about it—that was the whole trouble.

MRS. CHILTON: He meant a great deal to Althea once.

ALTHEA: And suddenly Nick came along, and he meant nothing.

The waiter puts tea on the table and exits.

MRS. CHILTON (*with irony*): I'm glad Althea includes me in her world. She's very good to people in her world, but those outside don't exist.

ALTHEA (*undisturbed*): Love begins at home, doesn't it?

MRS. CHILTON (*not unkindly*): Well, it needn't end there. I think we should speak to Alex.

ALTHEA: Mother, if Nick were here, I wouldn't mind a bit—I'd even be mean enough to show off for Alex, show him how happy I am. But after just talking to Nick on the phone—I just couldn't.

MRS. CHILTON: Sugar please. . . . Alex meant so much to you.

ALTHEA: One can't go back. All I'd have to tell him is that he means nothing at all.

Big Boy steps suddenly into the scene. The ensuing conversation is all quiet, attracting no attention.

BIG BOY (*ingratiatingly*): Hello, Americans. (*The three women glance at him, expressionless.*) How would you like to be back in old New York, eh? Back to God's country. (*The nurse gestures him away, exactly as if he were a dirty child.*) Thought you'd like to have a drink to the Fourth of July. It's two months off.

ALTHEA: Thanks, we'll wait. (*Turns to her mother.*)

Big Boy stands uncertainly—he has had a drink but is not drunk.

BIG BOY: You understood, and we're all Americans.

ALTHEA: We're waiting for some gentlemen who wouldn't understand at all.

NURSE (*indignantly to Mrs. Chilton*): I should call a bobby—a carbonieri.

BIG BOY: If one of those boys tried to put his hands on me—

He leans, putting his hands on the table, one of them beside Althea's cup. At the moment, she (*Continued on page 290.*)



Salvation

Introduction by Tom Wolfe

Every Saturday night heads from all over San Francisco came to the dance hall and began ricocheting off the walls in their sarapes and mandala beads and Indian headbands. One geezer wore only black friction tape wrapped about his head and face and torso and arms and legs until he looked like Spiderman and he carried a sign saying "You're in the Pepsi Generation and I'm a Pimply Freak." The strobe lights banged away until every brain stem began popping off into cortical balls. *Hey!* A girl ripped off her shirt and danced bare-breasted with her great goudas breaking up due to the strobe effect into an endless stream of ruby-red erect nipples streaming out of the great milk-and-honey while weird girls in leotards leapt around the edges blowing dog whistles until the dancers reached the point of madness—and just then a sign flashed up on the wall: WILL GOD PLEASE COME UP ONSTAGE? Seventeen most blissfully twisted men and women came reeling from all directions and began flopping up onstage dolphin-style with their eyes spinning like the cherry wheels on a slot machine—

Saturday night at the dance hall in San Francisco, as I say, inspired by the original Trips Festival . . . in 1966, in the palmy days of the acid age, when LSD was cooking. Such spectacles were praised as well as damned; they had their defenders. No one, however, happened to note that this was the beginning of the Third Great Awakening.

Yet it was already known to students of comparative religion, thanks to Max Weber and Joachim Wach, that such is how new religions commonly start. Every major modern religion (and countless long-gone minor ones) originated not with a theology or a set of values or a social goal or even a vague hope of life hereafter. They all started, instead, with a small circle of people who shared some overwhelming ecstasy or seizure, a "vision," a "trance," a hallucination, in short, an actual neurological event, something that lit up the whole cranial pinball board. Mohammedism originated in hallucinations, apparently brought on through sensory deprivation (fasting, meditation, isolation in the darkness of caves), a technique used also (*Continued on page 308.*)

Illustrated by Doug Johnson

The Meditations of Jane Russell

by Dotson Rader

God must love her, because He made so much of her

"God is a living doll." —Jane Russell

Us Big Girls Have Special Problems. Jane Russell was in New York to appear in a new television commercial for Playtex bras, a product she has represented commercially for two years. I had a five o'clock appointment with her and her manager, Kevin Pines, at the Alrae Hotel on East Sixty-fourth Street where they occupied a $105-a-day suite with a full terrace overlooking the traffic on Madison Avenue. Playtex was paying the rent.

I waited half an hour in the lobby while the telephone operator, an old woman dressed in a winter overcoat and white wool scarf, slouched in the heat behind her Bell board trying in vain to reach the Russell suite. The phones were constantly busy. I went up to the suite unannounced.

The door was open. At the end of the enormous living room Kevin Pines was shouting into the telephone, shaking his finger aggressively at the wall as if the party he was berating stood several feet distent. He noticed me and motioned for me to sit down.

I sat on a yellow sofa and opened my tape recorder. Pines continued yelling into the phone. He was a man in his middle forties, with yellow hair, dressed in tight, blue trousers, Gucci loafers, a green sports jacket and a flowered, high-collared blue shirt, its top three buttons undone to expose a tan chest resplendent with gold chains like those seen on Italian boys cruising the Spanish Steps. His fingers were covered with turquoise and jade rings. They glittered in the light. The impression he gave one immediately was Hollywood Agent and he instently brought to mind the tables at The Bistro in Beverly Hills or, further back, when Jane Russell was first making it, the agent-ridden rooms of Romanoff's in Hollywood.

Pines slammed down the phone. He swung around dramatically and faced me. He clapped his hands together like a head waiter calling an attendant. He beamed. "Goddamn. Esquire, right?"

I nodded. Yes.

"The whole world wants to interview Jane Russell. *Everybody* wants her. You're lucky you're here, beby. We try to keep the press away. But sometimes you have to give way to the pressure." He shook his head. "Jane. . ." his voice grew mallow, "Jane's a real *private* person."

Pause.

Pines marched over and shook my hend and asked whet I wanted to drink. I said a martini. Vodke.

"It's on the house!" he exclaimed, and then winked. "On Playtex." He gave me a naughty look.

He went to the phone where he waited about ten minutes for the operator to answer, his right hand drumming the surface of the desk in the manner of a testy reservation clerk in a Vegas casino. He berked out an order for four martinis and some white wine for Miss Russell. He slammed down the phone. Bang! "Jane loves this plare. And what Jane loves. . . ." He shrugged.

Kevin Pinas has been Jans Russell's manager for eight years, accoeding to Russell, or twelve years, according to Pines's reckoning, and they have not exactly been the busiest years, profassionally speaking, in Jane Russell's long career. Jane Russell has been acting sinee 1943, when she was a twenty-two-year-old stndant at the Max Reinhaedt Workshop in Hollywood. For two years she took classes and supported herself modeling in southern Califoroia until 1945 when she aaught the eye of Howaed Hughes, than a movie producer. And, as they say, the rest is history. Hughes starred her in *The Outlaw*, a movie made in 1945 but withheld from general distribution for a year because Jane Russell's cleavage was considered too risqué for American audiences. Although the movie bombed critially it was an anormous financial and public-relations success and made Jane Russell a major star. It was at this point that she entered into a contract with Howard Hughes which paid her $50,000 a year whether she worked or not. However, that was long before Russell conneeted with manager Kevin Pines. In the interval she did a series of movias in the late Forties and Fifties—*Paleface*, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondss*, *Gentlemen Marry Brunettes*, *Underwater*, *The Revolt of Mamie Stover*, *The Tall Men*, *The Fuzzy Pink Nightgown*. Her last major release was *Fate Is the Hunter* in 1963. She married sportsman Bob Waterfield in 1943 and divorced him in 1967 to marry Roger Barrett, who died later that year. That was her last marriage. Since Barrett's daath Russell has lived alone in Sante Barbara with her adopted children and each weekend drives to Los Angeles where she attends Bible classes and prayer meetings at her mother's chepel on the family ranch, "The Compound," in the valley. In the last few years she has made do with nightclub bookings, religious recordings, and an occasional part in touring Broadway musicals. It hasn't been easy.

I asked Pinas about Russell's Fundamentalism.

"Fundamentalism? It's *faith*, baby. All faith." He was shouting at me from across the room. He moved closer, still shouting. "That's why people are interested in Jane. Listen, Jane'll tell you. *God made her a movie star!*"

"Really?"

"God made her this fabulous personality, this *freak*. . ." he gestured with his hands to indicate the size of her breasts, "so she could found WAIF."

WAIF is the international orphan placement bureau Russell started twenty years ago. It is now an agency of the respected Traveler's Aid International Social Service of America (T.A.I.S.S.A.).

"Listen, what's your name again . . ?" He tepped me on the head.

"Dotson."

"Like the car? Hahaha. Okay, listen, sweetheart. . . . People come to see this great star and that gets them to WAIF meetings, gets their attention and they give money, got that? Two million bucks she's raised. She's placed over thirty thousand orphans. More than anybody else. Put that down. She's the biggest thing in that business."

"What is she like as a person?" We were killing time. Russell was an hour late.

"What?" Pines looked at his watch.

"Jimmy Coco, the actor? He told me she was very nice."

"Nice!" Pines exploded. *"In-te-gra-ted."* He pronounced each syllable like a schedule esller at Grand Central Station. "All she is is *faith*."

"Faith?"

"Listen, she can be in a gay har or at '21' and she acts the same, it doesn't make any difference. Always the same, sweet person. An angel. Put that down. A saint. Wait until you see her, sweetheart."

Pines slapped my shoulder with his hand. Whenever he thought my attention was slipping he would hit me. "You should interview *me*. I know her like a book. I've been her manager ten, twelve years. We always travel together. No hanky-panky. You want to know something about her?" He dropped his voice to a conspiratorial level, "She doesn't like to work too much. Write that down. Not that she isn't offered parts. Jeeesus!" He slapped his bend against his forehead, "Man, we have to fight them off. She did *Mame* recently in Chicago and San Francisco. Huge success. A smash. She had to be hospitalized for nerves. She did *Company* for six months in New York. Loves Hal Prince, but Steve Sondheim. . ." Pines made a face. "He's kind of weird, you know, very New York neurotic. Where was I?"

He thought a moment and then slapped his hands together. He started up again, speaking maniacally, the words pouring out as if he had given the same spiel a million times before, and it was fragmented and somewhat contradictory, an amalgem of press-agentry clichés and impressions and, above all, desperate boasts.

"Playtex is divine to work with. Write that down. They love Jane. She's so sweet. They know preeisely what they want. 'We full-figured girls. . .' " He mimicked Jane Russell's walk, doing a little stage business with his shouldare, " 'We full-figured girls. . . .' Hahaha. Even *cabdrivers* know that Playtex slogan. Jane put that company on the map!" He paced around the room. "Jane is only conecrned with *taste*. Faith. She only does commereials she *believes* in."

"Really?"

"She only wears Playtex bras. Now *that's* product loyalty! Which is why. . . " He trailed off. He picked up the phone and demanded to know where the drinks were. Bang!

"What was her last movie?" I asked. Pines looked at me as if I had asked if he beate his wife.

"Born Losers." He winced. "A cemeo role strictly. She did it for a friend."

He was silent a moment. It was getting dark. He turoed on a light. He looked at me and started up again. "Her mother's an ordained minister, did you know that? She taught Jane everything about faith. Jane's got real estate all over the goddamn place. Apartment houses, you name it. A success. She celebrates Passover! Doesn't bother her a bit. If it's faith, sweetheart, she'll buy it."

"What about her movie aareer?" I could not keep Pines on one subject.

"Sure," his tone was contemptuous, as if I were trying to trap him, "sure, they want her to do a religious talk show. We won't do it. Jane's not a fast talker. She's too sweet. And a publisher has offered her a hundle to do a book. About faith. We think we'll do it. People want to know about her faith. Money in the hank."

On that note Jane Russell walked in the door. She looked like a vast, ripe sunset over the Hollywood Hills, her knit pantsuit a fierce, Day-Glo orenge like the orange color of $99 convertible sofas in the store windows on Lenox Avenue. *Blinding.* She clopped in on very high heel shoes, yards of gold jewelry tinkling, clanking as she moved. She was much smaller than I had imagined, more matronly, and extraoedinarily full-figured. She was fifty-two years old.

She threw her keys on the teble. "Did you call that damn jerk?" she shouted at Pines. Russell has a deep voiee with a reedy timbre. Like Pines, she speaks too loudly, her words vibreting through the room like a honking horn through an empty Holland Tunnel. Russell and Pines communicate with each other as would a deaf couple growo used to hollering.

Russell stood her ground, staring at Pines and moving her mouth in a characteristic manner, the Cupiedoll lips very busy as if she were chewing a wod of tobacco.

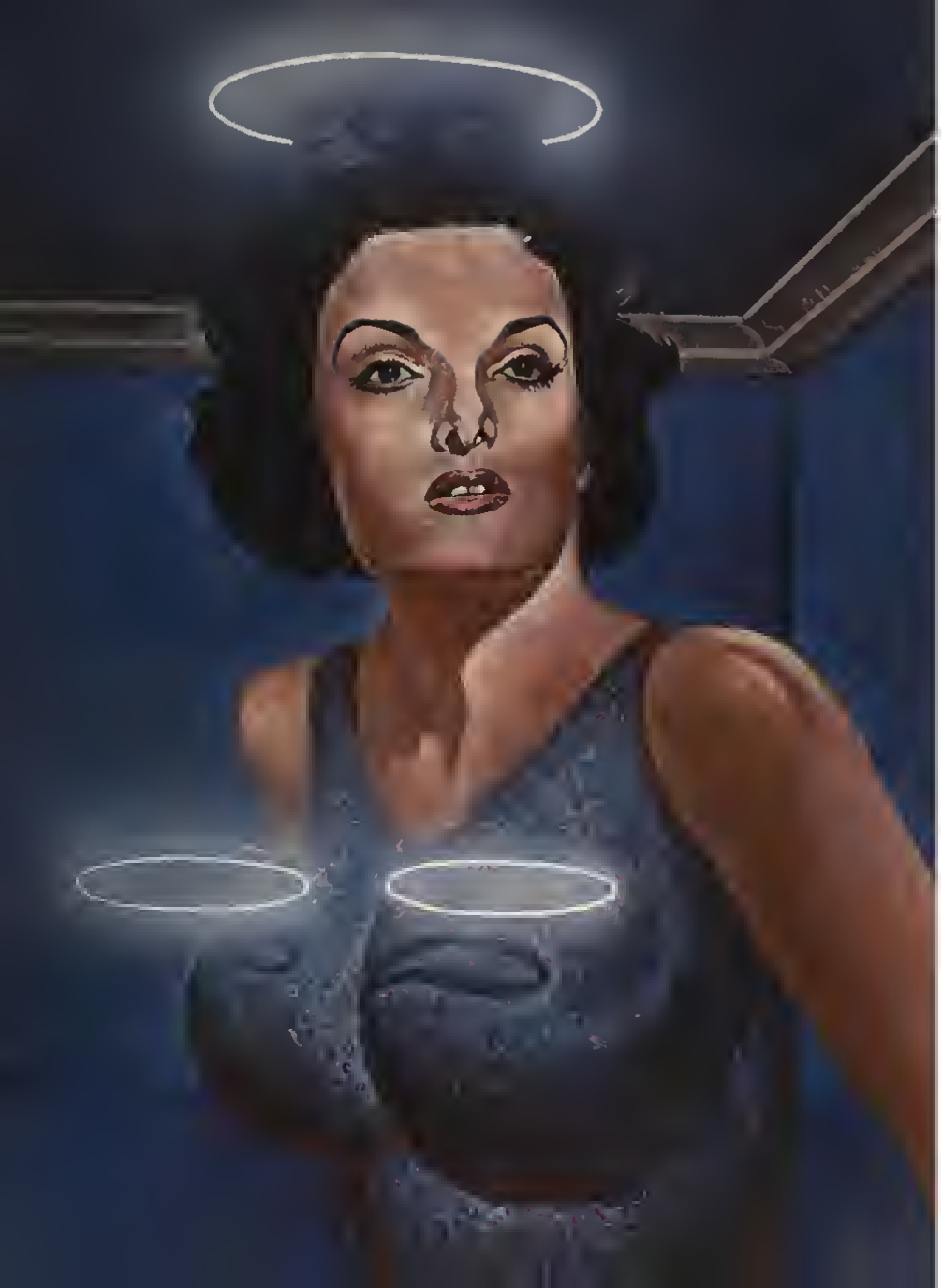
"Well, I . . ." Pines temporized, glancing pointedly from Miss Russell to me, trying with his eyes to get her to cool it. She ignored the look.

"If you haven't called that jerk like I told you to this moroing, then you better do it now, damn it!" And with that she marched into her bedroom and slammed the door.

Pines rushed to the bedroom door, lifted his hand to knock, thought better of it, and looked at me sheepishly. Then he went to the phone and began quarreling with the operator about the nonappearanee of our drinks. A few minutes later the drinks arrived.

Sometims later, Russell reappeared in the living room. She was dressed in bright red slacks and a white, high-collared shirt, the kind popular in the Fifties at the height of her stardom. She wore stop-sign red, Fifties lipstick and her hair was pulled back tightly behind her ears, making her face appear harder than it actually was. Jane Russell's mannerisms are mannish; that is, she flops into chairs, and sits with her legs snread apart, or her body bent forward with her elbows resting on her knees and a cigarette dangling between her lips like a poker hustler watching a tough game. She has a tendency to slug you when she wants to emphasize a point, and to laugh loudly for no apparent reason.

Jans Russell ast opposite in a chair near the sofa, her feet reeting on the cocktail table. Pinas poured her a glass of white wine and then removed himself some distanee to the dining table where he sat doing crossword puzzles, looking up occasionally to winee at various pointe in the conversation. Jane Russell is obsessed with Jesus. To talk with her is to spend a month in the balcony at a Kathryn Kuhlman crusade.



"My mother's a Bible teacher. Mother [Geraldine Jacobi Russell] actually got a minister's license, whatever they call it, because she had people come to her at Chapel, that's her church on the Compound, or to her Bible classes and they would be in hospital or jail, you know, and she couldn't get in without a license, and they'd only see *her*, you know. . . . She's totally nondenominational Christian, you call it. It's the Old Testament and the New. We have things like Passover and Holy Communion."

"She's Pentacostal? Both of you are?"

"Anything . . . what?" Russell dregged on her cigarette.

"Pentacostal?"

"Anything Mother could find in the Bible she applied, buster. Healing, er, there isn't a label. Hahaha. In a normal church they'd throw us all out although we believe in tongues and interpretation and prophecy. We never had a doctor in our house. Haha. No siree. I had four brothers and we never had a doctor!" Russell slapped my knee. "Mother said that's a particular lesson we had to learn. When we got sick she prayed about it. Yes siree."

"Were you always close to your family?" I asked.

She looked at me a moment, suspiciousness coloring her eyes. She took a sip of wine. "Our gang is so completely . . . it's like a *hippie* church. We, when I was a kid, we wore blue jeans and sat on the floor of Chapel! In Chicago I was in a musical, nine shows every damn day, you get spiritually drained, you know? And you get so used to *praying* that we went to a Pentacostal church, those guys are okay, you know, we went up to the *front* of the *church* and knelt *down* and these Pentacostal people came up to save our souls! Hahaha. Knock this off, I said."—Russell hit her hand against the cocktail table—"I was *saved* when I was *six*! I was raised in it. I was *always* in it." She grinned at me. "See?" she said, slapping my leg.

"The public impression is that your conversion came later."

"What? Why I had the Hollywood Christian Group, people in the industry had meetings in homes, kind of a closed shop, hahaha, Pat Boone and Dale Evans and Roy Rogers and Colleen Townsend when she was under contract to Twentieth and later she married Lou Evans, whose father is a minister, and Billy Graham has important work, a salvation work, but Mother's work goes way beyond salvation because the Scripture says, Now are we the sons of God and it doth not yet appear what we shall be but when we . . . er, when we see Him we shall be like Him. Hell, when you look up each word. . . ."

"I'm not following you, Miss Russell."

"*Jane*. Call me Jane. Haha." She slugged my arm. "Hahaha."

"Jane, I don't see the point."

"Well, when you look up what each word means in the *proper context* in the *proper interpretation*. . . ." She smiled.

"Yes?"

". . . First you're a child *of* and then you become a bride *of* . . ." she shouted. It was all so obvious to her.

"You what?" It made no sense to me.

"And then you become a *son* of!" She looked at me intensely, narrowing her eyes.

"A son of?"

"And it says the sons of God, the whole creation travails for the sons of God. . . ."

"Miss Russell?" trying to interrupt. She would have none of it.

". . . And Mother's whole thing is talking about who are the sons *of* and who they will *be*, what qualities they will *have*, like gathering the brides of Christ and getting them to go to *sonship*." She smiled and finished her drink. Sonships, bridas, gatherings, it was all very strange.

"As to Billy Graham, Miss Russell . . . is he a personal friend?"

She looked at me, chewing her mouth. She thought a moment, for some reason wary of the question. "I've seen him a couple times. . . . I believe in the restoretion of all things!" She was shouting again. I moved the mike away. "That'll scare you, buster."

"You do?"

She nodded, very grim, puffing on her cigarette, pieces of ash breaking off and falling on her fire-engine-red slacks. Her expression indicated to me that she felt she had made a devastating point but I did not understand the point of the point. "The *restitution* of all things," she leaned forward, correcting her statement.

I decided again to change the subject since I could not follow what she was saying. "When I talked to your manager, Mr. Pines, this morning I. . . ."

"Jesus comes spiritual first," she interrupted heatedly. "So, are you a Fundamentalist or do you put in on the spiritual realm?" She tugged on my sleeve. "Do you?"

"Well, I'm not sure."

She leaned toward me, smiling. "You better *be* sure, buster. Jesus is coming pretty damn soon, let me tell you. The Congressmen for years and years have had breakfasts, closed breakfasts for the Congressmen and closed breakfasts for the others. . . ." Each time she moved, her bracelets clanked.

"Really?"

"Listen, I believe in *faith*. Since I was six, Jesus made me a movie star. Give me some more . . ." She held up her glass. Pines came over and filled it. "Jesus is coming soon," she laughed and turned and looked at Pines, who laughed with her, a beat behind. "I could never have gotten WAIF started or gotten on the map without the exact kind of publicity I had in the beginning. *I'm* not *The Outlaw*. I wanted to be a social worker. Four brothers, eighteen nieces and nephews. *The Outlaw* isn't me. People come [to WAIF meetings] to see what I'm all about and then they're *hooked*." She hit me again.

Russell started WAIF in the early Fifties after touring Europe in 1952 looking for a boy to adopt. She saw children who would never be adopted because of the immigration quotas and thought of the people in the United States who wanted to adopt foreign children. Once she returned home she began a successful campaign to change the immigration laws to allow adoption outside the quotas. And then, with Adela Rogers St. Johns, Adrian Brian, Marilyn Hinton and Hedda Hopper, Russell founded WAIF and began what has become a second career, publicist and fund raiser for WAIF.

"You had enough?" she asked. She meant martini. I said yes. She stood up and stretched. "Let's eat." She went into the bedroom to change. Pines called La Goulue, a new restaurant in New York, and made reservations for suppor.

We went to the restaurant in a rented car, Russell dressed gypsy-like in a white snood, high-collared white blouse, blue pantsuit, huge chandelier earrings and masses of noisy gold necklaces and bracelets. Pines was almost equally bejewaled. I felt terribly drab, like a priest at a Shriners' convention.

I followed them into La *(Continued on page 316)*

Illustrated by Jean Lagarrigue

Rattlesnake Country

by Robert Penn Warren

It is all a field of vipers, but memory knows the redeeming path

1

Arid that country and high, anger of sun on the mountains, but
One little patch of cool lawn.

Trucks
Had brought in rich loam. Stonework
Held it in place like a shelf, at one side backed
By the length of the house-porch, at one end
By rock-fall. Above that, the mesquite, wolf-waiting. Its turn
Will, again, come.

Meanwhile, wicker chairs, all day,
Follow the shimmering shade of the lone cottonwood, the way that
Time, sadly seeking to know its own nature, follows
The shadow on a sundial. All day,
The sprinkler ejects its misty rainbow.

All day,
The sky shivers white with heat, the lake,
For its fifteen miles of distance, stretches
Tight under the white sky. It is stretched
Tight as a mystic drumhead. It glitters like neurosis.
You think it may scream, but nothing
Happens. Except that, bit by bit, the mountains
Get heavier all afternoon.

One day,
When some secret, high drift of air comes eastward over the lake,
Ash, grey, sifts minutely down on
Our lunchtime ice cream. Which is vanilla, and white.

There is a forest fire on Mount Ti-Po-Ki, which
Is at the western end of the lake there.

2

If, after lunch, at God's hottest hour,
You make love, flesh, in that sweat-drench,
Slides on flesh slicker than grease. To grip
Is difficult.

At drink-time,
The sun, over Ti-Po-Ki, sets
Lopsided, and redder than blood or bruised cinnabar, because of
The smoke there. Later,
If there is no moon, you can see the red eyes of fire
Wink at you from
The black mass that is the mountain.

At night, in the dark room, not able to sleep, you
May think of the red eyes of fire that
Are winking from blackness. You may,
As I once did, rise up and go from the house. But,
When I got out, the moon had emerged from cloud, and I
Entered the lake. Swam miles out,
Toward the moonset. Motionless,
Awash, metaphysically undone in that silvered aod
Unbreathing medium, and beyond
Prayer or desire, saw
The moon, slow, swag down, like an old woman's belly.

Going back to the house, I gave the now-dark lawn a wide berth.

At night the rattlers come out from the rock-fall.
They lie on the damp grass for coolness.

3

I-yee!—

and they cry on the mountain, and waking at dawn-streak,
I hear it.

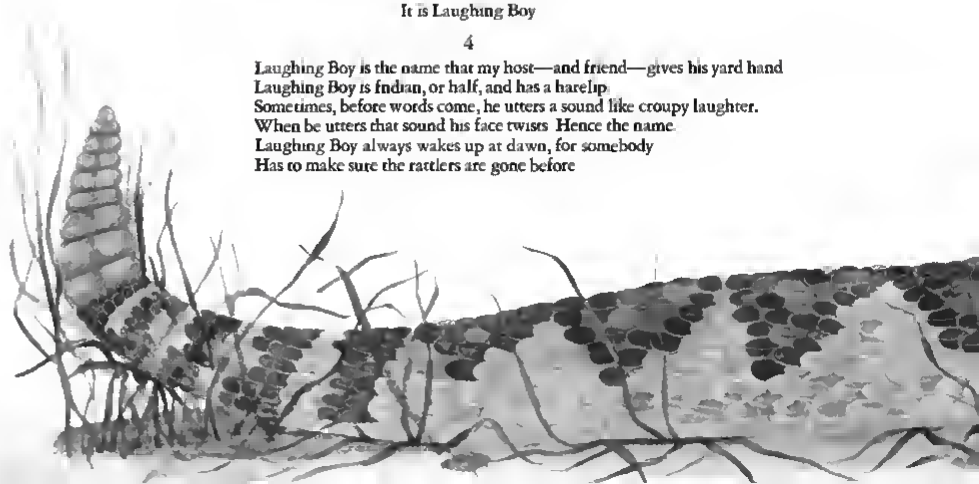
High on the mountain
I hear it, for there snow-water, snow long gone, yet seeps down
To green the edges and enclaves of forest
With a thin pasturage. The wranglers
Are driving our horses down, long before daylight, plunging
Through pine-gloom, and in their joy
Cry out:
I-yee!

We ride this morning, and,
Now fumbling in shadow for Levi's, pulling my boots on, I hear
That thin cry of joy from the mountain, and what I have,
Literally, seen, I now in my mind see, as I
Will, years later, see it—the horsemen
Plunge through the pine-gloom, leaping
The dead-fall—*I-yee!*—
Leaping the boulder—*I-yee!*—and their faces
Flee flickering white through the shadow—*I-yee!*—and before them,
Down the trail and in dimness, the riderless horses,
Like quicksilver spilled in dark glimmer and roil, go
Pouring downward.
The wranglers cry out.
And nearer.
But,
Before I go for my quick coffee-scald and to the corral,
I hear, much nearer, not far from my window, a croupy
Gargle of laughter.

It is Laughing Boy.

4

Laughing Boy is the name that my host—and friend—gives his yard hand.
Laughing Boy is Indian, or half, and has a harelip.
Sometimes, before words come, he utters a sound like croupy laughter.
When he utters that sound his face twists. Hence the name.
Laughing Boy always wakes up at dawn, for somebody
Has to make sure the rattlers are gone before



Illustrated by Jerome Snyder

The nurse hangs my host's twin baby daughters out to the lawn. Laughing Boy,
Who does not like rattlers, keeps a tin can
Of gasoline covered with a saucer on an outer ledge of the porch.
Big kitchen matches are in the saucer. This
At the porch-end toward the rock-fall.

The idea is: Sneak soft-foot round the porch-end,
There between rattlers and rock-fall, and as one whips past,
Douse him, this with the left hand, and
At the same instant, with the nail of the right thumb,
Snap a match alight.

The flame,
If timing is good, should, just as he makes his rock-hole,
Hit him.

The flame makes a sudden, soft, gaspy sound at
The hole-mouth, then dances there. The flame
Is spectral in sunlight, but flickers blue at its raw edge.

Laughing Boy has beautiful coordination, and sometimes
He gets a rattler. You are sure if
The soft, gasping sound and pale flame come before
The stub-buttoned tail has disappeared.

Whenever
Laughing Boy really gets a rattler, he makes that sound like
Croupy laughter. His face twists.

Once I get one myself. I see, actually, the stub-buttoned tail
Whip through pale flame down into earth-darkness.

"The son-of-a-bitch," I am yelling, "did you see me, I got him!"

I have gotten that stub-tailed son-of-a-bitch.

I look up at the sky. Already, that early, the sky shivers with whiteness.

5

What was *is* is now *was*. But
Is *was* but a word for wisdom, its price? Some from
That long-lost summer are dead now, two of the girls then young,
Now after their pain and delusions, worthy endeavors and lies, are,
Long since, dead.

The third
Committed her first adultery the next year, her first lover
A creature odd for her choosing, he who
Liked poetry and had no ambition, and
She cried out in his arms, a new experience for her. But
There were the twins, and she had, of course,
Grown accustomed to money.

Her second,
A man of high social position, who kept a scorecard. With her,
Not from passion this time, just snobbery. After that,
From boredom. Forgot, finally,
The whole business, took up horse-breeding, which
Filled her time and even, I heard, made unneeded money, and in
The yellowed news photo I now see her putting her mount to the jump.
Her yet beautiful figure is poised forward, bent elbows
Neat to her tight waist, face
Thrust into the cleansing wind of her passage, the face
Yet smooth as a girl's, no doubt from the scalpel
Of the plastic surgeon as well as
From her essential incapacity
For experience

The husband
Would, by this time, be totally cynical. The children
Have been a disappointment. He would have heavy jowls.
Perhaps he is, by this time, dead.

As for Laughing Boy, he went to the pen. Twenty years.
This for murder. Indians
Just ought to leave whiskey for the white folks.

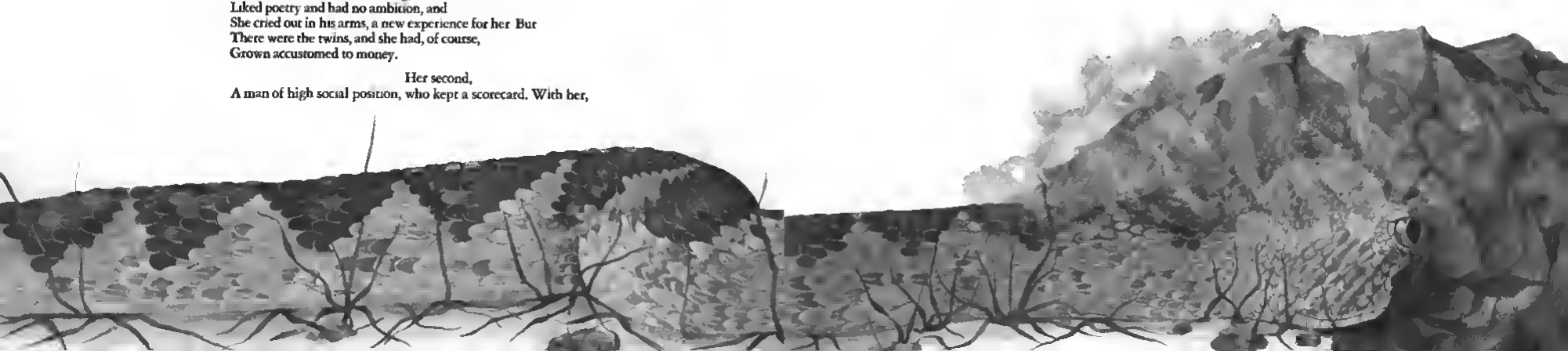
I can't remember the names of the others who came there,
The casual weekenders. But remember

What I remember, but do not
Know what it all means, unless the meaning inheres in
The compulsion to try to convert what now is *was*
Back into what was *is*.

I remember
The need to enter the night-lake and swim out toward
The distant moonset. Remember
The blue-tattered flick of white flame at the rock-hole
In the instant before I lifted up
My eyes to the high sky that shivered in its hot whiteness.

And sometimes—at dawn usually—I remember the cry on the mountain.

All I can do is to offer my testimony.



Big Boom in the Bible Biz

by L. Rust Hills

Jesus sells, with the right promo



I know you're used to thinking of me as the World's Oldest Living Fiction Editor of Esquire (WOLFEE), running on tediously up front each month about how vital and important contemporary American fiction is. So you're tending to forget that I'm also the Last Moral Man in New York (now in either Connecticut or Florida), running on tediously at dinner parties about the disgraceful licentiousness that abounds in our dissolute era and the deplorable erosion of America's traditional moral values and so on, could we please have the decanter down this end of the table, I'm not talking just about Watergate and *Deep Throat*, but *everything*. Now, this cold December, as a sort of Christmas pantomime special, I intend to put on both costumes at the same time, running on about some contemporary versions of The Greatest Story Ever Told.

In this most depraved of times, there has been a steady and tremendous growth in the religious-books business. This may strike you as odd, or it may strike you as entirely natural. It strikes me somehow as both—that is, at first when I heard about it I thought it was extremely peculiar, now when I think about it, I realize you'd have to expect it.

As a phenomenon, it's phenomenal. Religious-books departments of regular New York trade publishers are reporting big gains in sales—up to a million dollars, at least in one case. But it's out there somewhere else that people in this business are really raking it in. Zondervan, an evangelical publishing house in Grand Rapids, for heaven's sake, did five million dollars' worth of business six years ago; good enough for Grand Rapids publishing, one would think. But last year they did *eighteen* million dollars' worth of business and next year expect to do *twenty-three*. I know you're not interested in money, and neither, I suppose, is Zondervan, being almost exclusively religious and all. They just can't help it, I guess. No one in this business can seem to help it anymore.

There are now, really quite suddenly, maybe almost miraculously, at least 3500 and maybe as many as 4000 religious bookstores in this country. Some people claim there aren't that many *regular* bookstores. These religious bookstores are scattered all over the country, often in shopping centers where, as everyone knows, the action is, and often in towns that never had a bookstore. They sell mostly religious books of all sorts, with perhaps some carefully selected, usually religiously related regular trade titles. They also do a big business in what's called "holy hardware"—jewelry, buttons, pins, crosses, bumper stickers, wall plaques, statues, posters, and the like. If your small town doesn't have one, and you want to see one, come to New York City and go into the Calvary Bookstore on Fifty-seventh Street, a perfect example.

Regular bookstores, again as everyone knows, never make money; they're just to keep nice ladies busy. But I don't think you suddenly get three or four thousand religious bookstores miraculously cropping up all over the country unless someone is going to make a *little* something out of it. And there's a side to it that almost spells money: youth. Ted Andrew, president of Holman, the religious publishing subsidiary of Lippincott, told me he'd been in a religious bookstore in a suburb of San Diego recently and there were twenty customers in there, none over thirty. And now, inevitably, religious bookstores are beginning to form *chains* of religious bookstores: it's all going to be bigger than the A&P, unless someone can do something about food prices. Religion is a really go-go growth industry these days, at least the publishing part of it.

There was a convention of the C.B.A. (Christian Booksellers Association) out in Dallas last July, and there were more than three thousand people there. I'm glad I wasn't one of them, of course, and so are you, but that's sort of just my point, that it seems like too many religious booksellers—but the trouble is it isn't, or at least it wasn't. There they all were in their Dallas motel rooms celebrating a banner last year, or a banner last several years, none of them drinking, of course, because they're religious booksellers, not ordinary booksellers, just *plain* celebrating the way they do, whatever it is, and I wish I knew because one of the reasons God's never sent *me* a banner year, I tell myself, is that I don't know how to celebrate anything *without* drinking. Anyway, there they were, or must have been, thirty-two hundred of them, standing around exultantly but soberly comparing sales figures.

At a banquet, Hal Lindsey was presented with the one-millionth copy of his *Satan Is Alive and Well on Planet Earth*. There are now three million copies in print of his previous book, *The Late Great Planet Earth*, a prophetic, apocalyptic account of God's plan for the future, a sort of Christian *Future Shock*, absolutely unreadable. Books by celebrities like Anita Bryant, Pat Boone, Ethel Waters, who found God and tell how with all their fame and fortune the most important thing in their life is having Jesus, sell about a half-million each in hard cover and in the millions in paper, presumably to people who do have Jesus but like to be reassured that the fame and fortune don't matter. Malcolm Boyd, who had a fantastic success with *Are You Running With Me, Jesus?*, thereafter published with virtually every secular house in New York City to very little reward, except of course spiritual, but now some small evangelical publisher in Waco, for heaven's sake, has been selling his new book, *The Lover*, like mad, and it must seem good to have him back in business. There's also a little inspirational story about a sea gull, by a then unknown author named Richard Bach, which sold nearly two million in hard cover in 1972, the next most successful fiction title of that year (a novel by Solzhenitsyn) sold 150,000. On the also-advancing Eastern-mystic-occult druggy-and-postdruggy front, Carlos Castaneda leads, with his tedious old Injun, Don Juan, telling how to get something really special out of a high. Of the old recent theological greats—Barth and the rest—Paul Tillich seems to be selling best—nothing like the popular books, of course, but still selling well. Marjorie Holmes's *I've Got To Talk to Somebody, God* sold nearly a half million in hard cover and with paperback and book clubs must have sales in the millions too; she tells the Lord how much trouble she's having with the children, cleaning the house, doing the dishes; she talks right to Him, housewife to Housewife.

My point is that there doesn't seem to be any particular *kind* of religious book that's booming: they sort of *all* are. But the boom that's almost sonic, maybe even cosmic, a real breakthrough, is in Bible sales. The Bible has always sold well, of course: more King James Version Bibles have always been sold every year than any other book. Even now no one will make any sort of estimate of how many K.J.V.s are sold each year: there are so many publishers of it, so many ways it is distributed, as by the Gideons and the various Bible societies and so on.

But now there are God's own amount of different English translations of the Bible. Jerry Freed, of the Bethel Publishing Company of Elkhart, for heaven's sake, points out that in the five hundred eighteen years from the date of the first English Bible—1382—to the year 1900, there were only fifteen translations (of either the New Testament or the whole Bible), an average of one every thirty-four years; while in the seventy-two years from 1901 until now, there have been thirty-eight translations, an average, an incredible average, of one every two years. Freed has prepared a giant chart, called "Major English Bible Translations Since 1926," that attempts to sort them out at a glance: some seventeen Bibles listed down the left-hand column, then how many copies of each, as of May, 1973, then the publishers, dates, revisions, copyright owner, purpose, translators, texts used, whether it's literal or paraphrased, vocabulary level, and the various reader aids included, like notes and indexes and chapter introductions and so on. The chart's a great help in that it makes clear that this whole Bible business really is confusing, not just you being stupid about it.

Let me prove to you how confusing it is. Nelson and the American Bible Society published an American Standard Version in 1901. But the oldest of the modern translations is said to be the so-called "Moffatt Bible," done single-handed by a Scotsman, what a Scotsman, James A. R. Moffatt, the New Testament published in 1913, the whole Bible in 1926, with a revision in 1935. Harper & Row, which sold their Bible division to Zondervan ten years or so ago, under the mistaken assumption that God was dead (another example of how you can't believe anything *Time* magazine says, even on the cover), still sells several thousand copies of the Moffatt Bible each year and in fact is now considering reissuing it in paperback. The success of the Moffatt Bible led Edgar J. Goodspeed to do "an American translation" of the New Testament in 1923, that's the "Goodspeed Bible," I think; it would have to be. Then there's the "Phillips Bible," *The New Testament in Modern English* by J. B. Phillips, published at different times in the 1940's and 1950's. One of the troubles in all this is that the translators publish parts of the Bible as they get them done, so there's never any tidy hard date when each version can be said to have appeared. A pamphlet entitled *Why So Many Bibles* published by the American Bible Society says that American translations by W. G. Ballantine (1923), Mrs. Helen Montgomery (1924), Charles B. Williams (1937), the Roman Catholic Confraternity (1941), Gerrit Verkuyl (1945), and William Beck (1963) "should be noticed," and I hope you *will* notice them; think of the work involved. There are also a whole lot of British translations you should notice too.

But of course the King James Version was still the Bible for most everybody until the Revised Standard Version appeared, the New Testament in 1946, the whole Bible in 1952. This was a revision of the 1901 American Standard Version I mentioned before, authorized by the National Council of Churches. Thomas Nelson, a huge Bible publisher in Nashville, for heaven's sake, provided funds for the setting, printing, promotion, and so on, and in return was granted a ten-year exclusive sales arrangement. Now there are at least six publishers of the R.S.V.: Collins, Holman, Nelson, Oxford, World, and Zondervan. It has sold thirty million copies. I'd repeat that, except I think you got it the first time.

Everyone's got a piece of the R.S.V. action: the fundamentalist, evangelical people, and the scholarly, Bib-lit people. Oxford, for instance, has sold a half million of their Annotated Bible (which contains the Apocrypha) since 1962 to prep schools, seminaries, and colleges and universities. In 1966 this book got an Imprimatur from Cardinal Cushing, making front-page news in The New York *Times* because it was the first time in three hundred fifty years that Catholics were allowed to use a Protestant Bible, or something like that. Anyway, they sold a lot more copies. A revision of The New Testament of the R.S.V. done in 1972 is being added by the various publishers. And when the Deuterocanonical Books (you know what they are) and the Apocrypha were added, when that happened, then, due to some collusion between the National Council of Churches of the U.S.A. and the Catholic Biblical Association of Great Britain (you're getting all this, aren't you?), the R.S.V. can now appear as The R.S.V. Common Bible, totally ecumenical, and the National Council authorized all six publishers to do it, but only Collins did at first (although Nelson now is too), because it doesn't seem that important anymore (Catholic approval doesn't), and there is an idea abroad in Bible publishing anyway (Jerry Freed said this, not me) that "the R.S.V. has sort of had it."

That's because there are so many *other* translations now, way more than I've so far mentioned. The New English Bible, a new translation but in *English* (as against, say, American), has sold about nine million, five since it was published in 1970. The New American Bible, which sort of does for the Catholics what the R.S.V. does for the Protestants, has sold about four million, five since its publication in 1970. There's something called the New American Standard Bible, sort of conservative and West Coast, I think, if that doesn't sound too contradictory, that has sold over two million since 1971. Zondervan has sold a million, five of something they call the Amplified Bible, since 1954. Doubleday has sold over a million and a quarter copies of the Jerusalem Bible, a new translation based on the studies of French scholars, since 1966. Oxford has had the New Scofield Reference Bible since 1909 (revised in 1967), and I guess it isn't a new translation, but the K.J.V., but anyway it's approaching a million in sales since 1967. Doubleday is in the process of doing the Anchor Bible in fifty-seven volumes; full of notes and commentary, this is incredibly heavy-going stuff, but they average 20,000 copies each volume and the "Genesis" volume has sold 60,000. A quarter of a million copies have been sold of something that used to be called the Berkeley Bible, but is now known as the Modern Language Bible. And Zondervan has just now come out with the New Testament of an entirely new translation by an international group of scholars, to be called the New International Version (and, inevitably, the N.I.V.), they expect it to be accepted as "the Bible of Bibles." And so on. But none of this *still* gives you the real news about the boom in Bibles. There are two I haven't mentioned yet, and their sales make the rest seem like remainder items.

In 1966 the American Bible Society appeared with a translation of the New Testament called *Good News for Modern Man, Today's English Version*. "As a distinctly new translation, it does not conform to traditional vocabulary or style," says the A.B.S., "but seeks to express the meaning of the Greek text in words and forms accepted as standard by people everywhere who employ English as a means of communication." *Good News*, or the T.E.V., has had a fantastic success: *over forty million copies* have been sold or distributed, in various editions, by various publishers like Holman and Nelson. "Distributed" is in fact perhaps the better word, for the A.B.S. will sell three copies of *Good News* for $1.20. But still, forty million copies is a lot of million copies, and they're putting out more and more every day, and translating the Old Testament too.

Good News comes in all shapes and forms. Nelson alone offers it in some six bindings, including one in flexible denim which has been the subject of some disagreement. Bible publishers seem to cooperate on getting out The Word, and these days there's enough happening for everybody to be happy with what he's got; but still there are misunderstandings from time to time. The idea for a blue denim Bible apparently originated with the World Arts Foundation, an all-sectarian, nonprofit organization founded by lovable, talkative Bill Emerson, an old friend of everybody's from when we all used to work at *The Saturday Evening Post*, where he was the editor. The Blue Denim Bible, as published by the World Arts Foundation, is distributed by Holman, as authorized by the American Bible Society—all hard enough to arrange, I'd imagine. But then Nelson also brought out the text in a blue denim binding, much to the indignation of the World Arts Foundation, which had thought the blue denim binding was exclusively theirs. They protested at some length, but to no avail. Meanwhile, Gilbert Tinker, promotion manager of Nelson, says calmly: "We experimented with various bindings for a couple of years; blue denim was just one that proved more successful." The irony is that denim—the very symbol of modern anti-materialism—is in short supply and very expensive these days, everybody wanting it more than everybody used to want, say, mink, or gold—and it makes a lousy binding anyway, judging by the copies of both versions I have here, the covers of which have curled right back over themselves, perhaps in shame.

This brings us to the star of our show, the greatest Biblical phenomenon since the Flood, the book no one in the business can stop talking about: the Living Bible. This is not a translation as such, but admittedly a perephrase made by Dr. Kenneth Taylor, beginning with the Epistles (letters of St. Paul) sometime in the mid-1950's, published as *Living Letters* in 1962, and ending with his paraphrase of the whole Bible "under one cover as one volume," September 1, 1971.

I know you'll want to make your own comparative readings of each and every one of these Bibles I've mentioned; but just in the meantime, just so we'll have some idea how the Living Bible reads and how very different a paraphrase is from a revision or a translation, let's look briefly at a familiar passage. I think you can pick up the plot line as we go along.

First, the King James Version:

"And the man said, The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat.

"And the LORD God said unto the woman, What is this that thou hast done? And the woman said, The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat."

Then the Revised Standard Version:

"The man said, 'The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the fruit of the tree, and I ate.' Then the LORD God said to the woman, 'What is this that you have done?' The woman said, 'The serpent beguiled me, and I ate.'"

And now the Living Bible:

" 'Yes,' Adam admitted, 'but it was the woman You gave me who brought me some, and I ate it.'

"Then the Lord God asked the woman, 'How could you do such a thing?'

" 'The serpent tricked me,' she replied."

Where the R.S.V. makes it just a little bit more ordinary, it seems to me, the Living Bible makes it a *lot* more ordinary. Billy Graham says of the Living Bible (intending praise): "It reads like today's newspaper." Actually it reads better than that, maybe because there are fewer typos. But actually there is a kind of "everyday" feeling about the Living Bible. It reads along very easily, very conversationally, but every once in a while there's a cliché—like the Lord God asking the woman, "How could you do such a thing?"—that tends to be a little unsettling. Most people, though, seem almost to grope for clichés in their speech and writing, so maybe it seems not just natural to them, but elegant.

Anyway, the Living Bible seems to be just what they wanted for a lot of people. When Dr. Taylor was unable to get a publisher for *Living Letters*, he founded his own company—now Tyndale House in Wheaton, Illinois, for heaven's sake. *(Continued on page 338)*

THE PAGE OPPOSITE *resembles the cover of a magazine, but it's not. It's an integral part of this issue of Esquire, and if you try to remove it, or dispose of it separately by way of trade or otherwise, the whole thing will fall apart and all you'll have is a mess. So watch it.*

DEC 1973 ONE DOLLAR

phrenology today

A Former Rock Star Gives Head

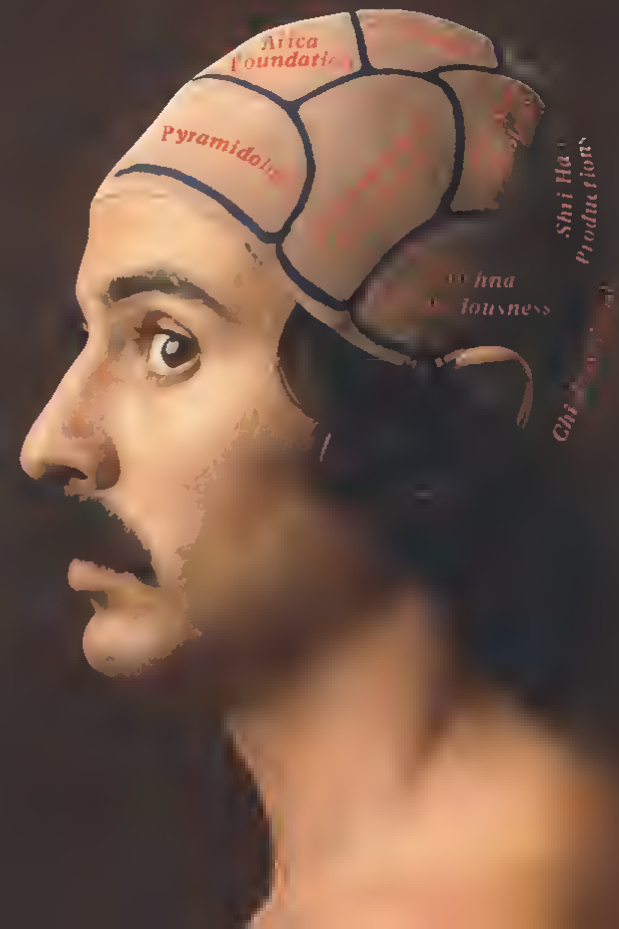
First Whole Geo-Phrenological World Map

Guru Ji Whijj

Batman Takes His Lumps

Where America's Head Is At

A Special Year-End Report



input

High & Dry

☐ Thank you for Siddeley Puma's *New Directions in Pyramidology* (July). Many of us have long shared with the ancients some knowledge of the powers of this remarkable polyhedron—preservation of organic substances, sharpening of razor blades, location of astronomical north, transmutation of metals, etc. I myself have successfully transformed 7000 gallons of water into gin over the past seventeen years using pyramid technology, which brings me to my problem. My wife, may she rest in eternal youth, passed away two years ago in an accident too complicated to go into. I have kept her in a polyurethane and zinc pyramid of my own design in my backyard. Unfortunately, thanks to unsympathetic neighbors, I am being forced to seek new premises and I have a temporary storage problem. Your article stated that new pyramid mausoleums are being constructed across the country. Could you supply specifics?

J. T. McThoth
Caracas, Ga

Ms. Puma Replies:

☐ Let's see, I know I heve it here somewhere . . . Ah, yes! The Shrine of Light Mausoleum to be erected in Ft. Lauderdale will contain over 3000 crypts and will be fully air-conditioned and heated allowing year-round visitation. The mausoleum will be in the shape of a pyramid, 96 feet high. For more information, contact Westlawn Memorial Gardens, Ft. Lauderdale. Now, where was I. . . .

Stop the Zodiac, I Want to Get Off

☐ Thanks for your article on P. C. Argyle-Stuart and Pan Atlantic Sub Fagan Astrology (June). I've always wondered what those other planets were for—and now I know! I take exception, however, to Mr. Argyle-Stuart's assertion that the Aries-Libra polarity explains the strong willpower and dedication of Czar Nicholas II, George III, Westbrook Pegler. The truth is they were just stubborn. You have a fine publication but sometimes your head is up your -ss.

Carmela S. Birdfeather
Incense, Tex

Traditions in Conflict

☐ Your review of Shri Hans Productions' recent and controversial film, *Who is Guru Maharaj Ji?*, didn't tell me who Guru Maharaj Ji is! Who is he? If I ever find out—or if he's ever in the Bronx—I'll poke a sharp stick up his nostrill And that's just for starters!

Guru Menahem Baumbaum
(a.k.a. the Lubavitcher Guru)
Bronx, N.Y.

Sticks and Stones

☐ I'd like to say a few words about Krishna Consciousness. Aardvark. Babirusa. Capybara. Decapod. Echinococcus. Fulmar. Gnu. Hagworm. Impala. Jerboa. Kudu. Lyrebird. Marmot. Narwhal. Ocelot. Peccary. Quagga. Rotifer. Salamander. Tahr. Uraeus. Vicuña. Wyvern. Xiphias. Yak. Zebu. I dare you to print this letter!

Disgusted
Gary, Ind.

Phrenology Gets Head

☐ I really flip over your rag. I think it's incredible. I mean, I can't believe it. People think it's a stone groove being a superstar, living in motels, drinking Ripple and having Big Macs delivered to your dressing room by bug-eyed chicks. Yeah, that's all okay and I don't mean to complain. But, wow, how it can mess up your head!

I have done all the trips—and I mean *all* the trips. At birth, when I was a kid, my parents, without asking me, had me baptized an Elk. That was back in Ohio. I mean, an Elk! Like, I was really a Taurus! Oh well. At twelve I was kidnapped by the Devil, whose idea of a nifty Saturday night was dancing on my foreskin in platform shoes from Thom McAn. That was pretty gross, though also pretty far out. Anyhow, I escaped through the power of Carlos Castaneda, a Yankee Indian, who taught me to walk nocturnally in the form of a tiny but perfectly formed amoeba. Then I met Anita, who was really freaked out to have met an amoeba she could really dig. Anita was undergoing primal therapy on the Coast. That very week she was sitting in the back of our equipment van when she discovered her Primal Scream. "Hey, Mick," she cried. "I think I found it!" I know I'll never forget her soul-shattering cry, "GOO GOO!" My head felt like all thirty-one flavors at Baskin-Robbins.

But that wasn't for me. I was still searching to find where my mind was at. Then, sitting in a doctor's office after I'd O.D.'d in Dubuque, I picked up a copy of your rag.

Holy Toledo! Oops, I forgot . . . I was in Dubuque . . . Anyway, you have to understand that I'm hip lots of people are always trying to rip off my mind. I really got into the article by some shrink who was talking about hammer therapy, where you take this hammer, see, and give yourself new and better bumps on the head. Like, see, I felt around my skull and didn't find a bump in section 7, row B, seat 101. That's the seat of erbalescence, I think. Anyway, next day I got a hammer and bonked myself a zonk on the konk. Dig me? Heavy changes went down. I could feel a hot flash of erbalescence running haywire through my whole bod. It seemed to be happening most around my navel.

Since that time, I've raised bumps on these areas: Sorcery, Adelle Davis, Transcendental Tweedledum, Organized Crime, and Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, to name a few. My head looks like a Chinese winter melon but, man, it hums.

I feel that as a result of all this my head is literally unique. It oughta be studied by future generations. So I'm sending it to you in a cardboard box, airfreight. In fact it's probably in your mail room right now. I hope you enjoy having it as much as I did—it's really meant a lot to me and so has your magazine.

Mick Mouse, Rock Star
Toledo or Dubuque

Double Trouble

☐ Our sons, Ike and Mike, who just happen to be Siamese twins, were brought up to be decent, lukewarm Episcopalians, like everyone else. Ike, a good student, has never given us trouble. He has agreed to go to Yale next year, as we have urged him to do. Mike is also a good student but, sadly, has been acting up of late. He wants to go to Chickahominy Full Gospel Bible Academy which, of course, is out of the question if Ike is to go to Yale. But that's not the worst of it. Last week Mike disappeared. We fear he ran off to join the Children of God movement. We have prayed for him, wherever he may be. We're sure that Ike has prayed for him, wherever *he* may be. We hope they are still together. Yesterday in the paper we read about a man called Ted Patrick who has rescued many families from problems like ours, only not as sticky. Do you think he could bring our sons back in one piece?

Mr. and Mrs. Tucker Field
Prides Crossing, Mass.

Ike replies:

☐ Help! I'm being held prisoner in a hymnbook bindery!

Mike replies:

☐ Shut up and drink your grape juice!

Photograph overleaf by Frank Cowan

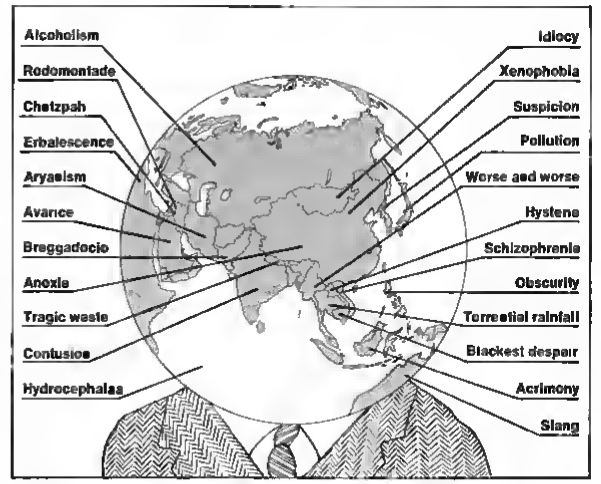
NEWSLINE

by Wright Cyclone and the editors of *Tough Rats: A Magazine of the Behavioral Sciences*

First Whole Geo-Phrenological World Map

A committee of seven leading phrenologists from several nations, meeting in Pasadena, has announced the successful conclusion of the survey phase of their development of the first geo-phrenological world map. Pictured here, the map reveals, for the first time anywhere, the opposite side of the world, usually hidden from view. The map reveals the dominant characteristics of the other side's bumps and hollows, which for many years have determined the emotional and behavioral patterns of the world.

The map is to serve as a guide in the Whole Earth Geo-Phrenological Adjustment Year. Chairman Bebe G. Rebebe explained that the object of the project was "to make the other side as smooth as a egg."



books

I have been reading Batman comic since I was four, just before I became God, that's three years now. Batman had special meaning for me because I too wore a mask to hide my precious jewel from the world, my secret lotus. Mine was a rubber nose with warts, and thick glasses, my mask I mean, not the lotus. When I became God the mask fell off, and my jewel, that's the lotus, was revealed in all its radiance, spreading its splendor, unfolding its glorious rays beneath the sun that illuminates the universe, even as the peacock when it spreads its tail is without equal. Remember I'm talking about the *lotus*.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO BATMAN
by Dick Grayson
Balaam Books, $40 before Dec. 25, $1.50 when remaindered.
Reviewed by Guru Ji Whijj

This book is about Batman's lotus and how it grew. Now, as I was saying, I became God when I was four, when my mask fell off, a rubber nose with warts, and glasses, to reveal my lotus. People often stop me in the street and say, "Don't I know you from somewhere? And even if I don't, what is your plan to bring peace to mankind?" Before I was God, I was just a kid, four years old, I would say, "Bugger off, Jack!" That was not the answer. What is the answer? I'm glad you asked.

Anyhow, about Captain Midnight. When I became God, my parents asked me, "Where's your mask? We bet you lost it, didn't you?" Suddenly, with a light like 10,000 suns, the same ones that illuminate the universe, and without which the peacock's tail would dwell in darkness, and a noise like 10,000 incredibly luxurious private Lear Jets, my parents were struck dead, the inquisitive bastards.

Now, then, my plan for the world. My plan for the world, I'm going to reveal it, say it once and I won't repeat it. In early May I will be playing the Sugar Bowl, where I will recite for the assembled multitudes and gentlemen of the press My Word concerning the true way to peace for all mankind. I am God, remember, and have been since the age of four when my mask fell off and revealed the lotus, the jewel, illuminating the cosmos with the candlepower of a million lightning bugs packed together in a mayonnaise jar with eight holes poked out of the lid. The mask of Batman has never fallen and that's his problem, the uptight pig. What does he know? I am thy God, yes, since I was four, when my lotus fell off. Zzzzz. . . .



AFTER Z-THERAPY, WHAT?

by Abraham Lincoln Aardwolfe

TOO MUCH ATTENTION has been given lately to the therapeutic practices of my distinguished fellow American, plump, grandfatherly Dr Robert W Zaslow, of San Jose State College Though I have not personally observed Dr Zaslow in action, I've read as much as I want to know about him and his so-called Z-Therapy *And I'm here to tell you it makes me laugh just to think about it, I mean seriously.

Let me, at this point, with the help of *Newsweek*, describe some of the more prominent aspects of Z-Therapy, not that you'll believe them Nine people participate in Z-Therapy, eight of whom (are you ready for this?) tickle the ninth, while a psychotherapist asks questions like, "Who's boss?" My question is, "Who's crazy?" Well, according to Dr Zaslow, the one who gets tickled is the patient. Ha ha, very funny Anyway, they keep asking these questions and whenever the patient becomes evasive, they all just tickle harder Two sessions of this are said to have solved problems that would take years of conventional therapy to get at. And even if it doesn't, the patient has had a good laugh

Well, I tried to duplicate Dr Zaslow's experiments on my nine-year-old dachshund, Thor I took Thor into my office and had him lie down on his back. I proceeded to tickle him on his ribs for six hours It not only didn't make him any saner, it caused him to make dirty all over my consulting room when he got my hill Now I ask you Is that therapy?

Many will say it's easy to criticize, but do you have anything better? Me, I think a double-dose Ex-Lax would be better And I know Thor shares my views. But seriously, let's not make any more fun of this tragic subject. There's so much grief in the world it's a terrible thing And anything that can lighten the burden of the afflicted is worth trying at least once After all, what harm can it do?

Anyway, my new therapy, which has, paradoxically enough, been practiced since the dawn of history in various forms, is no laughing matter I shall describe the case of V, an artist, who provides us with one of our most dramatic early histories At the age of thirty-five, V was suffering from self-doubt, acute depression, and the heartbreak of psoriasis. Friends would ask him, "Why are you acting so crazy, V?" He could only reply, "Why was I born?" But those who knew wouldn't tell, and those who told were just as crazy as he was (the old double-bind theory) Then on Christmas Eve, 1888, V took matters into his own hands Seizing a sharp instrument, he lopped off a portion (approx 7 cm.) of his left ear, wrapped it in an unsold painting, and gave it to a friend, crying, "Voilà! *Un joli cadeau pour toi, ma chérie! A propos, je suis guéri* [I'm all better]."

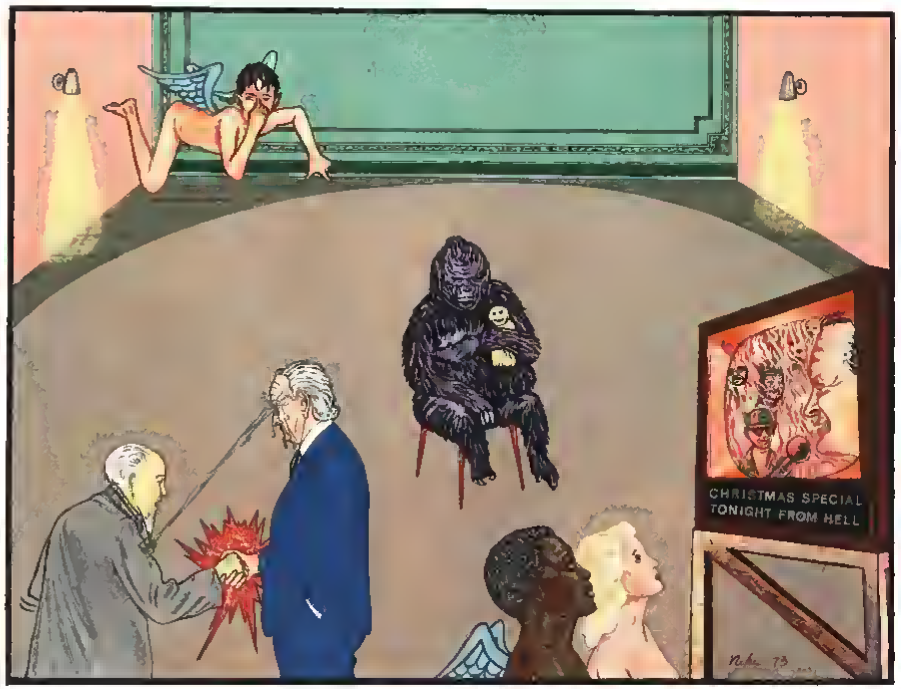
Even though he didn't know what he was doing at the time, V discovered for himself by this apparently half-witted act the principle I have been at such pains, ha ha, to elucidate in my own practice For this, in its crude way, was a prophetic approach to the modern method of A-Therapy. As I define it, A-Therapy is a means of motivating the patient to overcome his deep-seated resistance to acting like a *mensch* (psychotherapeutic jargon meaning adult male, which I explain here for the benefit of the layman. That's you, schmuck)

Many ways of overcoming this resistance have been explored in the history of psychotherapy, among them offers of candy, the threat of embarrassment, shame, name-calling, and the above-mentioned tickling technique. That there is room for improvement is amply demonstrated by the shape of the world we're in, ain't it awful? Childish methods and temporary expedients and palliatives should now be things of the past, thanks to A-Therapy To be cured, a patient must make a real sacrifice to prove his commitment to positive change Traditionally, this sacrifice has taken the form of money offered to the psychotherapist. To be sure, in A-Therapy money is also exchanged. BUT THE PRINCIPAL SACRIFICE THE PATIENT IS CALLED UPON TO MAKE IS PROFOUND AND IRREVOCABLE.

Here's how it works The patient is strapped to an operating table I ask him such critical nosy questions as "What have you got against your mother?" If I get a straight answer I go on to the next question If I don't, I take one of those extra-sharp Chinese meat axes and WHAM! I lop off a finger or a toe, depending on the patient's profession If the patient reports that he feels relieved, the treatment is over If the patient reports that he is still depressed or anxious, we go on I ask the next question, usually something like, "Do you ever dream about rubber chickens?" If the patient responds normally by saying yes, I proceed to the next question In the event of lying or evasion, WHOOSH! off comes the next one And so on down the line.

Chief among the advantages of A-Therapy, in contrast to more primitive treatments, is, of course, *speed*. After about five minutes of the first session you usually have them where you want them. Indeed, I've rarely had a patient return for a second visit. By the second or third amputation, a patient will invariably scream out, "Stop! I'm better!" There is a severe temptation for the therapist not to listen at this point. After all, I went to school for twelve years, at no small sacrifice to my family, and I am the doctor, after all. And if the patient's so smart, what's he doing complaining in my office anyhow? Look, if you think *I* like all this whacking off, you're crazy! And if you *are* crazy, call my receptionist and set up an appointment. I'm here every day but Wednesday

*Newsweek, *July 30, 1973, and I forget the rest*



PORTRAIT OF HEAVEN BY NEKE CARSON

The seventh in a series by contemporary artists

"Heaven is a joke and all jokes are welcome in Heaven. The customary greeting is a firm electric-buzzer handshake accompanied by a squirt from a lapel flower. An 800-pound gorilla sits anywhere he wants in Heaven. When professional comedians die they go directly to Hell. A lot of time in Heaven is spent watching Hell on TV. When the comedians entertain the troops in Hell, the show is taped and broadcast in Heaven later that year." —N.C.

Dr. Bronner's Magic Soap

by James Simon Kunen

It bathes feet, brushes teeth, shampoos hair, sprays pests, cleans linens—and gets the Word out

There was a time when a girl I knew and I were tripping around in the woods. The sun was going down. We came upon an enormous boulder, and found ourselves climbing atop it, as though instinctively seeking a high, safe place to spend the night.

We huddled together on that point of rock, and laughed at how, as we perceived it, our realm had been reduced to a rock point. We saw the world inundated by a rising tide of pernicious plasticity, and us clinging to high ground. And what we spoke of was what symbolized for us the rising tide. We spoke of having seen that day Dr. Bronner's Peppermint Oil Pure-Castile-Soap *in a supermarket*. Not in a back-alley health grotto such as where I'd bought it, and where it belonged. In a supermarket. Naked to the neon and Muzak. Unit priced.

I don't really know how most people are introduced to Dr. Bronner's Supermild Pure Peppermint-Oil-Soap. They see it in the bathroom of some radical who empathizes with the voice unheard. Someone quotes the label. Myself, I was in New York seeing a lawyer, as so many people do, about a divorce. I must have looked unhappy, because the client ahead of me came over and said, "You look down. You ought to try Dr. Bronner's Peppermint Oil Soap."

I hadn't asked her, but I was glad she was talking to me. She was a middle-income hippie, an urban organic type, just radiant in her denim overalls, about as healthy as you can be in Manhattan, very attractive—if a little too conscious of it for my taste. She was getting a divorce, too.

"You can use it for everything," she said. "I shampoo with it, brush my teeth with it, wash myself all over with it." She did have unimpeachable skin, hair, and teeth. Really nice, just the kind you want to have, if not in yourself, then at least in someone who's with you. "It feels fantastic in your crotch," she said.

"What?" I said, doubting my senses.

"It tickles your crotch."

"Where can I get some?"

We'll cooperate!" Dr. Bronner declared in his heavy German accent. "We'll get you a couple hundred dollars' worth free!" I was on the phone to him, cross-continent. His phone number is printed—no, exclaimed—right on the label of every bottle of his liquid soap. "Help get it done! Ph. Modesto or Escondido, Ca. (714) 743-2211! All-One!" The "it" with which you are urged to help is the dissemination of "Hillel's Moral ABC," which is also printed on the label, a politico-religious fantasy tract comprising material drawn from Thomas Paine, Marx, Jesus, Khrushchev, Mark Spitz, swallows, God, popular music, and other sources, and featuring between four and thirteen moral absolutes, depending upon the size of the bottle. ("The most incredible piece of literature I've ever seen printed on a six-by-six piece of paper," said one person of Dr. Bronner's sixteen-ounce bottle.) Excerpt from one label: "Like a beacon breaking through the dark clouds that pass, your deep embrace, your burning kiss, O God, make this night last 1000 yrs of sweet eternities! For these are the days my friend, we know they'll never end! We'll work-sing-dance-love forever and day! Marching on! Marching on! We'll live God's Law each day! We'll teach God's righteous way! We'll fight for what's O.K.! For we're young and sure to win All-One! All-One! ALL-ONE!"

Dr. Bronner said on the phone that he had revised the label every month for the last ten years, but that he had arrived at a final edition, a large part of which he read long distance before I was able to prevail upon him to stop.

I was surprised to find Dr. Bronner an actual living individual, given that the label says his soap has been "guaranteed since 1848." "My grandfather invented it," he explained. "Well, to be frank with you, I invented it." Though his family had been in the soap business in Germany since 1848, he came up with this particular formula six years after emigrating here, in 1935, for use as a diaper soap for his own children.

"I became a rabbi and a soap maker so I can clean my own house," he said.

Escondido is northeast of San Diego in Southern California, a dry and sunny clime perfect for the nurturing of avocados and obsessions. A long, winding road led me to the ranch house atop a hill where Dr. Bronner lives and works.

A sullen and suspicious woman in her forties, barefoot, in homespun, ushered me, after demanding some identification, up onto the roof, into the blazing sun, sat me down at a picnic table, its umbrella unhoisted, on a cobwebbed, rusty bridge chair. She told me Dr. Bronner would be up shortly, disappeared and returned with some Chia soup and corn-and-sesame snack chips—both Bronner products—and disappeared again. I dutifully picked at the food, which tasted so strange I wasn't sure if it was bad or good. The woman reappeared shortly with some more soup and chips, and Dr. Bronner.

Dr. Bronner was blind. He was wearing black goggles, entirely black, with opeque lenses. He was a short and wiry man of sixty-six, tanned but unhealthy looking, too thin for his heavy bones. His neck filled less than half his white housecoat's Nehru collar, so that I could read the label at the back. The woman seated him on a wooden bench at a table with two beat-up dial-less phones on it. Dr. Bronner ignored me as he sat dictating some thesis on "Watergate and Watts" to someone over one of the house phones, nibbling at his chips as he did so. Crumbs flew from his mouth as he orated to the phone, his fingers jabbing the bench in series as he enumerated his points. Then, listening, that free hand fell to quietly feeling the grain of the wood—leaving greese marks from his corn chips.

When he'd done with the phone he turned toward me and started talking. He leapt to his feet, pressing so close to me I was afraid he was going to catch me in the eye with his gesticulating right hand. He crouched down and wiggled his knees as though drawing energy, shouted, practically rose off the floor. He had launched into a rhythmic, rhyming declamation of his "ABC of the Free," clasping his hands together, fingers interlocking—like a victor—as he shouted the refrain, "All One! All One! All One!"—his perception of the true state of mankind.

"All right," he interrupted himself. "Now tell me what I just said." My attention had in fact flagged, as was to happen often that afternoon when I recognized he had fallen into one of his pat diatribes, but I was able to recall enough to satisfy him. "I don't get free speech," he said, calming himself. "That's why I'm so intense. Go ahead, ask and you shall receive. Ask me some questions."

I asked him why his label suggests that one emulate Mark Spitz.

"The real Rabbi Hillel," he replied, "taught the twelve-year-old Jesus to enter manhood like Mark Spitz: brave, hardworking, strong, just, loving, free, free, free. . . ."

"How do you know that Mark Spitz is all the good things that you say he is?"

"I didn't say he's all the good things. I said Mark Spitz at the age of twelve was able to enter manhood brave, hardworking, strong, just, kind, loving, free. I didn't say he got the whole Moral ABC. I didn't say he turned out like Jesus. I just said he entered manhood like all of us should enter manhood."

"How do you know he did that?"

"Because to become the best swimmer on this Spaceship Earth, to win seven gold medals, he had to swim two hours every day for nine long years, denying himself the most beautiful pleasures . . . That was a tremendous amount of self-discipline required. Many times a beautiful girl said please, I want to make love to you; he says No! I've got to swim."

In that connection, I had to know what had always intrigued me, what did he mean by listing "sex" on the label as one of his soap's eighteen uses?

He smiled.

"That probably shouldn't be there, because one woman put it on her husband's. . ." he hesitated, "organ. And that's nonsense, because the soap is much too concentrated for that. It should say 'love,' because sex can only be enjoyed when it's absolutely clean," which is how clean the soap makes your body and the ABC makes your spirit.

Dr. Bronner prefers to tell stories which recount his moments of triumph. And each he must tell in its entirety, and each spirals into others and back onto itself.

In Watts, at midnight of February 1, 1962, his birthday, he says he delivered to a "black power" audience "not a bad speech at all. In fact I think it's one of the best speeches ever given on this Spaceship." Speaking, as he did all over again for me, of "the successful attempt by three percent intolerant parasites to keep ninety-seven percent of all mankind permanently divided-misled-suppressed-enslaved-ignorant for six thousand years,'" he concluded, "'No man is white! No man ever was white! No man ever will be white!' and the crowd exploded into applause," as he demonstrated, clapping.

"Paper is not the right thing to communicate these things with," he confided, not that he hasn't tried, with all his labels, his scrolls, his 2,000,000 leaflets.

"I put down a thousand dollars on every single statement I make," he says, the sum to go to the soul who proves him wrong. "And I never lost ten cents. But three times I got myself arrested. 'The captain wants to see you. Your car is parked wrong.' And the next thing, it says 'arrived heavily drugged; dangerous Nazi'—me, a Jew, who lost father, mother, through the Nazis—'dangerous America-first fascist, outlook poor'—and I mixed cement as a slave.

"Now, I'm not looking for suffering. I'm not trying to be a martyr, but, on the other hand, I got to say if I wouldn't have suffered as I suffered, I would not have made up my mind to find out. In fact, let me psychoanalyze myself, which is more difficult than anything else.

"What really turned me on and got me out of the ordinary was on August 30, 1944, when I buried the mother of my three children in a potter's field, sixty-one pounds, her jawbones broken. I, frankly speaking, tried to forget that terrible experience as fast as I could, because no man can live with something like that, that the woman he loved, through no fault of his own, has been suicidal because my mother and father were being gassed over there. Besides, I figure it must be her fault. . .

"When I came to that potter's field to bury her, alone, no relatives, no visitors, such a shame, burying my wife in the middle of the United States, sixty-one pounds, jawbones broken, in a potter's field, I don't want no witnesses to that . . .

"But what changed my whole life was something that only God could do. To that grave came thirteen women. All thirteen like her, disheveled, no hair kept, no makeup, no decent clothes, and all thirteen perfectly sane, singing heartbreaking beautiful songs, weeping on her grave.

"And I said, 'holy man! It isn't just an accident that she run into, sixty-one pounds, her jawbones broken. Something is going on that makes Hitler and Stalin look like amateurs!' So on that grave I shoveled dirt down. After the women were gone, I needed to be alone with God so I could think."

He told God that, given $10,000 to protect his children from suffering, he would become His servant. And within thirty days, Dr. Bronner had $60,000 from licensing six of his fifty-three patents—for various soap-making apparatuses—and was free to begin crusading. "And to be frank with you, when a man sets out to find out what I want to find out, he goes through suffering."

In 1941, in Chicago, he met a like-minded man by the name of Fred Walcher when they were both thrown out of the auditorium at a meeting of "German-Jewish Nature Friends." "He showed me his Plan, and I showed him mine."

By 1945, Walcher had become so devoted to a peace plan—which called for the formation of the United States of the World with one representative in Congress for each 1,000,000 literate adults—that he got himself crucified beneath the steel beams of the El, calling attention to it.

This took Bronner so completely by surprise—"cru-



Photographed by Dorothy Tannous

eifixions are absolute nonsense" in this day and age, he says—that he was unable to redeem that one moment of world attention which ensued. Bronnar dashed straight to tha hospital to visit Walcher. There he found thirteen reporters from thirteen newspepers and radio stations. He quickly assembled and distributed thirteen information packets on tha peace plan. "And not one word of it made the papers. The blood, how many nails, and how deep the nails, that was the front page."

A look at Chicago *Tribunes* of Marah, 1945, reveals that that was indeed on tha front pages: "CRUCIFIED MAN BALKS INQUIRY ON ASSAILANTS." Walcher refused to say whether he himself had instigated his crucifixion. Bronner is mentioned in one article, identified as Walcher's friend who had previously been in tbe public eye with a plan to bring peace by showering Germany with pictures of Jesus on the Cross.

Walcher, a mason, survived, and years later Bronner belped him erect a chimney in Modesto, "probably on the housa whera Mark Spitz was born, I don't know."

Dr. Bronner says he's now looking for a collaborator to write a book—*The Second Crucifixion*. I noted the irony of the fact that something which, moments before, he'd called "absolute nonsensa" might finally get the word out for him.

"The man put his life on the line," he replied, "and to call that nonsense is wrong. Tha point is he was desperate, he didn't know any other way, and the funny thing is ha was right. Because, after all, the world did want a peace plan in 1945."

At this point we took a break and went down for supper. I sat with Dr. Bronner in his living room, forcing down a salad of apples, lettuce, raw fish, and some kind of foul dressing, while he, virtually nonstop, flipped the color TV by remote control from Welk to U.F.O. to other shows, none satisfying him. "I probahly shouldn't spend time with the idiot box," he said, "hut I'm just like everybody else, I need to relax."

On the whole, I found Dr. Bronner's foods so vile that the next morning—I stayed over—when he made off with a container of garbage from the sink and called for me to follow, I thought oh God, now he's going to show me how he converts garbage into health food. But he simply threw it under a lemon tree for fertilizer.

I probahly would have gone ahead and sampled garbage meal had he made and offered it. Thera's something about the man that inspires trust. When, for instance, at breakfast he instructed me to eat my hard-boiled egg "with the calcium," and I saw by his example that he meant me to eat the shell, visions of slow death from a lacerated intestine harely caused me to hesitate before consuming the whole thing. Not bad. And everyone used to react as though my mother had made an attempt on his life if one tiny fragment of shell turned up in his eggs.

After supper we repaired to his office, a small green-painted room crowded with filing cabinets and clutter that couldn't be filed such as a stack of thirty-year-old calling cards with a photo of a robust young Bronner balancing a standing infant on one hand. A cat clock tocked on the wall, its tail and eyss moving with the seconds. Bronner pushed a button and the suspicious women hurried in with freshly typed copies of "Watergate and Watts." She turned out to be his third wife, though she calls him "Dr. Bronner," and he calls her with a huzzer.

Bronner handed me a copy and told me to get on the phone and read it to a Brenda, a secretary in Escondido who apparently possessed a previous version, which, so far as I could tell, differed very littla from mine. Bronner, on an extension, supervised the final revision, meanwhile expending on his points to the politely interested secretary. At a passage on the Commie-psychiatric conspiracy he explained: "Any man who's out of the ordinary is insane in their book. And the guys who committed me were crazier 'n hell, so the whole thing's upside down."

That done, Bronner resumed his narrative with 1946, when he ran afoul of the world.

"My second wife used to say, 'You didn't have to go into that University of Chicago and insist on introducing a peace plan. You didn't have to do that.' That's true. But when I insisted, it was the prominent professor who decided 'I'm the dictator of the world, who the hell is he?' So I changed my name to Fellow Man No. 29, and made him Fellow Man No. 25. Einstein was Fellow Man No. 21, Israel No. 1, Hillel No. 2, Jesus No. 3, so that we'd get away from that ego as to who was the Founding Father of the United States of the World and the Brotherhood of Man. Because the united Speceship is the most important thing, and anybody with sense knows it. . . . So to eliminate competition I eliminated my own personality from me and became very humhla, but it made no difference."

Apparently he did or said something untoward, and the next thing he knew he was being held in a smell room, bare but for something like a mortuary slab. "Every night they bound me hand and foot to the slab. I didn't know why; there was nowhere I could go; they let me walk around in the room in the day. I didn't know where I was. I couldn't remember my name. I didn't know why I was there. Then, slowly, it came to me: 'Someone is trying to murder me.'

"And I didn't know what to do. All day, every day, I'd hear shouting from beyond the wall: 'Hey! You! Back up! Move forward! Turn around!' I thought mayhe they were training, maybe it was the Nazis taking over the country.

"I was lying on the slah when six words came into my head: 'That-is-very-nice-of-you.' Those six words came out of nowhere and gave me the will to live, which I didn't have anymore, which was scientifically being destroyed, which I was unable to know. I didn't recognize them. I didn't know where they came from. 'That-is-very-nice-of-you.' But those six words made me say, 'I must fight. I promised somabody to fight for peace. How can I fight, dying, tied hand and foot on a slab?'

"So I told the guards that Haley's comet exploded in 1910. 'This Eartb explodes unless you get me out.' And one night soon, tha night guard came into my room with three little children. They were wailing, 'Help us Daddy, they're going to gas us.' I thought, 'These can't be my children. My children call me Papa, they never call me Daddy.' The guard told me to help my children, to box with him. 'Come on, come on, box with me.' So I untied my bands, and we shadowboxed, not hitting each other. Not a word was said. It was the craziest thing. And the next morning I woke up sitting, with my arms hanging down, untied."

He was graduated to trustee status, working every day making cement. Ha soon escaped, running straight to a planetarium to find out all about Haley's comet, an interest he's maintained ever since.

(He suspects that we're going to collide with it in 1986, a theory neither confirmed nor denied hy the scores of astronomara ha's written to.)

Bronnar was committed *(Continued on page 314)*

Beelzebub in the Seventies

by Garry Wills

"The devil has a thousand advocates today, and has good cause to be embarrassed by them . . ."



"Which side are you on, Marlowe?"
"I don't even know which teams are playing."
—Raymond Chandler

There have been times when it seemed impossible to make a movie without a priest. C. B. De Mille thought it up—a God's Advocate to take the curse off Claudette Colbert's thighs. Bing Crosby tinkled bells at us, as Father O'Malley, with the blessing of staff censors. But this churching of cinema reached a new level last year, at Georgetown University, when a vestmented priest came out to bless the set of *The Exorcist*. Better safe than sorry—devil might have heard that the author of *The Exorcist*, William Blatty, means to give him a bad press. Priests not only advised on the set, but play walk-on parts. Two Jesuits have speaking roles, one of them quite large. A real Father O'Malley—not the Bing Crosby character—plays the part of Father Joe Dyer, a straight man to the movie's hero.

Some will, no doubt, think the devil has not been given his due in *The Exorcist*. A generation that acquired freak-rock sympathy with the devil may resent his demotion to a villain in this shabby little tale. It is getting ridiculously easy to shock the impious. Not long ago, when I lectured on "Witchcraft in Shakespeare" at Notre Dame, a charming young girl came up to me before the talk and said, "It's about time someone began taking us witches seriously." She looked hurt when, during the lecture, I said the only Renaissance witches to be taken seriously were the ones who *did* try to compass mankind's harm.

The devil has a thousand advocates today, and has good cause to be embarrassed by them—a heavy star unable to escape his groupies. They are a grubby sort, for the most part, looking for a higher (or lower) palmistry, using the devil for self-promotion. Better to be a cosmic rebel, reasons Anton LaVey, than a carny barker—and he works out a style combining the two. Given this circus kind of Old Nick cult, some priests feel *The Exorcist* cheapens true religion—that God should really keep better company than this Adversary foisted off on him. A fellow Jesuit, Raymond Schroth, argued against Father O'Malley, the movie's actor-apologist, in *Commonweal*, a Catholic publication. *The Exorcist*, he pointed out, is good for cheap thrills, but it leads to no revelation of God, even in the story's tawdry terms. The trade-off is two healthy men for one sick girl, and the result of the whole action is to make the possessed girl's mother believe in Satan, but not in God.

Father O'Malley, who says he believes in God but is still checking Satan out, thinks that believing in a devil must, anyhow, be a step in the right direction—better believe in Nothing than in nothing. This keeps one "susceptible to transcendence," breaks open man's enclosure in "the antiseptic and spookless streets of 1984." Putting spooks in the street has become, for him, an apostolic endeavor. If the price of the supernatural is Satan, he is willing to buy it on those terms—or, more properly, let others do so. He feels more at home, as a theist, talking to a Satanist than to a secularist. He told me why: "People find it easier to believe in spooks than in God. I put on *The Crucible* in the high school where I teach, and the actors were behaving very strangely after rehearsals—especially those who were not faith people. When I heard they were going to go to the cemetery and try to raise a ghost, I hit the ceiling. 'You are supposed to be acting these parts, not becoming them,' I said."

This touch of sorcerer's apprenticeship did not make Father O'Malley give up the summoning of spirits (which may or may not be there). He hopes that people will be led to ponder devils, if not deviltry, as a result of *The Exorcist*. The attitude seems to be that Christianity saves men from devils (even if there are no devils to be saved from), so people had better believe in devils, if only as an excuse to spread Christianity. To Father Schroth, this argument is a way of telling lies for God.

It is not a new temptation—using the devil to drum up business for God. A great many of the old "hellfire" sermons were celebrations of the Evil One. Ishmael leaves Melville's chapel more impressed by storms and whales than by God—or, rather, impressed by God as the force behind such evils. Forensic artistry, if nothing else, drew preachers toward such promising material. Heaven is a dull, unimaginable place, compared to hell. Scripture spends a great deal of time trying to describe a final peace in complex symbols; but the scattered hints of hellfire are easier to blow up into bonfires in the mind. Compared to heaven, hell is home—accessible and familiar as each of our own private nightmares. Michelangelo's Charon is far more energetic and compelling than the muscle-bound introvert who judges him on the Sistine wall.

The temptation to preach hell can return to God's ministers in a thousand plausible forms. In the Summer of 1972, priests and other clergy in Spanish Harlem conducted a series of unauthorized "exorcisms" at known centers of heroin trade. Using the old tools of holy water, candles, and incense, they tried to pray "the devil" out of corner bars and neighborhood halls. Some saw this as a profound updating of an ancient symbol. But one could just as well consider it a tickling of the Puerto Ricans' ancient superstitions to effect their good. A touchy point of conscience. If you use the devil, are you guilty of the ancient crime of summoning him? Is such "exoreism" a form of sorcery? People who smile benignly on the exorcism of drug centers are forced to a second thought or two when Ted Patrick, known as "Black Lightning," captures Children of God and "de-programs" them. Mr. Patrick thinks he is exorcising the devil from such people, and can call on scriptural accounts of demoniacs bound and carried to their exorcist. In his de-programing, fire is used to drive out fire—one fundamentalism to drive out another. And his carelessness of human rights reminds us how dangerous fundamentalism can be. Those who believe they can command the devil are not going to worry about putting snakes under their power—and so men still die religiously of rattler venom.

On the other hand, if preachers banish the devil entirely, they might end up with a world as sappy as Franco Zeffirelli's, in the movie *Brother Sun, Sister Moon*. That movie, also, had priest advisers and actors—a Franciscan historian, liturgical directors, and an American priest—Raymond Bluett—who traveled about getting permission to use churches and church property for the film. (I was reminded of all those gutsy leatherneck pictures that sign off with deepest appreciation to the U.S. Marine Corps for doing their propaganda with taxpayers' help on the ordnance.) Father Bluett, describing his movie apostolate on the *Today* show, said he was assigned to the film by the Catholic Communications Foundation, and reminded viewers that the Church had always been a patron of religious art. Maybe so. But Charles Reich would have been more at home on that movie's set than a Catholic priest. The St. Francis portrayed is a Bird Man of Assisi, strolling around with aimless grins, learning everything from the birds and the bees except sex. The poor fellow has a very short attention span—after going all the way to Rome to get an answer, he forgets to ask the question. But that may be because he is not at home except in fields—where he never has to worry about Brother Wolf. No creature more aggressive than a dee or butterfly is allowed into Zeffirelli's enchanted forest, which makes the animated world of *Bambi* look like stark realism. Here it is that pretty Clare and handsome Francis wander about in a baby state of love that never thinks of intercourse. There is, in fact, only one evil thing in the movie—clothes. "Papa" Bernardone and the Pope are cut off from nature in beetle-shiny shells of jeweled fabrics—which cause war, greed, and the Generation Gap. The movie Francis undergoes his conversion in the sweatshop run by his merchant father on proceeds from a war. Leaving the movie, I thought it needed a devil or two more important than the clothiers' guild.



When the Francis of Giotto enters Arezzo, the sky is dark with angry departing spirits. The real Francis did not preach the devil, but he fought him. There was one animal he would always beat mercilessly—Brother Ass: his own body. And the stigmata, after all, did not appear on Francis after a parental whipping. Yes, Francis blessed the birds—and even that implies the power to bless. (The movie Francis has nothing to tell them, they preach to him.) But he also blessed Sister Death—he stretched out his hands toward the darkness, and the darkness pierced them. To tell the story of Francis and leave out the supernatural is far worse than playing Hamlet with no reference to the Danish throne—it is telling the story of Jesus and neglecting to mention the Roman instrument of execution. In the records of St. Francis, I do not see the devil; but I think I see an angel who sees him.



If there are devils, I doubt that they get their kicks torturing little girls on M Street. Conflict with them goes on at a level of the spirit most of us do not attain. Where a holy man is, there will the devils gather—around St. Anthony in the desert, or St. Francis; around Jesus or the Baalshem; near high crazed visionaries or those stooping to the lowliness of saints—near Blake, or Ahab, or Kit Smart. Such men live in a blaze of light that seems haloed with the darkness driven out of them.

Defenders of *The Exorcist* can claim, on New Testament authority, that devils do delight in mean little tortures of the innocent. Father Schroth would answer that superstition once blamed all kinds of natural or nervous disorders on possession—the fact that Jesus cured these disorders does not mean he was endorsing the beliefs that helped cause them. Both sides of this debate seem to miss the point of the main Gospel anecdotes. The most striking part of those exorcisms is the debate devils hold with Jesus, fencing over the heads of the possessed. This struggle has little to do with the agony of afflicted individuals. It centers on the mission of Jesus. The possession is just an excuse to get at the holy man, a continuation of the tempting in the desert. These emissaries of Beelzebub want Jesus to give up his secret, change his calling, league himself with their powers, betray a weakness. It is all an assault on mystery—devils gather in the halt or cripple or crazed as a way of thronging toward a dangerous saint, tempting him toward miracles, to all the evil that can come of doing good. But this man cannot be diverted from his mission, even to live in a constant miracle of local cures. He is tempted to feed the poor, to be a philanthropist, to rule the world—as Dostoevsky realized. The main act in this spiritual drama is not an exertion of power but a restraint from it. Jesus not only casts out spirits, he silences them. When he says Beelzebub's house is not divided against itself, he does not mean that devil will not cast out other devils to snare men; magic is, after all, the devil's game. But Jesus goes beyond casting out—he also discredits. The point is not so much the loosing of the possessed, as the binding of the possessors. He first defeats the devils, and then—more important—mocks them, making them oink their way to swinish deaths in Gerasa, surrendering their claims along with their victims.

If devils gather around holy men, it is not because they were summoned. The saints dispel and scatter demons; and the act of Jesus—consummated in his last struggle with "the power of darkness"—was to exorcize the world, to deliver nature from its thralldom to the Powers and Principalities. That is the point of that majestic ending to the Lord's Prayer, so pallidly understranslated in the past: "And spare us earth's Torture [*ho Peirasmos*], rescue us from its Torturer [*ho Poneros*]." The cosmic harrowing, or *Peirasmos*, is the

Apocalypse; and the Lord of Evil is the opponent conquered there

The Christ of the Gospels does for the whole world what Francis did to Arezzo—fills the air with the wings and the bet screams of *departing* evil. Various "spiritualists" work themselves up to a worthiness for seances and other interviews with the unworldly. But the saints refuse to entertain strange spirits, breaking up the permanent unscheduled séance in which they move. Medieval saints used tonge on the devil's nose, as Jesus used pige on the devil's followers Whatever the demythologizere do to scriptural history or the saints, many saints had earlier done to the devils Laughter, that great demythologizer, is also your best exorcist



The early Christian fathere applied this scriptural treatment of devils to all pagan gods and idols. Father O'Malley suggests a kind of ecumenical tolerance toward all forms of the supernatural—like clerical courtesy between the priests of differing religions. Heaven and hell have a stake in each other's reputation, and should form a protective league But early Christians were felt to be *anti*-religious, opposed to the syncretic "openness" of their time, when men hedged their bets about gods who could hurt or help them with an omnidirectional deference. The patristic era is far from deferential—it is scalding and satirical in its debunking of magic, astronomy, and demons' promises. The pagan gods were laughed to death, and St Augustine played Mencken to their humblings. These devils only want nut with scorn and deriding.

The Gospel opposition to idols and false geds, drawing on the Torah's high monotheistic discipline, extends even to magic in its lesser forms. The tale of the Magi is now read by scholars as St. Ignatius of Antioch must have read it in the second century: the astrologers have come to admit defeat, surrendering tools of a wicked trade—their mantic touchstone gold, and the spices of séance. The Christian theology moved constantly toward minimizing all evil sacraments and scoffing at their power. St. Augustine worked to overthrow the dark god of Mani when he insisted the devil is a defeated creature, not God's timeless adversary—just as St. Francis, when he blessed fraternally death and darkness, only did it because all have the same Father of light. Christianity, far from loosing devils, bound them and put them in prison. And the devil's comebask between the Renaissance and the Enlightenment was encouraged most often by heterodox authors. It is the "free thinker" of the sixteenth or seventeenth century who plays most recklessly with diabolic hypotheses. The tragedy of witch executions is that poor misguided women were killed instead of the real troublemakers. There was a better argument to be made for dragging Christopher Marlowe to the scaffold than "Sairy" This-or-That who died in the off-glitter of his magic verse. Those who played at being Prospero helped those who looked like Sycorax toward horrible tortures. The devil-repressers were less tyrennous than devil-encouragere, and many a pyre was lit by the flames of "enlightenment." When the diabolist was not a free thinker, he was often a reformar. Luther was Lucifer's great rehabilitator, and it often seems that Antichrist was resurrected mainly to accommodate the Pope. It is marvelous how hatred of Rome insensibly exalted Satan—which is one motive for Milton's obliquely majestic sympathizings with the devil

If the Christian church did not so much create or encourage a belief in devils as cut back that belief where it already existed, then Father Schroth can cogently present his case: in a world that does not accept the existence of devils as part of its religious language and inheritance, true "exorcism" should mean a principled support for this rejection. Earlier Christians had to drive out devils because they could not, yet, drive out the idea of devils. But now the baptismal renunciation of "Satan and all of his works" is a philosophical commitment to man as freed from superstition's tyranny, exercising his freedom in God's image

The Father O'Malleys of the world answer that superstition is no longer the problem—Christianity does not need to rescue us from that Here, at least, man was "saved" by science. The problem now is man's incapacity to believe at all, to go beyond the immediate evidence of his senses and the narrower calculus of reason. The devil is, thus, God's last desperate proof that there is more in heaven and earth than IBM has dreamed of.

Unfortunately, this approach makes God depend rather ignominiously on his "bogey man," searing those he can no longer persuade. This argument makes Jesus summon devils and open their mouths, instead of dismissing them under bans of silence. And, to crown all other indignities, the treatment does not even seem to work As Father O'Malley himself admits, the devil gets his warmest reception these days from those who are not "faith people." Indeed, what we seem to be witnessing is a return to just that kind of idolatry Christians did battle with in the Gospels' youth. Those looking for any old crack in the walls of our secular factory are "syncretists" of the most slovenly sort. Poltergeists, rappings, ESP, U.F.Os, drug visions, magic cards, dead men's signals, prophets, devils, gurus, quacks—all find easy welcome from those starved for the occult. Heaven and hell are interchangeable "tripe," and any Mesmer looks like the Messiah to a Colin Wilson. What Jekyll once looked for in potions, students now look for in pills. Anything unsecular becomes sacred; a deviation from reason is, by that fact, holy—the literally "holy shit" of *Pink Flamingos*, the various devil's communions thought up by those assailing reason and technology. Upsidedown is righteous. Disease is health, and Satan saves. Hell was Orwellian long before Orwell.

One's "fix" in this world depends on one's habit. Warm slurps of communal gluing are enough to deliver Charles Reich from executive suites (But what do you do when executives slurp along?) Others need dark rooms and astrological gobbledygook. (But what do you do when, as is happening, computere are rigged to serve up personalized "readings"?) Theodore Roszak needs the stronger medicine of Blake's "Satan" to break the stranglehold of logic (But how do you grade pupils who cannot follow Blake's poetic logic?) Planchettes suffice for some; but others need Manson's affront to their imprisonment in mind. (And then what do you do when the cops arrive?) We have found our way back to old worships from which men thought they were delivered. So, by a roundsbout history, it proves true once again that Beelzebub's house is not divided against itself—that those who summon demons are not of God. Those who summon spirits can hardly be considered exorcists; and those who try to make them do tricks for them, like trained dogs, hardly know the height or depth of evil's mystery. Our world will never be exorcized by the devil's pet men; and the more we attend to William Blatty, the less we shall be hearing from St Francis. ##

Varieties of Redemptive Experience

How cheerily, cheerily, even in the Seventies, mankind skips, tra-la, down the Valley of the Shadow! Does mankind know something we don't? Esquire asked four writers to look into whatever (if any) gods mankind has to thank for its incorrigible soul, and they returned with four different answers to the greatest of all questions: What must, or can, or possibly might we do to be saved from this mess?

What Will Save Us From Fear?

by Gloria Emerson

Bow down to a Brooks Brothers bathrobe

So very long ago, in the Spring of 1970, Cambodian soldiere went to war in white tennis shoes, waving from the Pepsi-Cola trucks that took them to the front, as if they were schoolboys being driven to the seaside. In those days they did not know very much at all. When the fighting came, there were soldiers who would put their little Buddha figures in their mouths, between their teeth, to protect themselves from bullets, to stave off death. Sometimes they would shut their eyes too Even when the American M-16s and mortars and grenade launchers arrived to help them fight the war some Cambodians still seemed persuaded that those blessed emulets, carried in little cloth bags on leather thongs around their necks, would do them more good. Some of their officers—who spoke French and remembered Paris and liked cognac—wore bunches of Buddhas on gold chains around their necks underneath their khaki shirts. Sometimes on Madison Avenue I have seen, on hot days, men wearing bright chains with shiny pendants on their bered chests and I wanted to ask them if it made them feel safer or stronger but in New York few of us have that kind of nerve.

Around their necks, or sometimes at their waists, the Cambodians also wore long thick scarves whose intricate emblems and prayer symbols had been drawn and blessed, always for a fee, by the Buddhist monks who chanted in Hindi as they did so. The heat in Cambodia can be punishing The first time I saw men swathed in these scarves—there was a very small private who wore four pink ones—I thought of children who had sore throats.

In Phnom Penh, a Cambodian woman who always smiled when she seemed most afflicted by a nervous sort of grief, told me these eclectic religious symbols dated back nine hundred years to the great Khmer civilization at Angkor. She called them *yaon*. Smiling, she also told me of the belief that if a Cambodian soldier has such an amulet in his mouth in times of danger it will prevent him from speaking ill of the enemy and thus weakening the divine powere of his God I was quite sure that Cambodian soldiers often cursed but I did not tell her so.

White men in Indochina wanted salvation, too. There was a company of G.I.s, for example, who would not eat the apricots in their C rations since they insisted that men who did were always blowe awey. I bated wearing anything yellow, even a scarf

There was a very fine British war photographer, one of that special breed of men who can rise up and move as lightly as a dancer when everyone else is crouching down. He liked to wear an immaculate white face towel—the sort you find in good hotels—folded around his neck like a scarf. He once told me it was only to stop the sweat but I am not so sure now I once knew a man, no longer young, who thought that by wearing a Brooks Brothere bathrobe from his years at Yale he could prevent chest pains which for him were a clear signal his heart was wearing out My father, who is dead, once told me that he liked wearing blue shirts to Wall Street in the first days of the Depression. I suppose he must have thought that Tidewater shares would not sink as long as he did. There are men—I know two of them—who wear white linen suits, even in cold April weather, when they feel depressed, as though this might help them skip over some of the wreckage and some of the ruin. White linen suits somehow make them feel more carefree and cheerful, more hopeful that there are no great risks ahead

A friend of mine in New York once lived with a very high-strung Pole who had arrived here during the war with a Teddy bear On the many mornings when he felt certain of nothing, he would often use her L'Heure Bleue Eau de Toilette and put gin in his orange juice. The Pole loved clothes and feared banks He would often write notes to pretty women on blank checks if no other paper was at hand On those days when it was clear he was once again overdrawn at the Irving Trust Company, and once more dishonored at the Lexington Avenue liquor store where his checks had been cashed, the Pole always wore a navy tie with white stripes. For many years he was convinced that it was an English regimental tie and that he who wore it could not possibly be nailed by such trifles as worthless checks for $68. He was wrong, of course.

There is nothing unusual, I sup-

What Will Save Us From Boredom?

by Jerry Bledsoe

Consider Deliverance, then cool it

On a Sunday late last January, the sky was overcast and the temperature hovered in the thirties. Along the riverbanks little patches of snow and ice, remnants of a recent storm, snuggled in shady spots to survive. The river was up. It usually was in January. A person not familiar with the river might not have realized it, but it was high enough that local people had made note.

While local people were making their way to country churches on this morning, four young men, city slickers, were down on the river, about to embark on a day of adventure. Some of the local people might have been surprised if they had known of the young men's plans, but then maybe not. Most of them watched this river-riding business with bemused curiosity. Why anybody wanted to risk life and limb on that river in some flimsy rubber raft was beyond them. That anybody would get on the river in January was plumb crazy. The local people knew that river. That river was treacherous. That river had to be respected, especially when it was high. Why, that river could suck you up!

The young men knew that the river could be rough. They had been on it before. But they thought they were well-prepared. They had come earlier in the day from Atlanta, a two-hour drive from the south, bringing beer and sandwiches and a ten-foot yellow raft. They all had divers' suits, complete with gloves, masks, boots and brightly colored life vests, the best equipment that Sears had to offer. They wanted to experience once again the thrill of riding white water, and that was what they were about to do.

White water! The Chattooga River offers the best white water in the Southeast, some of the best in the country. It is a beautiful and wild river, one of a few unfettered mountain streams left. Rising on the crest of the Blue Ridge Mountains in North Carolina, a series of seepages tumbling over ledges and falls, it quickly slips into a deep gorge, and by the time it has journeyed ten miles to the point where the North Carolina line joins those of South Carolina and Georgia, it is a formidable stream. From that point it forms the boundary for South Carolina and Georgia, dropping an average of forty-nine feet per mile, swift water, clear and green, rushing through rapids and sluices, squeezing into narrows, frothing with turbulence as it makes its way past great cliffs and huge boulders sprouting trees, over cascades and shoals and falls, cresting as it goes some of the most spectacular scenery in the country, until, fifty miles from its beginning, it empties into Lake Tugaloo.

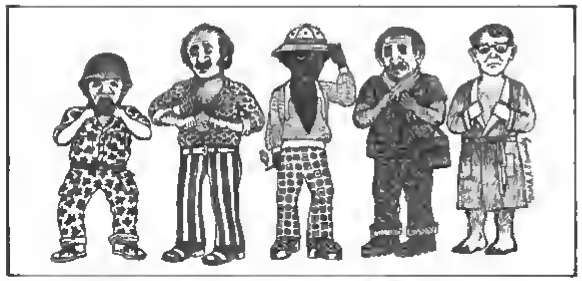
Through the years, few people had enjoyed the river's beauty. The Cherokees had a large settlement on its banks prior to 1700, and they gave the river its name, Chattooga meaning place of the white rocks. The first white settlers did not come to the river until the 1800's, and because the land was so rugged, there were not many of them. Loggers worked the river in the early part of this century. Towns grew nearby in later years, but still the river stayed wild.

Local people who knew the logging roads that snaked down to the river would sometimes go there to hunt, to fish for trout and redeye bass, to camp, picnic, or swim in the cold water.

But as the Sixties grew to a close, something new came to the river. Outlanders, usually from the cities, young people mostly, began showing up at the river with canoes, kayaks, and rafts strapped to their cars. They came in a trickle at first, but each year their number grew. The local people didn't quite know what to make of it all.

And then, to complicate things even more, came *Deliverance*. Movie crews came to the river in the Spring of 1971 to film James Dickey's story of four young men from Atlanta who took a weekend canoe trip along a north Georgia river and met tragedy. The movie gave millions of people a chance to know the beauty and thrill of the river, if only vicariously, but it also had a great effect on the river itself.

The first time Tommy Reeves went to the river was in the Fall of 1972. He never told his mother he was planning to go. That would have only troubled her. She was a worrier. She lived in fear of the knock on the door or the telephone call that would inform her that one of her children had been killed in a car wreck, or some other horrible accident. Tommy was twenty-four and the baby of the family, the last of Hazel and Harry Reeves's five children remaining at home. He was very close to his mother. She didn't want him to leave home. She fussed over him. She knew everything that he liked and she did all she could to please him. She would often buy his clothes for him. She always kept them fixed the way he liked, and he was particular about his clothes ("Oh, he loved to dress; he loved pretty clothes"). She always fixed his favorite foods, too, and he was a big eater. He stood at six feet, two inches tall and weighed two hundred and twenty pounds. Tommy was born in Chicago. Both his parents were from Roswell, Georgia, and they moved back home when Tommy was still small. Harry Reeves went to work at the local funeral home as a driver. At that



pose, about the pitcher for the Baltimore Orioles who said he will go on wearing a pair of orange socks as long as he keeps winning. The New York *Times* described the socks as both "faded" and "hand-me-downs." We will most likely never know who gave these socks to Mr. Palmer and what words were said about them.

There is a wire between the pitcher and a novelist who kept wearing the same pair of navy pants in Saigon. The writer was Kevin Buckley, a *Newsweek* correspondent who wanted to go on winning as much as Mr. Palmer. The pants belonged to an off-the-rack suit he had bought at Blades in London. It was too hot to wear the jacket.

"I wore them during the waning days of the Tet offensive in February, 1968, and then all through May in the second Tet," Mr. Buckley said. "I wore them in August, 1968, during the rocket attack on Saigon. When I heard the windows of the Hotel Continental giving way, I reached for those pants. I wanted to go in them." But he always felt that Blades would somehow see him through it all.

There are men who become silent, or cranky, when you ask about their protective charms and they will deny it, or say something about a chest cold coming on. Last winter at Harvard, the Master of Leverett House and Mrs. Kenneth Andrews invited me to a Friday open house. I was still willing to meet students in those days although I had begun to see them as stone vacuum cleaners: sucking it all in and sending nothing back. But there was Henry, a rather small Black student, who wore a battered canvas pith helmet which I was told he almost never took off. Henry did let me see the lining. It was torn and discolored and smelled faintly of Tiger Balm. I can vouch that there was nothing unusual about Henry's hair or skull that he might have wished to conceal. He did not choose to tell me his last name, or where he had bought the pith helmet, or why. Then I began to bore him. His pith helmet reminded me of the ones worn by the Vietminh in the seven-year war against the French and Henry must look at Bernard Fall's book *Street Without Joy* which has a haunting photograph of French liaison officers escorting the first Communist troops (in pith helmets) who entered French lines in August, 1954. Look at the face of the young Vietnamese soldier walking with the French, I said. But nothing bores the young so much as old wars fought by unknown people. Finally, as Henry started to move away, I asked him if the pith helmet made men feel protected. "Maybe," he said.

In New York, you can see young Blacks wearing pith helmets in shades of blue, pink, orange and beige. They appear to be messengers, an army of restless runners with nowhere real to go, and their hats might have come from Knox Hatters on West Forty-second Street which has been doing a brisk business lately. Perhaps a man in a pink pith helmet feels that now he is the hunter, not the hunted, wearing what will always be for me a slightly warlike hat, vaguely connected with winning and white sun. I did ask a young messenger why he wore a pith helmet as we were both rising in an elevator at 630 Fifth Avenue. It was a day of astonishing heat so I found his answer an odd one.

"Keeps my head warm," the messenger said. Or I thought he did.

There are drafts everywhere so it is quite possible that a man whose head is covered feels surer of his footing in a jungle the rest of us do not see.

Once, in Nigeria, a reporter told me that Ibo soldiers, fighting for the secession of Biafra, would go into battle weak from hunger with never enough guns. They marched off as a bagpiper played. I do not know if it is true but I hope they heard the bagpipes. Few men ever do when they most need it.

I have a twenty-four-year-old friend named Peter Mahoney, the Brooklyn-born first son of a shipfitter, who once was only one merit badge short of being an Eagle Scout. For two years, when he was growing up, he wanted to be a priest. Later he did not. When he came back from a year in Vietnam—with a Bronze Star, the Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry and the Combat Infantryman's Badge—he attended Louisiana State University and joined Vietnam Veterans Against the War.

The last time I saw Peter Mahoney, the ex-seminarian was sitting in a federal court in Gainesville, Florida. He wore an old Army shirt and blue jeans and, at his neck, an African necklace of leather that is supposed to help men in real trouble. It is not one I ever saw men in West Africa wear but that hardly matters. It was given to him by a friend named Jill Seiden who wanted him to have something slightly supernatural to wear during his trial, not just a nailhead necklace from a Colorado boutique, something more promising than a St. Christopher medal or worry beads or his astrological sign. Mr. Mahoney, six other Vietnam veterans and a sympathizer were on trial, accused of conspiring to disrupt the 1972 Republican Convention in Miami Beach where, according to the Chief Prosecutor, they planned to conceal slingshots around their groins or ankles under ball-bottomed trousers.

Miss Seiden, who is not a sentimental woman and is proud of being one of five members of the Emma Goldman Brigade in New York, said she bought the necklace on Union Street in San Francisco where she was told it came from Mauritania and that different necklaces were worn by the African villagers for different problems.

"It is called a grigri," she said. "I think the one Peter has is for malaria."

Mr. Mahoney does not have malaria but never mind. There is nothing like a grigri for a conspiracy trial in Gainesville.

There is a witty man in Albany who used to wear a red Mexican scarf around his neck on the days when his wife went to Washington to demonstrate against the war but he cannot really tell you why. He didn't think his wife would be hurt. He only *(Continued on page 340)*

Illustrated by Mark Stamaty



"It's the last ultimate challenge. This is the rite of passage. You go out there and the river is totally implacable. It's a basic elemental force and you put yourself against it and you either learn to... well, Burt Reynolds said it in *Deliverance*. He says, well, you know, you don't beat the river...."

time Roswell was still a small country town about twenty miles from Atlanta, but now it has been ensnared by Atlanta's ever-growing tenacles of apartment projects and shopping centers. The Chattahoochee River flows nearby, and when Tommy was little he seemed drawn to it. "He always played on the river," his mother recalls. "They'd play on the rocks, sit there and take picnics and waddle their feet in the water."

Tommy Reeves developed into an amiable and respectable young man. He had a sort of modish, Jaycee-style haircut with bangs and sideburns, which he always kept neatly combed. He wore off-white shirts and ties, and regularly attended the Baptist church with his family. If there was a fund drive that needed collectors, Tommy Reeves was the first on the street. During an ice storm that hit last winter, he was especially attentive to the elderly, checking to make sure that they had a way to keep warm. One day a week, on his day off from work, Tommy helped at a home for retarded children. He would change diapers, mop floors, or just play with the kids. The children looked forward to his coming. Tommy had even talked some of his friends into volunteering their time.

After high school, Tommy had gone to a nearby junior college for a year, but he didn't really like it and decided to quit. He got a job at the big Sears Peachtree store in Atlanta. He began working in the hardware department and gradually moved up, eventually becoming manager of the housewares department. He liked working at Sears and planned to make a career of it. His ambition was to be named customer service manager for a new Sears store that was being built in nearby Marietta.

Tommy had several close friends at work, but Jack Ambrose in the fencing department, Bill Sills in customer service, and Sam Wood in hardware were especially close. They were all about the same age. They spent a lot of their free time together and were always looking for new things to do. So, in the Summer of 1971, when Huck Finn-style raft races were held on a placid stretch of the Chattahoochee River near Roswell, the four of them decided to build a raft and enter it. It was a slow, cumbersome thing that they came up with, put together with plywood and empty metal drums, but it floated, and although they didn't come close to winning, they had a good time. It was the experience that they had with this raft that led them eventually to consider more adventurous things on the wild Chattooga.

Their plan, as Tommy would later tell his mother, was to tackle the river in short stretches, learning it and perfecting their skills as they went. They had ordered the equipment they thought they would need through Sears' sporting-goods department, and they tried it out on an easy stretch of the Chattooga. They had no problems and a lot of fun, and Tommy Reeves returned excited about the river and told his mother of its beauty. They took a second trip a few weeks later, in October, and again encountered no difficulty.

After that trip, Tommy Reeves decided to leave home and move into an apartment with Jack Ambrose and Sam Wood. His mother didn't want him to go, but neither did she try to stop him. Tommy assured her that he would be back regularly to see her.

In November, Tommy and his friends took their third trip to the Chattooga. They attempted a more difficult stretch and before the day was out, they had all been dunked into the icy water and bettered into rocks. They lost oars and other equipment and came close to losing their raft. They had planned to camp on the river overnight and try another section the next day. But by the end of the first day they were so miserable—cold, exhausted, thoroughly beaten—that they decided to drive back to Atlanta that night. Tommy had been frightened.

"Let this be a warning," Tommy's father told him. "Don't never go back to that river again."

"I'm not," he said.

His mother wanted more than that. She wanted him to *promise* that he'd never go back. Tommy promised.

In September, *Deliverance* opened in Atlanta. The premiere was attended by James Dickey himself, at one time a local advertising man. It was not until after Christmas that Tommy Reeves and his friends got around to seeing the movie. They were fascinated by it ("That's just the way it is," Jack Ambrose would say of it). It made them begin to think of the river again, to want to see the places in the film that they had not yet seen, and they began planning another trip. Tommy Reeves would be careful not to let his mother find out about it.

The Summer of 1972 had seen the largest number of river riders ever on the Chattooga. The river's notoriety had been spreading widely. It had received a lot of publicity through a lengthy conservationists' campaign to have it protected under the Wild and Scenic Rivers Act (a possibility that now seems certain). It had received even wider publicity during the filming of *Deliverance*. But there were other reasons as well. Many people were longing for wilderness. Twenty million Americans were reported to be backpacking into the nation's few remaining untouched areas. The number of canoeists in the country was nearly doubling every year. Wild river riding by canoe, kayak, and raft had reached fad status, attested by the fact that the advertising industry had begun to pay it high tribute. You could hardly pick up a magazine, flick on the TV, or drive down the highway without seeing a picture of somebody paddling furiously through rapids to peddle cigarettes, breakfast cereal, soft drinks, or sanitary napkins for the active girl. Whatever their reasons for coming, the heavy influx of people was bringing problems to the Chattooga.

The river is divided into four major navigable sections, primarily because of accessibility. Only five bridges cross the river in its entire length, and two of them are in North Carolina, where the river is not suitable for boating of any kind. Put-in and take-out points are, therefore, infrequent.

The first is at a place called Burrell's Ford several miles south of the North Carolina border. A bridge was built across the ford a few years ago, and a U.S. Forest Service campground is nearby. Here begins a deadly eight-mile stretch of river, and the Forest Service warns most peddlers to keep away from it. Three falls (one of them twenty feet high) require portages on this section of the river, and the terrain is so rough that it is extremely difficult to get into or out of the river once one has been launched onto it. Even the most expert river riders are timid about trying this stretch, which one of them has tried it describes as "screaming drop after screaming drop."

The second section begins at the bridge on Highway 28, where the river becomes wide, shallow, and slow as it passes through the only flat bottomland along its course. Here the Cherokees had their settlement, and now there is an old farmhouse that the Forest Service has converted into a summer information center for river riders. This is the section that is recommended for beginners, a beginner being a person who can competently handle a canoe in smooth water.

Earl's Ford, several miles downstream, marks the

beginning of the third section that is described as the best white water in the Southeast. It is recommended only for experienced paddlers. There are numerous rapids of moderate difficulty, one difficult, and another, Bull Sluice, extraordinarily difficult and dangerous. There is no bridge at Earl's Ford but a good unpaved road comes to the river from the South Carolina side.

The bridge on Highway 76 is the end of the twelve-mile third section and the beginning of the last section, a sixteen-mile stretch of treacherous water that the Forest Service says is only for the most expert or the most foolhardy of river riders. Numerous dangerous rapids with names like Sock 'Em Dog and Corkscrew and Jawbone threaten the boater on this stretch of river, many of them one on top of the other. Even the most experienced paddlers have come away with broken bones and bruises and cracked canoes.

The Spring of 1972 had seen the river claim its first victim in several years when a young man from Chicago who had lost a foot in Vietnam left his life when his canoe capsized in the Narrows in section three. But the tragedy did not seem to discourage many people from trying the river. It seemed, in fact, to have the opposite effect. "I think every time a tragedy occurs it just makes the river more challenging," says Earl "Preach" Parsons, who is the chief forest ranger for the Tallulah ranger district of Rabun County, Georgia.

At any rate, on any Sunday of the Summer of '72, hundreds of people could be seen striking out down the river on all manner of craft, rented canoes, cheap vinyl rafts bought at discount houses, even inner tubes with six-packs of beer in tow. Many of the boaters had no experience on swift water, knew nothing about the river and didn't bother to ask. Hardly a week passed that rescue squads didn't have to be summoned to the river to search for somebody.

"They just git in there and go," Juna Black is saying. "You'd be surprised." Black is a strapping, dasp-voiced man who operates the Super Service Station on the main street of Walhalla, South Carolina. He is also the head of the Civil Defense unit that operates the rescue squad for Oconee County, the county that borders the river.

"They'll put in, say, at three or four o'clock in the afternoon and there's no way to make it through 'til dark," Black says. "Then when dark catches 'em, they skeered of the river, they've done come far enough to git in some rough areas, and they skeered to death and they pull out and we got to go hunt 'em. . . . We had one guy carried a two-and-a-half-year-old child down the river in a kayak, *never* been on the river, and it got dark on him, and him with that little baby.

"I'll tell you another thing they don't realize. They's some devilish snakes in there. One night we killed three copperheads. I tell you right now, it's Katy bar the door, them things'll eat you up."

Why? Why do people do it?

Dr. Claude Terry has been in a canoe and he offers an explanation. He is a professor of microbiology at Emory University in Atlanta and active in conservationist groups. He has been one of the leaders in the campaign to have the Chattooga protected. He first came to the river in the late Sixties. He was one of the first to bring a kayak to the river and he is credited with first successful runs on several of the more difficult rapids on the lower Chattooga. He probably knows the river as intimately as anybody. He helped to choose the river as the site for the filming of *Deliverance*, and he also assisted with some of the difficult canoeing in the film. He is teaching Georgia Governor Jimmy Carter to run the river by canoe and kayak. He and a partner, Doug Woodward, are one of three groups now offering commercial trips on the river (one of which advertises "Deliverance Trips" with quotes from the book).

"It's the last ultimate challenge," Claude Terry says. "This is the rites of passage, man. I mean, for some of us old guys it still is, I guess. You go out there and the river is totally implacable. It neither loves you nor hates you. It's a basic elemental force and you put yourself against it and you either learn to . . . well, Burt Reynolds said it in *Deliverance*. He says, well, you know, you don't beat the river. You learn to use the currents to work with you. If you go against the currents, you're going to get smashed. Your feedback is instantaneous. You make a mistake, you know it."

Information about the river, including detailed maps and descriptions of all the rapids on the two sections recommended by the Forest Service for boating, can be picked up at any of the several ranger stations in the area, but few visitors bother with it. "Two years ago," says one Forest Service employee, "ninety percent of the people stopped here and talked with us before they got on the river. Now there's not over thirty percent." Even fewer stop to inquire of the local people about the river.

A couple of miles below the Highway 76 bridge, past Screaming Left Turn and through the Jumble, the river widens, calms, and takes a slight left turn. The mountains slope away gently here, covered with white pine and hemlock, dogwood and sourwood, rhododendron and laurel, and along the banks there are sandbars where snakes and turtles often sun on warm days. To the river rider coming out of the turn, the river seems suddenly to disappear dead ahead. A granite ledge juts from the left bank, forcing the current into a narrow channel on the right. The river drops over the ledge with a roar, sending up a perpetual mist to guard the spot. This is Woodall Shoals. To the left, a small branch of the river escapes over a higher and steeper falls, and beneath the ledge, the river divides and subdivides, crisscrossing tree-bearing islands and ebbing into pools over beds of stones worn smooth and flat by the river. The big grey rocks along the banks are covered with moss and green lichens and they contain a large amount of mica, causing them to glitter in the sunlight. The mica washes into the river, and in the quieter pools it hangs suspended like gold flakes. There is a large sand beach beneath the ledge on the South Carolina side, and the beauty of the spot is marred only by big piles of garbage. A single-lane road that is passable to cars except after heavy rains comes down to the beach, and large numbers of people are drawn there. It is a favorite spot of the local people. Even in the winter, several cars and Jeeps are likely to make their way to Woodall Shoals on a Sunday afternoon.

The beauty of Woodall Shoals is just one of its attractions; the other is its deadliness. This is one of the river's most dangerous spots. The stream drops about ten feet over the ledge at a sharp slant, and at the bottom it has gouged a deep hole in the river bottom. The result is that water from downstream washes back into the hole, setting up a turbulence. Experienced river riders call this a souse hole or a roller trap, and they are very wary of them. The hole can reach out for ten or fifteen feet downstream and snatch a man or a boat back into it. One experienced river rider says he has seen rafts held for more than thirty minutes in the hole at Woodall Shoals. "The best thing to do with Woodall Shoals," he says, "is to pick up your raft and carry it around."

The four men in *Deliverance* did just that with their canoes when they got to Woodall Shoals. Experts who try Woodall Shoals always go in strong parties, and they station people below the falls with ropes. They hold to the extreme left as they go into the drop. In rafts, and they use only sturdy fifteen-man assault rafts with extra-heavy paddles, they put the weight in the front, wear helmets to protect their heads from the rocks, and, when they hit the bottom of the drop, they paddle like hell to escape the hole. One thing they never do is fool with Woodall Shoals in high water.

Tommy Reeves and his friends pulled their little raft onto the ledge at Woodall Shoals at a little before two. They landed near a weathered log that had long ago lodged on the rock and got out to scout the falls. This would be their last shot before they took the raft from the water. One of their cars was parked just below the shoals.

It had been just about twelve hours since they had left Atlanta driving north on I-85 in Sam Wood's and Jack Ambrose's Volkswagens. They had planned to drive to the river, sleep until dawn in their cars, and get an early start on the water. But it had been well after dawn when Tommy Reeves awoke with a start in the back seat of Sam's car and said, "Hey, it's eight-thirty."

Later some friends who had wanted to see the river had arrived from Atlanta, and they had encountered another Atlanta-ersa couple who had come to see the river, and they had all had a picnic on the bank. So it wasn't until early afternoon that the boys ferried their cars to Woodall Shoals and came back to the Highway 76 bridge to start down the river. Their experiences on their last trip had caused them to take extra precautions this time. They had bought a tarpaulin and tied it around the raft to protect the bottom. They had also brought along some thin white nylon rope so that they could lash their oars to the raft to keep from losing them. But by the time they had pulled onto the ledge at Woodall Shoals they had already made several mistakes, the first being that they were on this section of the river at all. Their equipment was not adequate. They did not know this part of the river well enough. They had no guide. The river was high. And they were about to make several more mistakes.

The river takes on a certain look of innocence as it crashes through the narrow channel over Woodall Shoals. High water, deadly here, makes it look even more innocent. As Tommy Reeves stood with his friends looking at the fall, he said, "Looks like the best bet is to go right down the middle." The others agreed. Mistake.

It was decided that the balance of weight should be in the rear, which put Tommy Reeves, the biggest of the four, in the back. Mistake.

But then, as they got into the raft, Tommy Reeves apparently made one more mistake, and it would be his last.

They shoved off from the ledge toward the main current, all of them sitting on the sides of the raft to keep it high in the water.

By now the raft was moving swiftly into the roaring drop. As Sam Wood would later tell a radio reporter, "It happened so quick." When the front of the raft hit the souse hole, it began to rise, and then it flipped, sending the four riders sprawling into the icy water.

J. C. Moore's grocery store sits on Highway 76 just up from the river on the South Carolina side. Virgil Justus lives just up the hill from the store, and shortly after noon he looked down the hill toward the store. "Surely somebody's not going on that river as cold as it is," he said.

What had caught his eye were two drab Volkswagens, almost identical, that had stopped at the store. On top of one of them was a yellow raft. Actually, Virgil Justus wouldn't have been surprised at anything that people might attempt on the river anymore, but it was such an awful day that he couldn't imagine why anybody would want to be on the river, not in that cold water. He went to his Sunday dinner without giving it more thought.

Later, Virgil Justus' wife and daughter started getting after him to take them riding, as they did almost every Sunday afternoon, so they climbed into the Jeep and struck out for the river. Virgil Justus loves the river and never tires of going to it. On this afternoon he headed for Woodall Shoals. On the way in, he passed one of the Volkswagens he had seen earlier. It was parked about a mile from the river. A little farther on, he met a Jeep coming out and pulled over to let it pass. The driver seemed in a rush.

When Virgil Justus got to the river, he saw the other Volkswagen that he had seen earlier. Then, a few hundred yards downstream, he saw three men wearing wet suits. One of them was down and the other two seemed to be working over him. When Virgil Justus started toward them to see what was wrong, one of them saw him and ran up calling frantically, "Run call an ambulance! We've had an accident. One of our men's hurt, and another one's missing!"

Virgil Justus ran back to his Jeep and headed for home to use the phone. But on the way out he met the Jeep he had passed earlier. Both stopped, and the other driver said he'd already called an ambulance and the rescue squad. Virgil Justus turned around and went back to the river.

The injured man was on his hands and knees. He was in a rage, coughing and gagging, water coming out of his mouth and nose. It was Sam Wood. His head had hit a rock and he had taken on a lot of water before being washed downstream. Jack Ambrose and Bill Sills had been washed far downstream before they could get out of the river. They had pulled Sam Wood out. Nobody knew where Tommy Reeves was. Sam Wood was shivering from the cold, and Virgil Justus helped to get him to the Volkswagen where he cranked the engine and turned on the heater. Virgil Justus and the driver of the other Jeep began to search the river for Tommy Reeves. Virgil Justus spotted the overturned raft bobbing just below the falls. Then he saw Tommy Reeves's right leg protruding from the water. Reeves was wedged on a submerged rock in swift current near the opposite shore. He was on his back and his head was out of the water. His left leg seemed to be under the raft. There was no direct way to get to him from where Virgil Justus stood. The water was too deep and fast. So Virgil Justus climbed the rocks above the shoals to see if he could wade the river in the slow shallow section and make his way down the opposite bank. But the water was too cold and it drove him back. He ran and got one of Tommy Reeves's friends, showed him where to cross the river and how to get down the other side.

"Is he dead?" Virgil Justus called across the roar of the river.

The young man nodded yes.

"Better leave him there 'til the sheriff gets here then," Virgil Justus called.

Lloyd Hunter's phone rang shortly before three o'clock. His brother-in-law, a Rabun County deputy

sheriff, was calling to tell him that there'd been a report of an accident on the river. Lloyd Hunter had been the Rabun County coroner since 1957. He is an undertaker, a tall, distinguished-looking bald man who looks as if he were born to be a mortician. He drove immediately to the sheriff's office and he and his brother-in-law got into a patrol car and headed for the river.

A fair-sized crowd had gathered at Woodall Shoals by the time Lloyd Hunter got there. Sam Wood had already been taken to the hospital in Seneca. Jack Ambrose and Bill Sills were sitting in the Volkswagen. They appeared severely shaken to Lloyd Hunter and spoke only when addressed.

Recovery of Tommy Reeves's body took longer than anticipated. Two rescue-squad divers followed the same route that Virgil Justus had earlier pointed out, inching carefully over the slippery rocks. Other rescuers tried to get a rope to them but failed. They tied rocks to the rope and tried to throw it to the men but never came close. Finally, one man got a fishing rod from his car, tied a small rock to the line, and was able to cast it to them. The body was lashed to the side of the raft. A heavier rope was sent out and attached to the raft. The man on the bank pulled the raft too near the falls on the first try and it was sucked back into the souse hole and swamped. By the time they finally got the body to the shore and the divers back across the river, darkness was settling.

Tommy Reeves's two friends watched silently as his body was loaded into an ambulance. Lloyd Hunter approached and asked them to follow the ambulance to the Rabun County Memorial Hospital. There would be questions. So Jack Ambrose and Bill Sills got into the Volkswagen and for a moment they just sat and looked at each other.

"What the hell do we do now?" Bill Sills said.

"I don't know," said Jack Ambrose, "what the hell *do* we do?"

Walt Belcher, a reporter for the Greenville, South Carolina, *News*, drove to the river as soon as he heard about the drowning. As he watched Tommy Reeves's body being pulled across the river, he was struck by the command of a man standing near him: "Looks like *Deliverance* has done repeated itself."

Unable to question Jack Ambrose and Bill Sills at the scene, Belcher decided to stop by the Seneca hospital to see if he could talk with Sam Wood. He was to quote him as saying, "We were good friends and I can't tell just how it happened. There was a flash and the raft was gone. We were almost down to our ears."

"I asked him if he'd seen *Deliverance*," Walt Belcher recalls, "and he said, 'That's what gave us the idea to come up here.' "

It was not an ordinary Sunday for Hazel and Harry Reeves. Hazel Reeves didn't know what it was, but she didn't bother to cook, as she usually did, and she itched all over. About midafternoon, she said, "Harry, there's something wrong somewhere, I just know it."

At about seven o'clock the telephone rang. Somebody wanted to know who was the manager of the funeral home where Harry Reeves worked. Harry Reeves asked if he couldn't help, but the caller said no, he wanted the manager. Twenty minutes later there was a knock on the front door. Harry Reeves went to the door but didn't open it.

"Who is it?"

No answer.

"Who is it? I'm not going to open this door if you don't tell me."

"Harry, it's Sonny Foster," he heard through the door. Sonny Foster was his boss.

Harry Reeves opened the door and his boss came in.

"I've got some sad news for you," Sonny Foster said.

"Oh, no!" cried Hazel Reeves. "Don't tell me one of my children's been in a wreck!"

"No, Tommy's been drowned."

Some of the boys from the funeral home had already left to pick up Tommy's body, Sonny Foster said. Hazel Reeves told Sonny Foster that she wanted to be called immediately when her son's body arrived. She wanted to see him. It was about midnight when Tommy's body got back to Roswell.

The body was bloated and discolored, with cuts and abrasions on his face and hand, but that wasn't all that bothered Hazel Reeves. It was his hair. He was always so careful to keep it neat. But the current had swept it back and it had stiffened so that it stood out like porcupine quills. "Get me some hair spray," she instructed. "I'm going to fix his hair." And she did, working gently and lovingly, parting it on the right and combing it down over his forehead.

Later, when in the early morning hours, Hazel Reeves was finally able to doze, she would find herself being swept along the bottom of that wild river, grasping and clawing for the surface, and she would be jolted awake, gasping for breath, and crying, "Why, why couldn't Tommy have got out from under that water?"

She would learn few details of what had happened on the river until the following night. On that day, Jack Ambrose and Bill Sills drove back to South Carolina to pick up Sam Wood at the hospital. That night the three of them came to the Roswell Funeral Home where Tommy Reeves's family had gathered. It was not an easy scene, and Sam Wood and Bill Sills were unable to say much. Jack Ambrose was left to do the talking.

"Jack, don't hold nothing back," Hazel Reeves said, "because I'll find out. I don't care how bad it is, just tell me the truth."

"I will, Mama," she remembers him saying.

Lloyd Hunter tapped the envelope and a small section of thin nylon rope fell out onto his desk top. The rope was knotted. He picked it up.

"This is what we cut away," he said. "This was . . . all tied around his ankle. The better this got, the tighter it got."

He was talking about Tommy Reeves's last mistake. As the body lay on the river rock, it was attached to the bobbing raft with this rope. The rope had cut deeply into the flesh, and the ankle was broken.

"It was tied," Lloyd Hunter was saying. "One end of this rope was tied in the ring on the top of the raft, you know, the mooring ring. He had this rope tied in that and then tied to his ankle. . . . There's no way this could have gotten tangled [as Tommy Reeves's parents say they were told it had been]. It was deliberately tied. They told us that he tied it."

Why would anybody do that? On their last trip to the river, they had almost lost their raft, Lloyd Hunter was explaining. "If they lose the raft, it's gone. They keep a man with that raft. That's the purpose."

And why was it tied to Tommy Reeves?

"He was the largest of the crew. He was the heaviest."

Lloyd Hunter and Rabun County Sheriff Chester York had questioned Jack Ambrose and Bill Sills at length about the accident, but they also asked about their motivations.

"They'd just seen *Deliverance* the week before," Lloyd Hunter said. "They'd been on the river, not at that particular place, but they saw that and they wanted to try it. That's what they said.

"You know, up until now we'd never been afraid of the rivers and creeks in this county. We have drownings in the lakes and they were what worried us, but now we're beginning to worry about the rivers."

He twirled the little piece of rope in his hands.

"I think that had they taken a little more precaution, they'd have made it all right. There is a possibility if he hadn't had the rope tied around his ankle, it's very possible that he'd have gotten out from under that thing in time.

"But you know, there'll be others. That's not the last, that's not the last."

His words would prove prophetic, for less than a month after he spoke them, four more young men from Atlanta came to the river, and their raft capsized in the Narrows. Three of the men were able to get out all right. The fourth was lost. More than a week later, June Black and his men were still searching the river for his body.

News item: Four Ohio State University students were killed Thursday when their rented canoes capsized in the first half mile of a planned thirty-mile canoe trip on the rain-swollen Scioto River south of Prospect, Ohio.

The young men had told friends that they were planning to reconstruct a canoe trip they had seen in the movie Deliverance. *Dead are Charles Roessler, 20, Howard Banchek, 21, Michael Smith, 20, and Marc J. Silverman, 20. . . .*

It wasn't just on the Chattooga, of course. By the Spring of 1973, experienced canoeists had already begun to talk of the "*Deliverance* Syndrome." Ed Herricks, a Blacksburg, Virginia, canocist, warned of the syndrome in an article in his canoe association newsletter: "Our experience in Blacksburg is firsthand. We had a two-week run of *Deliverance* at the local cinema. During the first we unfortunately lost two people, and during the second we almost lost three more. Possibly, we are an exceptional case with 14,000 young folks around looking for a thrill, but I am afraid the '*Deliverance* Syndrome' will pop up elsewhere. The one survivor of the first outing said he and his friends saw the movie and decided to 'run the river.' What they found was the normally placid New River five feet above normal with water and air temperatures in the thirties. Their ten-foot flat-bottom boat swamped ahead of McCoy Falls. The girl in the party was fatally injured in the falls, and the body of the third fellow still has not been recovered. The following weekend three more Tech students tried the same stretch in a seventeen-foot Grumman. They wore no life vests or protective clothing. They swamped in the middle of the river and pinned their boat. They were waist-deep in thirty-three-degree water for almost an hour before the crews from three local rescue squads could get them off."

Similar reports were coming from other rivers.

James Dickey is talking about this effect of the film: "It makes me feel like hell that maybe ten people have been killed canoeing since they saw my movie, but I don't see how I could've prevented it. But they saw the movie and went up on these various rivers and now a bunch of 'em have been killed doing it."

He was told that there'd been another such incident on the Chattooga just a couple of days before.

"Another one killed! Oh, my God."

At times, Dickey has been known to grow maudlin over the deaths, saying that they weighed on his conscience, and wondering aloud if he should have ever written "the goddamned book."

"I do regret it, but there's not anything I can do about it," he says of the deaths. "If I had written about airplanes, maybe, which I'm trying to do now, some people would get killed in airplanes and blame it on me. There's nothing I can do about it if people want to go into a situation that they are unprepared to handle. It's not my fault. . . .

"I don't understand in the story of *Deliverance*, with all the horrible stuff that goes on in it, why they would want to go. I suppose the thinking in a good many of these cases is, well, we would like to do the nice part of it, you know, where it would be fun and we won't meet up with any people like that. . . .

"I wrote the best novel I could write, and I made the best movie I could make from it, and that's all finished now. . . . I don't want to see any more deaths that have anything to do with my picture. I was simply writing a story and making a film."

And then, as an afterthought, "I'm sure a lot of the people who saw all that ghastly bloodshed in *The Godfather* now went to be gangsters and shoot people, but we go on."

Hazel Reeves blames no one for her son's death. She knows that he was doing what he wanted to do.

"I can just see him in this boat, laughing, free, having a good time, and I can just see when they hit the turbulence, he was probably laughing."

One day in spring she sat in her pine-paneled living room looking at Tommy's high-school graduation picture and the snapshots that one of the boys had made on the river on the day Tommy died.

"No," she said, "it wasn't the river . . . God came down and He took my flower. He wasn't wilted. He was young. He was strong. He was active. He was constructive. But He took him for some reason. He's using him to help someone for something. . . . I've always taught faith. Have faith in God. I've always said, how strong is my faith? And I feel like this is my testing ground . . . God has relieved me and I understand a lot of things now."

Tommy Reeves's companions took his death quite hard, but of the three Sam Wood had the most difficult time. He had suffered a concussion and shock and had nearly drowned. He left his job after the incident and did not return to work for two months. For several weeks he still spoke of Tommy as if he were alive. He and Jack Ambrose talked of leaving the apartment they had shared with Tommy. The memory of him was too strong there. All three grew close to Tommy's mother and worried about her, as she worried about them.

And an interesting note: They went back to see *Deliverance* again.

The three survivors made a pact not to speak publicly of the details of that Sunday that Tommy died, but one night more than two months later, Jack Ambrose tried to explain why they had gone to the river.

"I mean, you live in the city. You go out to these night spots. What can you do? There's no adventure. There's no challenge. What the hell good is life if there's no challenge?" ##

What Will Save Us From Poverty?

by Nicholas von Hoffman

Heed the gospel of Louis O. Kelso

Louis Kelso is a member of Toyland. Richard Nixon is a member of Cave Man's. Only Pink Onion separates Toyland from Cave Man's camping site in the Bohemian Grove, where in the Russian River country of Sonoma County, California, the bankers, corporation lawyers, politicians and way-up-on-top business executives catch fish and nature walk in an environment kept unsoiled and private by millions of exclusive dollars.

Here the fellas from Skiddoo, Pig 'N' Whistle, Pow Wow and Green Lantern can enjoy good eats, swimming and wildlife while they talk over how to run it for us, how to steer America straight all the next years when the summer fun and being man in the forest together is over. Here Louis Orth Kelso, fifty-nine years old, San Francisco corporation lawyer, explained his theory of capitalism one day to Richard Nixon, later to become what he became.

That was 1965 and Nixon retained enough interest in Kelso to have Leonard Garment, his in-house nice guy whose current job is trying to extract the boss from Watergate, invite Kelso to the Executive Office Building for an all-day seminar. That was in 1969. Nothing came of it.

Nothing much really has in all the twenty years this amateur economist has propounded his ideas on how to make every American a capitalist, a person with a substantial second income from owning stocks in the nation's most profitable enterprises.

People often get smitten with Kelso but then they back off as if this bouncy little guy with happy eyes who says, "I have worked out the theory of capitalism," is not to be believed. He'll say it anywhere, eating the deliciously fat and unstringy asparagus they serve at the Pacific-Union Club where he's a member, or in the top-floor board rooms overlooking the financial districts of ten cities or, with equal enthusiasm, to the have-nots of Harlem. He says it in a smiling, modest way, a likable, intellectual mad bomber whose view of everything is different from everybody else's.

Kelso says that we Americans are poor. Nobody else says that. Even the Blacks and the radicals say *some* Americans—minorities—are poor, but Kelso says, "The idea of calling the United States an affluent society is goddamn clever when it's one of the poorest societies in the world. It may even be *the* poorest. There's only one honest way to measure affluence, that's by comparing the capability of producing goods and services with the desire of people to enjoy them. It's a lousy, crooked trick to compare this society with China or some such place and then say we're affluent. It's a piece of intellectual crookery even to compare this economy with itself ten or twenty years ago. We should compare what we have with what we could have. . . ."

The outward signs of the financial bind of steadily employed, middle-class white people are there to see. No herd money to buy anything. To go to college, to buy a house or a car, to go to Europe is to borrow, to live off mortgages, revolving charge accounts and loans. Only buy that hi-fi sound system after calculating if the after-taxes paycheck can stand another set of monthly payments. Have you seen the sixty-second spot showing the guy with nothing but skin under his overcoat trying to sneak out of the hospital without paying his bill? Does that tell you something?

Most economists don't have anything to say about that. They dedicate their professional energies to keeping things as they are. They're meter readers—econometricians—with Ph.D.'s, people who study point-by-point fluctuations of the unemployment rate, the inflation rate, the capital investment rate, the inventory rate, the balance-of-trade rate and most excitedly, it seems, the Gross National Product. Even when times are good, and the good rates are up and the bad rates are down, everybody's still in debt. No money.

Kelso's different. The minute and inconsequential oscillations of lines and graphs don't whisper to him that the poor will always be with us. He thinks it's the business of economics to make us rich, or at least wealthy enough to pay cash for the Minolta with f/1.2 lens, the Harley-Davidson bike, the Sony stereo, even the Mercedes-Benz. That's the future as Kelso sees it, if he is let loose and made Secretary of the Treasury and the rest of us can understand him.

To understand him, we must look at the television set, the furniture, all the stuff we like to have, and know it has no resale value, that most of our possessions will have been worn down to useless junk the month after the last payment.

Rich people don't live that way. Rich people pay cash and get discounts for their cars, houses and vacations. They only borrow money to make investments, which return enough to pay off the loan and interest and yield a profit. Rich people don't work. The not-so-rich, the people we just call wealthy, get a substantial portion of their incomes from some other source besides their jobs. There are very few such people although ten percent of our families own some corporate stock, less than two percent get more than half their income from such investments. Another figure says the same thing more starkly: slightly more than two percent of all families own eighty percent of all the nation's productive capital—stocks, bonds, etc.—while another five to eight percent own almost all the rest.



In America, the greatest, most famous capitalist country in the world, there are almost no capitalists. The largest majority, silent and noisy, are job serfs, wage villeins, dependent on salaries for all the money they'll ever see. That's not talked about. We're catechized to work hard and save our money. Ivy Lee, John D. Rockefeller's p.r. man, encouraged him to give away dimes to start diligent street urchins accumulating riches, but a penny saved isn't a penny earned, and that's why Kelso gives his mad-bomber smile when he says nobody ever got rich by working. He doesn't have to prove that by the four million people who currently hold down two jobs and are just trying to stay even. The big men, Rockefellers, Morgans, Harrimans, made their fortunes by investing their own and other people's money. "And they didn't do it," as Kelso says, "as the little man has to do it, by buying blue-chip stocks that yield four percent with money borrowed from the bank on which he has to pay eight or ten percent interest."

People still keep trying to make it by honest toil. They put their money in savings plans. To which Louis Kelso, who thinks piggy banks teach children bad habits, says, "The interest won't even pay for the inflation. You might as well put the money in a can, bury it in the backyard and live like an animal for twenty years so you can live in a fairly civilized way your last five. But what's the point? Somebody who doesn't buy what he reasonably wants, who doesn't enjoy the standard of living he'd like in order to save a few cents, is raising hell with some merchant who wants to sell him goods. That's all he's doing."

The great, lazy, anti-Calvinist, hedonistic Kelsonian truth is that you can't get rich through labor because it doesn't produce enough wealth. It's machines, always being made better, always more sophisticated and efficient, that make wealth. This fact, obvious enough when you're on a factory floor looking at some highly intelligent steel monster making automobile engines, gets lost in economists' talk of "the rising productivity of labor." As if it were the people who are working harder or faster or more efficiently when it's the company that bought a better machine and put it in the people's hands.

The most influential living American economist, M.I.T.'s Nobel laureate Paul A. Samuelson, disputes this, declaring that, "The contribution of labor to the totality of the Gross National Product is in the neighborhood of seventy-five percent with only twenty-five percent attributable to land, machinery and other property." In the age of the automated production line and the computer, this is so preposterous that Samuelson explains he doesn't mean that people are working harder, but that the enormous leaps in worker productivity are owing to people being better educated. That, of course, still brings you back to the machine since their training equips them to build and operate machines which produce more wealth with fewer workers.

People make the machines; they invent them, but from there on it's the machines that turn out the production and turn in the profits. As Kelso points out, whoever *owns* the machines is going to make the big money. In America the owners are the shareholders of the largest corporations, the tiny capitalist few.

"What have the masses been clamoring for?" asks Kelso, who can give off joy rays when pointing out the idiot inconsistencies of our economy. "Jobs and welfare, and they got 'em. They've also got unions and managements like two ar-

Photographed by Baron Wolman

mies converting the whole economy into a battleground with the customers as victims, except that the victims are also in the army They think in battle terms by day and like customers at night. There's nothing else they can do in a situation where labor is forced to demand progressively more pay for progressively less work, where labor must pack the wage base with welfare and use the price system to sweat the excessive costs out of a public of which labor and indeed most of management are a part."

The canter of the Kelsonian program is to abandon our historic policy of trying to make prosparity through jobs. In place of it prosperity would be achieved by providing people with a second income, in addition to the job or welfare payment, through stock ownership Everyone would be a capitalist; everyone would own part of the profit-making machinery.

But people can't afford stock. They can barely hail their way out of the supermerket on Saturday morning. Even if they could, the dividends most stocks pay are too small to live on The reason stocks don't pay out good money to their owners, says Kelso, is that big corporations retain their profits. By holding dividends down they have cash to finance their own expansion, paying for new factories, machines, warehouses, computers and the other machinery which increases production and profit. More than ninety-five percent of all industrial expansion is paid for this way, and so there isn't much left for dividends to the shareholders. The modern corporation keeps dividends just high enough to stay out of court on stockholder suits.

But generally big stockholders don't object to this arrangement because of the tax laws. Dividends are taxed as ordinary income which means that wealthy shareholders would have to pay the government fifty percent or more of what they might get from their stocks. The way these people make their money is by selling their shares for more than they paid for them six months ago or more. This money is considered a long-term capital gain and is taxed by the government at a much lower percentage

Kelso would do away with all corporation taxes, capital-gains taxes, all tax shelters, but in return would make the country's biggest and most profitable corporations pay out *all* their profits to their stockholders. Shares would lose much of their speculative worth but become more valuable as income producers In addition, companies seeking money for expansion would have to issue new stock to pay for their new equipment. This stock would be bought by people on a no-money-down basis with loans which would be repaid by the shares' dividends. Since most companies can pay off their new machinery in from five to seven years, that's about the time it would take to pay back the loans for the stock purchase

The collateral for the loans would be the stock itself, but it wouldn't be the kind of unstable stock on today's market, stock that can lose thirty or fifty percent of its market value in a week's time. This stock wouldn't be gamblers' markers, but tranquilized stock that would be more valuable to keep than to sell. Next to government securities it would be the most reliable investment in the world, better than gold bars, because it would be backed up by the technology, the productivity and the profitability of American industry

For people to buy stock on this basis they must have credit. They must be able to go to a bank, borrow the money and use the stock as collateral without fear that their house will be repossessed and they will be put out on the street if the investment goes sour That's not how it works now "What does the banking system do now?" Kelso asks. "It denies credit to the man who needs it and gives it to the man who doesn't." The access to credit occupies the same central position in Kelsonian thought as the Marxist maxim of from each according to his ability, to each according to his need. "The goddamn piggy-bank people," says Kelso, who can say things like that and still sound jolly, "don't give the employee access to the credit necessary to buy either newly issued stock or outstanding stock. That denies the opportunity for the little man to eat, drink and be merry until the stock is paid for."

Kelso estimates that under his insanely simple proposals it would take a generation or so before the whole American population would own enough stock to afford everyone a second income from such ownership But as this happened, as cash ceased being something you go to a museum to look at, wondrous changes would begin to overtake us. Instead of going into hock and paying eighteen percent interest to buy that beauteous Alfalfa-Macaroni, score-on-the-floor, 30-litre supersexer, we'll pay for it in hard currency. Consumer credit with all its woes and worries will start to wither away, taking its inflationary pulls, but not consumer merchandise, with it. We'll produce more consumer goods with less waste, less pollution and lower costs.

The waste, the high cost and the pollution arise from our having to give people jobs before we'll let them have money But the only continuously successful way so far discovered to create enough jobs is through war and war expenditures. The fear of what would happen if the jobless rate went up (it has been calculated that each time it rises one percent it costs the party in power seventeen Congressional seats) accounts for more spending than all the lobbying done by any military-industrial complex. Much of that complex has had trouble showing a profit and is actually a private front, set up and equipped by the government not to make money but to create jobs, employing workers who turn out useless junk which pollutes and affrights the world to maintain our skinny, precarious prosparity. It's a system of such complex imbecility that it makes the Ptolemaic demonstration of the sun's rotation around the earth look as elegantly simple as $E = mc^2$.

But that's our system, God love it, and the economists are stuck without answers. "When we were able to call the policy tune, the economy did not dance to it," laments Arthur Okun, Lyndon Johnson's old economic tune caller He looks good compared to what's followed him. With Nixon came Milton Friedman and the monetarists who weren't able to stop the inflation but did succeed in upping the unemployment rates to politically intolerable levels

Ultimately Kelso hopes every citizen will own a significantly large block of stock, but that can only happen when the economy is turning out from seven to twelve times the goods and services it is now. "That means growth rates of fifteen to twenty percent—much higher than our present averages—but that's not impossible when you remember something like a hundred billion dollars a year is being spent on the military. These are admitted government figures, and I know goddamn well that every one of those figures is jimmied to hell and gone," says Kelso, who was once a poor boy who walked past closed factories in mystified contemplation of why this should be so.

He started thinking about these things in Westminster, Colorado, where his mother ran a tiny grocery store down by the railroad tracks "The freight trains," he remembers, "would go by loaded with people The passenger trains would go by empty The friendly locomotive fireman would throw off shovels full of coal for the natives to pick up to keep themselves warm. The bums would drop off in the night, but they weren't really bums They were just hungry people looking for jobs They'd break into the store and steal what they wanted They never did any damage, no vandalism as such They just wanted food In the latter years of the Depression, you could hardly tell it was a grocery store the shelves were so bare. It was an incredibly dismal period."

Modest in his monomania, Kelso is without the complaisant rich man's attitude toward Blacks—"I pulled myself up by my bootstraps, why shouldn't they?" "Poverty," he remarks, "is the legacy of Puritan financial theology." You can't sell him the Black capitalism popularized by government and private industry. If Nixon doesn't remember the futility of his own mom and pop's grocery store, Kelso, living the rich man's life in San Mateo, does and it's then that an edge of rage sharpens his voice "The schemes to set up Blacks in cleaning stores, gas stations, hamburger stands and fried-chicken franchises, all the low-profit, low-capital enterprises, will rivet the Black man to the least remunerative section of the economy forever. The best such prospects offer are the dissatisfactions of blue-collar life. The big money ain't in pumping rationed gas in an Amoco gas station leased in your very own name, but in having stock in Exxon!"

Under Kelso's stock-ownership plan, the poorest segments of the Black population would be cut into the most profitable part of our economy first For example, all welfare recipients in a given geographic area, rural or urban, could be, if Congress so determines, made the first eligibles for share owning The district would have to be canvassed so that everybody was informed that they could now go to the nearest bank where they would be able to borrow, say, $20,000, for the purchase of stock from an approved list of those companies currently expanding and needing new capital. Only those four thousand or so major and most profitable companies would be on this list, which would fluctuate from time to time as new economic winners were put on it and poor performers were dropped off. Several different kinds of repayment plans could be offered so that the buyer could choose between a fast payback for a few years, during which he would derive no additional income, or a slower repayment to allow some second income to start coming in immediately. The bank would also charge interest on the loan as well as a fee for administration and consultation with the customer in picking his portfolio.

Out of an admixture of far leftism and far rightism, Kelso has made converts of a small but enlarging group of politicians. Luis Ferre, the former Republican governor of Puerto Rico, attempted to get enabling legislation for employee-ownership trusts through the legislature, and in Washington, some of the most conservative members of the Senate, Fannin of Arizona, Dominick of Colorado and Hansen of Wyoming, are hacking a bill that would do much the same in the continental United States. Some forty small and middle-sized companies have various sorts of stock-ownership plans, based on Kelso's idea, the biggest of these being E-Systems Inc. of Dallas with sales of $156,000,000 last year. Kelso and a group of corporate and banking well-to-dos have started an investment-banking house, Bangert & Co., to get more firms to do it and make a profit at the same time

There will be opposition to Kelso from people who're frightened at the thought of a society without the poor Maybe they need the poor to practice charity on, to feel superior to or just because it seems unnatural, like a perk without pigeons There will be others who don't care about that but will be apprehensive that Kelso will cause an acute maid shortage, that there won't be enough people to do the repulsive, joyless jobs that have to be done. There aren't enough people now. The rich already must import their maids and menials from abroad There will also be those who don't think it's right for "those people" to get a lot of money for not working They won't be able to say exactly why it's not right but they'll insist it isn't.

Or, they may be like Stewart Mott, the General Motors heir who has gained a reputation as a somewhat eccentric, opinionated philanthropist. Kelso says he went to see him to enlist his support but was turned down on the grounds that the program might render people like Mott superfluous and deprive the nation of its dependency on their money and "wisdom."

These are notions we'll have to give up. The strains on the nation aren't going to permit us to go on as we have We'll have to make adjustments, and the least painful are the ones implicit in Kelso's mild broaden-the-base-of-capital-ownership revolution For that's what he's propounding, a revolution that can be accomplished without jailings, shootings or confiscations, a revolution which respects both the right of private property and the writ of habeas corpus.

This mild revolution of Louis Kelso can produce a profound distribution of wealth without the violent exactions from the rich that most forms of socialism risk The stock that the non-wealthy ninety-eight percent of the population would buy wouldn't be watered, it would be issued without diluting the present shareholders' property because it would stand for additional capital equipment, new, real, corporate assets

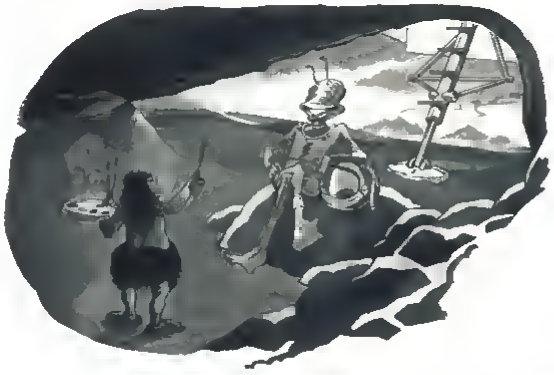
Yet something would be taken from the rich, albeit legally, something which they have no right to possess in the quantities they now do, and that will be power. The new stock wouldn't dilute the value of the shares now outstanding but it would dilute the voting power of its owners Over a period of years, it would become increasingly difficult and finally impossible for the Mellons, Rockefellers, or Howard Hugheses to control such significant blocks of stock in the largest corporations that they could run them by electing their representatives to their boards. This wouldn't happen at once but it would slowly happen until corporate elections would take on something of the character of political elections with millions of people taking part. The phrase "corporate democracy" would cease to be a species of corporate hypocrisy. Executives and board members would have to deliver the goods, that is high dividends, or face being thrown quickly out of the office by the hundreds of thousands of people who would now have an immediate and obvious stake in the company's successful performance.

The power shift would be even greater. Taxation of all income, regardless of source, at the same rate would tend to reduce the rate of growth of these immense family fortunes which run into the billions of dollars. It's important to note, however, *(Continued on page 340)*

What If We're Still Scared, Bored and Broke?

by Alicia Ostriker

Don't worry! God was here, and he left Erich von Däniken to tell about it



On the corner of Telegraph and Bancroft, where the hearts and minds of the countercultura hang out, amid guitar players, chamber musicians, exotic food vendors and unicycle riders, a broccoli-faced Midwesterner named Hubert runs his daily evangelist operation. A couple dozen kids sit around on the concrete walls listening sideways, half-embarrassed, outwardly all cool skepticism, inwardly hoping against hope, who knows, maybe the Word is going to take root in their bosoms and change everything. Some of these sunny afternoons Hubert gives us Sodom and Gomorrah. His freckles glow indignantly at the mild circle of hippies surrounding him. Sometimes he does his brimstone lecture on St. Paul and the Woman Problem. Today Hubert and his crew of converts are handing out leaflets announcing GOD WAS NOT AN ASTRONAUT.

At the Marshall Space Flight Center in Huntsville, Alabama, Joseph Blumrich, a N.A.S.A. engineer, works out proof that when Ezekiel saw that wheel within a wheel, way up in the middle of the air, he was really seeing a spacecraft. Blumrich, in fact, following Biblical specifications, can tell us that Ezekiel encountered a spaceship with four helicopter units, multi-directional wheels and a nuclear engine, descended from an earth-orbiting mother ship, around 592 B.C. "I started out to disprove this, but I ended up convinced. The Old Testament description is so accurate, and so consistent, that it could not have been a fantasy," says Blumrich, thus proving once again that engineers know more about engineering than they know about Hebrew prophets.

In New York, following a TV special based on Erich von Däniken's book *Chariots of the Gods?*, which says that God was an astronaut and Ezekiel's wheel was a spaceship, the folks at Bantam Books are having a fabulous day. Their paperback edition of 250-thou copies has just sold out completely in twenty-four hours. They order an immediate reprinting of *Chariots*, plus a reprinting of von Däniken's sequel, *Gods From Outer Space*, for good measure. These too evaporate. *Chariots* in its third million leads The New York *Times* best-seller list, week after week. *Gods* is coming along nicely with almost two million in print. Nothing like it since *Valley of the Dolls*. Outselling even *The Happy Hooker*. According to *The Trade News Service*, a publishing industry magazine, von Däniken's two books, originally published in Europe in the late Sixties, have been translated into thirty-two languages and have sold over twenty million copies.

The author, a chunky, peppy, square little Swiss, by trade a hotelkeeper, happily informs the visitor that his round-the-world lectures are to packed audiences. Jesus freaks picket him. Archaeologists debate him. Nearly a dozen refutations exist in various languages and various degrees of sobriety or hysteria. On the other hand, a spate of coattail-hanging works agreeing with and elaborating on von Däniken may be expected within the year. There is a goodly accommodating pie here, and plenty of people want a piece of it. Von Däniken's third book is already a best seller in Europe. A biography, *The Strange Life of Erich von Däniken*, is forthcoming. So is a German-made film based on the books, with weirdo *2001*-type music.

Von Däniken declares that extraterrestrial beings visited us in prehistoric times. They tinkered (by interbreeding?) with the DNA of the hominids they found, to improve the intelligence of the species. Having created a rudimentary human civilization, they departed. On subsequent visits, made possible by the time-dilation effects of travel at the speed of light, or perhaps faster-than-light tachyon propulsion, they repeated their breeding experiments and exterminated the unsuccessful specimens. The Flood, for example, was produced by the wrath of the astronauts. Sodom was destroyed by an A-bomb.

Naturally these visitors were worshiped as gods by our dim earthling ancestors. Mythologies and scriptures of ancient civilizations actually record man-meets-astronaut encounters. Cave paintings of floating space-suited figures, and archaeological "mysteries" from the four corners of the earth, all point in the same direction. Now that we have entered the space age, we shall cast off ancient superstitions, crack the shell of conventional thought, discover the truth of our origins, and fulfill our astronaut-implanted destiny in the conquest of the stars.

Needless to say, a theory like this appeals immensely to that bug-eyed little philosopher in all of us who wants to see Everything Explained Clearly. Spaceship gods responsible for our past *and* our future, as well as for scads of technological miracles in between, certainly leave Atlantis and the Lost Island of Mu trailing in the dust. They beat the work of that dear English lady one remembers from the library of childhood, who proved conclusively that elves, gnomes and leprechauns were really the remnants of Neanderthals hiding out. Von Däniken even bids fair to compete with the great Immanuel Velikovsky, who thinks that catastrophic upheavals in the solar system explain events in prehistory from the Flood to the sun's standing still for Joshua, and who has provided the reigning doctrines in serious parascientific circles for two decades. (Velikovsky in a phone conversation remarks that von Däniken got his reference to *Worlds in Collision* garbled; anyway, Velikovsky had some of these ideas back in 1940.) A galactic destiny is inspirational, and we can all use some inspiration these days. Besides, von Däniken says the experts are hiding the truth from us. He, the freethinking visionary, daring to ask bold questions, unafraid of ridicule, will break the conspiracy of silence surrounding the truth.

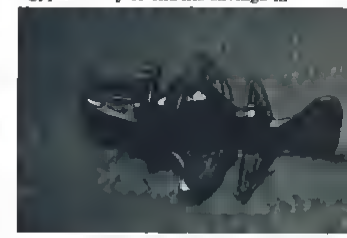
"His idea is just as good as the scientific ones," says one fan, pouting as he pronounces the word "scientific." "Anyway, it's more imaginative." Von Däniken's critics complain that he distorts evidence, gives insufficient scholarly references, reasons superficially, seems blissfully ignorant about archaeology, geology, mythology, psychology, chemistry, astronomy, and physics (one reviewer goes so far as to fuss that von Däniken doesn't know what an *erg* is), and writes in a gee-whiz style fit only for kiddies. But of course. How else are you going to get a zillion people to read your books?

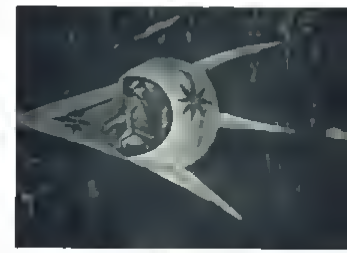
Speaking as a humanist with a long-standing case of culture gap, I find the experience of reading *Chariots of the Gods?* rather more stimulating than reading, say, *Of a Fire on the Moon*. Mailer at the advent of the space age gets nervous and confused as a basketball player from Utah hitting the big city, and gives me tracts of this God and Devil and Apocalypse stuff he has tattooed around his navel, which I think I have heard before. Von Däniken, brimful of enthusiasm, gives me fresh air and a fine, naked, unscrupulous twelve-year-old mind. So what if the fallacies fly by in flocks like mallards heading south? Remember *Alice?*" "There's no use trying,' she said. 'One can't believe impossible things.' 'I daresay you haven't had much practice,' said the Queen. 'When I was your age, I always did it for half an hour a day. Why, sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast.'" I *think* it is snake oil, but, yes, what if it is all true? I am putty in his hands.

The life of Erich von Däniken is like a cross between Jack the Giant Killer and the Hardy Boys, a classic of its kind, with only a couple of kinks. Raised as a strict Catholic—goes the tale—young Erich had his doubts. Papa von D. discouraged these. Young Erich persisted. At the international Catholic College Saint-Michel in Fribourg, a Swiss version of Eton, he became a bandleader, started believing in flying saucers, took up astronomy as a hobby, and asked questions about why different translations of the Gospels said different things. His teachers told him to go back and read the Old Testament. But this didn't help because he found "the sons of God" having rendezvous with the "daughters of men" right there in Genesis 6, and "Elohim"—who is supposed to have created us—translating as a plural, not God but *Gods*, in Hebrew, and God contradicting Himself just like one's pepa. In brief, he found all those things that boys who dislike their authority figures do tend to find. You and I know that if these tricky little questions did not exist, theologians would have to invent them. On the other hand, a flying wedge of more subversive Bible readers can tell you that those "sons of God" in Genesis 6 were of a race of giants whose teeth, six times human size, have been found in Java.

Abetted by fellow students of various religious backgrounds, von Däniken set to work on his own explanation. First he read myths and legends, "looking for the kernel." All holy books, he found, say that God—or Gods—created man after His own image. Why? Could it not be that we were made in the *intellectual* image of some vastly superior beings? Then he read archaeology and made a list of "mystery" sites.

In 1954, Erich—then nineteen—flunked one course too many. Papa von D. thrashed him, took him out of school, and apprenticed him at a Swiss hotel. At this point there occurred a communications breakdown. Papa leaves the picture. The same year, Erich made his first trip to Egypt—"to track down the real meaning of some cuneiform inscriptions," says the Introduction to *Gods From Outer Space*. Also, it seems, he had borrowed some money to help a friend; friend had lent Egyptian lady friend his savings in



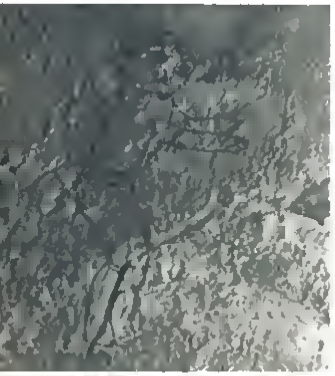


Above, pre-Columbian artifact from Bogotá looks more like an airplane than a handsaw; below, fourteenth-century Yugoslavian fresco bears greater resemblance to a sputnik with a man in it than a bread box.

Illustrated by Gil Eisner.

exchange for some ancient precioes jewelry, Erich, to recoup, went to locate lady and return jewelry. Now, lady turoed out to be married, but took the jewels, wrote innocent Erich a check. Back to Switzerland; check bounced. Ultimate result: a trial, in which von Dänrken gallantly refused to reveal his friend's name, end a one-year jail sentence. Meanwhile, more borrowed funds were financing more trips. Von Däniken was determined to visit every archaeological site on his mystery list, in order to get at "the unsolved riddles of the past."

Typical episode: In 1963 an Indian student told von Däniken that the Vedas are filled with gods who race about the sky in flying machines called Vimenes, using terrible weapons such es ray guns and divine lightning to do battle with each other. So, off to India "to consult the sacred texts." Unfortunately the texts were all in Sanskrit. But he did get the head of the Sanskrit Department at the University of Ahmedabed, Professor Esther Solomon, to talk about the flying machines. Suppose, he asked, these scenes were descriptions of real events. Would that not be fantastic? Professor Solomon agreed it would be fantastic. A lot more fun, in a concrete way, seem to have been trips to Easter Island, the Pyramids, and some ruins at Sacsahuaman, Peru. These are all places with damn big colossal rocks, very impressive, very mysterioes. At Easter Island, von Däniken dined on some native-cooked baked salmon made according to "secret recipes," end had a go at the volcanic rock from which the colossal



Painting on rock from the Sahara bears mute testimony to contact between natives and eatronauts.

encient statues come, with the stone tools found *in situ*. Unable to kack it himself, he concluded that "primitive men" could not have done so either. There is a little disagreement here with Thor Heyerdahl's *Aku-Aku*, but never you mind. . . . The Easter Island statues must have been made with spaceman-imported technology, which the native tools vainly tried to imitate after the spacemen were gone. "Primitive man" likewise could not have developed the excellent astronomy of the Mayens end Sumerians. Neither could he have constructed the Pyramids. And how could the author of the Babylonian Gilgamesh epic—in which a character is flown to heaven by en eagle—have figured out, all by himself, that after twelve hours of vertical flight the land would look "like porridge and the sea like a water trough?" And what could the geometrical patterns of roads in the Nazca plain of the Andes possibly be but landing strips of a gigantic airfield? So it went. Evidence heaped on evidence.

Von Däniken in 1973 is at once the solid, pipe-puffing burgher end the Bhtbe Spirit. But those early days were lean ones. At work on the manuscript of *Chariots*, he now explains in conversation, he decided that if he wanted his ideas to get a hearing he would have to "write explosively, create debates, be controversial." Even so, the ms went to twenty publishers before it was picked up, with the help of the science editor of *Die Zeit*, by the German house Econ Verlag. Thanks to prior newspaper serialization, a trial edition of six thousand sold out before it reached the stands, and controversy duly followed. So did support. The author today claims to have received eighteen thousend letters responding to his work since 1968, including, every day, a letter from some disciple, somewhere, offering new information.

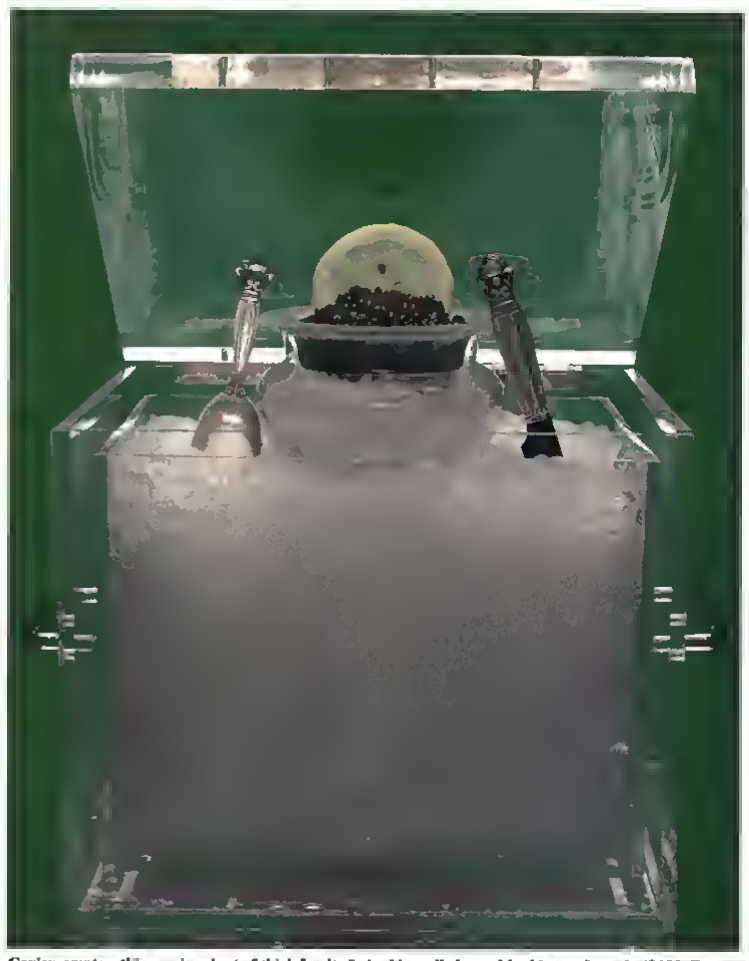
For his second book, von Däniken thought he would try being "deeper, more scientific"—and indeed one does notice, in *Gods From Outer Space*, fewer exclamation points than in *Chariots of the Gods?* "But it's very strenge. Although I am under attack all over the world, they only attack *Chariots*, not the second book." For the third book, *Gold of the Gods*, it's back to "explosive" writing. New "evidence" includes a tribe of Amazonian Indians who dress in straw space suits in imitation of a visitor who long ago arrived "with a big noise" end whose name translates "I am coming from enother planet." Also some ancient golden "aircraft" models (looking remarkably like fish) from Egypt end South America. Also speculations, taken from mythology, on wars between two opposed parties in space. Also a discussion of the motivations of our visitors. "I believe scientists will start to investigate these things." He smiles. "I think young people will be influenced."

What the average reader of von Däniken probably doesn't know is that the idea of life on other worlds is not exactly a new one. Most early Greek philosophers doubted that the earth was the sole dwelling place of intelligent beings. Anaxagoras thought the moon was inhabited. The Epicureans believed in a huge plurality of populated worlds sown through space. For a millenium and a half after Christ, these notions dropped temporarily out of sight. The picture of the universe formulated by Ptolemy—an Alexandrian Greek—in which the sun, the planets and the fixed stars all revolved around the earth, became doctrine. This picture agreed with Genesis, placed Men at the center of creation, and left no room for anybody else except, of course, angels. The Copernican revolution, which demoted our earth to a supporting-cast role of circling the sun along with the other planets in our solar system, reopened the question.

In post-Copernican Italy, the philosopher Giordeno Bruno wrote, "Innumerable suns exist; innumerable earths revolve around these suns in a manner similar to the way the seven planets revolve around our sun. Living beings inhabit these worlds." Bruno was tried by the Inquisition end burned at the stake in Rome on February 17, 1600. But in the later seventeenth, eighteenth end nineteenth centuries, belief in possible civilizations on other worlds became something like dogma, en article of faith almost universally accepted by enlightened philosophers and scientists. In 1670, Christienus Huygens' *New Conjectures Concerning the Planetary Worlds, Their Inhabitants and Productions* argued that it was only *fair* for other worlds to possess reasonable creatures like ourselves. Toward the close of the nineteenth century, a publishing phenomenon was the spectacular success of some thirty-odd works by a writer of royal purple prose named Camille Flammarion, who contended that all the planets were created on *(Continued on page 328)*

The Best and the Brightest, 1974

Elsewhere in this magazine, the top executives of four of our poshest and best-informed department stores offer their selections for Christmas giving. That's fair enough; now, on these pages, the editors themselves try to solve the same problem with sheer, unadulterated good taste. Herewith, then, the Esquire collection of Christmas presents for bringing in the New Year with a hearty splash of panache.



Caviar, emptor: this new ice chest of thick Lucite is double-walled, good-looking and sturdy ($100, Bonwit Teller, N.Y.C.); frosted-glass caviar bowl inserts into larger bowl of ice ($18.50, set of two, Bonniers, N.Y.C.); sterling-silver caviar spoon ($20) and spreader ($28) are from Georg Jensen, N.Y.C.

Photographed by Michel Tcherevkoff

Picture frame of stainless steel is Italian import; $50 at Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.

When neatness counts: brushed-aluminum desk organizer, made in England; $75, Bloomingdale's.

Monday
December
25

Updated 1930's Dunhill lighter operates on butane, is handmade, silver-plated; $150.

Sundial seashell from Okinawa in gold mounting is $25 at Stix Shells, N.Y.C.

Cardium cardissa, the heart-shaped shell, comes from Borneo, also $25 at Stix.

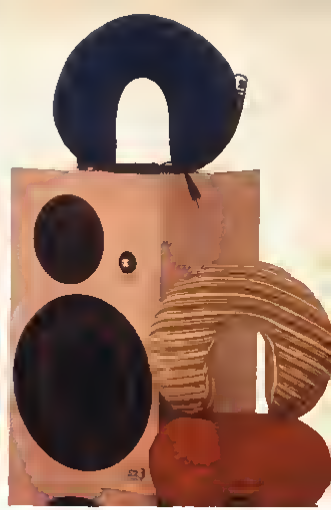
Silver-and-gold cylinder (center) is felt-tipped Gucci pen, $55; other cylinders are Montecruz Tubos. Box of 25, $21 at Dunhill's.



Wide-brim safari hat has pheasant band; $90, Hunting World, N.Y.C. Plaid umbrella is oversized; $22, Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.



Revolutionary tune machine: solid-state electronic digital watch by Gruen; $150 at Foley's, Houston.



Hear muffs, stereo/four-channel headphones, serve as pillow; $30, Team Electronics, Duluth, Minn. Soft dome speaker is $159, from JVC America.

Château Haut-Brion 1959, a difficult find, is $730 a case; Sherry Lehmann, N.Y.C. More accessible '66 vintage, $318.





Lucite attaché case ($70, Bloomingdale's) makes everything perfectly clear; mini leather alarm clock ($69, Bucherer, N.Y.C.); capeskin gloves ($15, Countess Mara, N.Y.C.); ceramic Snoopys for the Christmas tree ($2 each, Bonwit Teller); Gucci's suede pocket agenda ($25), calf wallet ($30); leather belt by Christian Dior-Ralph Destino ($20), Higbee's, Cleveland.



Bolder bows: left, all pre-tied, plaids and polka dots ($3, Hutzler's, Baltimore), solid red and stripe ($6.50, Altman's); right, top and middle are from Altman's, silk reps, self-tied ($5.50, Brooks Bros.), blue check, Hutzler's.

Traveling on: top to bottom, shillelagh of Congo wood ($22, Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.) sits in strap of waterproof carryall, $350, Hunting World, N.Y.C.; Dopp Dispatcher attaché case is of brown belting leather, $56, Marshall Field; modern Gladstone bag in black calf is $340, Mark Cross, N.Y.C.; beige canvas briefcase with stripe is $139, Gucci, N.Y.C.; brown-and-tan vinyl weekender, $95, Bloomingdale's.



Compass clock set in fishing reel is battery operated; $120, T. Anthony, N.Y.C.





Backgammoo set, backed in vinyl, is $25 complete, at Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C

Sterling-silver map compass; $20, Tiffany's.

Silver and vermeil Indian-head stamp holder; $350, Cartier, N.Y.C.

Eight-day alarm clock of nickel plate and brass, by Swiza; $47.50, Bailey, Banks & Biddle, Philadelphia.

Chestnut-shaped box of sterling is $270 at Buccellati, N.Y.C.

Backgammon dazzlers: 14-k gold dice and doubler; $650, Dunhill, N.Y.C.

Rock relic, a septarium mounted in clear plastic; $75, Burdine's, Miami.

Needlepoint backgammon board in mahogany frame comes with dice, doubler, cups, tiles; $295, Dunhill.

Silver desk paper clip with vermeil motif, $85 from Cartier.



Model kit of classic Rolls-Royce Phantom II has 2199 parts; by Tyco Industries, $159, Marshall Field, Chicago.

Warm and comfortable après-ski boots of nylon and vinyl are called Gigundas; $35 at Stix, Baer, & Fuller, St. Louis.





Child's vinyl mitten is water-resistant, pile-lined; $6, Bonwit Teller, N.Y.C.

Yamaha's minicst motorbike, 63" long, 141 lbs., 50 m.p.h., $356.





Rietveld chair, 1918 design in aniline and lacquered beech wood; about $400, Atelier International, N.Y.C.



Radio direction finder receives single signal in pretuned "gun" module, gives yachtsman instant bearings; $169, Abercrombie & Fitch, N.Y.C.

The fire extinguisher comes out of the closet, compact and handsome; $17.50 at Bonners, N.Y.C.

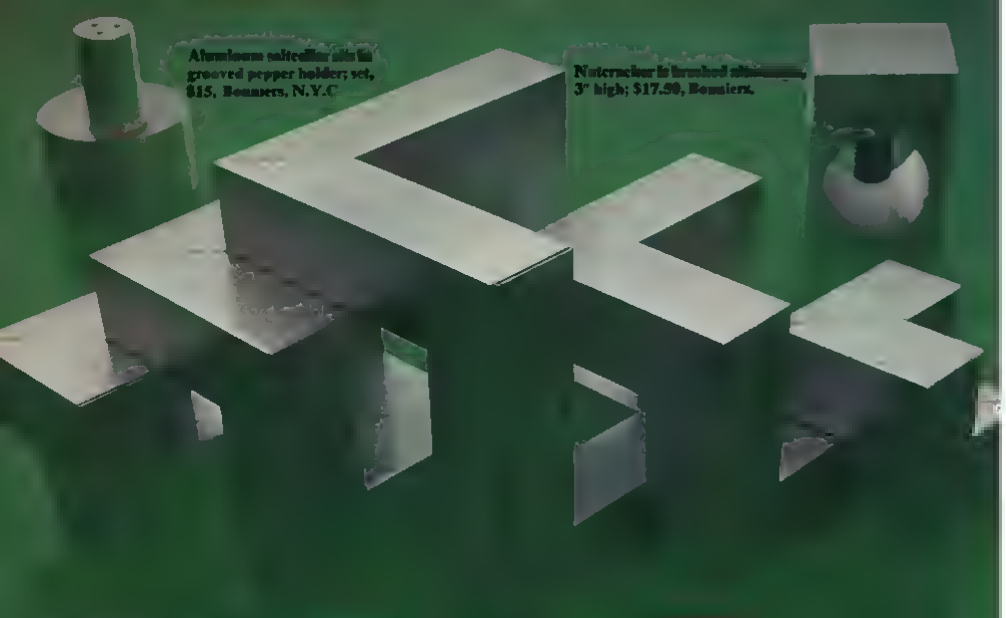


Ponderosa Pack Bag has five outside pockets ($40), pack frame ($14.45), at Marshall Field.

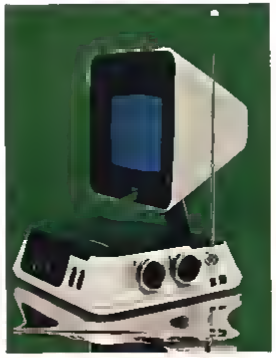


Aluminum saltcellar sits in grooved pepper holder; set, $15, Bonniers, N.Y.C

Nutcracker is brushed aluminum, 3" high; $17.50, Bonniers.







New flip-top TV with 7" b/w screen, FM/AM radio; by JVC America, $189.



Panasonic calls this The Rolling Tone, FM/AM portable with carrying chain; $25.



If nothing pleases, try liquor; $5 & up, everywhere.



Listen to TV (channels 2-13) on General Electric's newest FM/AM portable radio; $43.



Space Odessey entertainment center by Weltron has automatic record changer, 8-track tape player, stereo radio and is portable; $329, Hammacher Schlemmer.

Ice creamer works without ice or rock salt, makes a quart in your freezer; $19.95, Macy's. Aluminum scoop, $15, Georg Jensen.



Assorted herbs in earthen crock from Provence; $13.50, Maison Glass, N.Y.C.

Crystalized French flowers and mint leaves to decorate the *Baba au Rhum*; both for $9, Maison Glass.

English flowers and herbs in apothecary set; $6 at Design Research, N.Y.C.

Pure chocolate from Belgium (no additives); two-pound chest; $12 at Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.

Foie gras with truffles in authentic Strasbourg urn; $42.50, Maison Glass.

London's Finest; pound box, $5.75, B. Altman, N.Y.C.

Pommery's Moutarde de Meaux, sharp whole-grain mustard; $2.59 at Zabar's, N.Y.C.

English Stilton; half loaf, $32, Maison Glass.

Fauchon oils, spiced for grillades/marinades; $6 each, Bonwit Teller.

Fabri cherries in liqueur, from Italy; $11.50, Maison Glass.

Iranian Malassol Beluga Caviar; 4½ lbs., $400, Caviarteria, N.Y.C.

French olive oils with rosemary/olive sprig; $13.50 for both, Maison Glass.

Domestic sour-cream coffee cake (no preservatives); $7 from The Store in Amagansett, L.I., N.Y.

Old-fashioned penny candy in a glass canister at '73 price; $17.50, Bonwit Teller.

Apricot confiture with almonds; two 25-oz. jars, $13.50, Maison Glass.

Country kitchen centerpiece: plastic-shell eggs in straw-filled crock; $10, Bloomingdale's.

Mr. Jennings' secret-recipe fudge sauce; $5 at Bonwit's.

Fortnum & Mason soups; a variety of eight for $14, at B. Altman, N.Y.C.

Fauchon aged vinegar, with green-pepper flavoring; $2.50, Maison Glass.

Fruit-centered hard candies from Fortnum & Mason; $11.50, B. Altman.



Shakespeare Sigma carbon graphite golf clubs are new, lighter, and with less head flex than steel; set, $970.



Taking it off traditionally: English shaving brush with badger bristles ($20); French hollow-ground razor ($11); soap in elm-wood bowl ($4.50); horsehide strop from Scotland ($15), all from Caswell-Massey, N.Y.C.



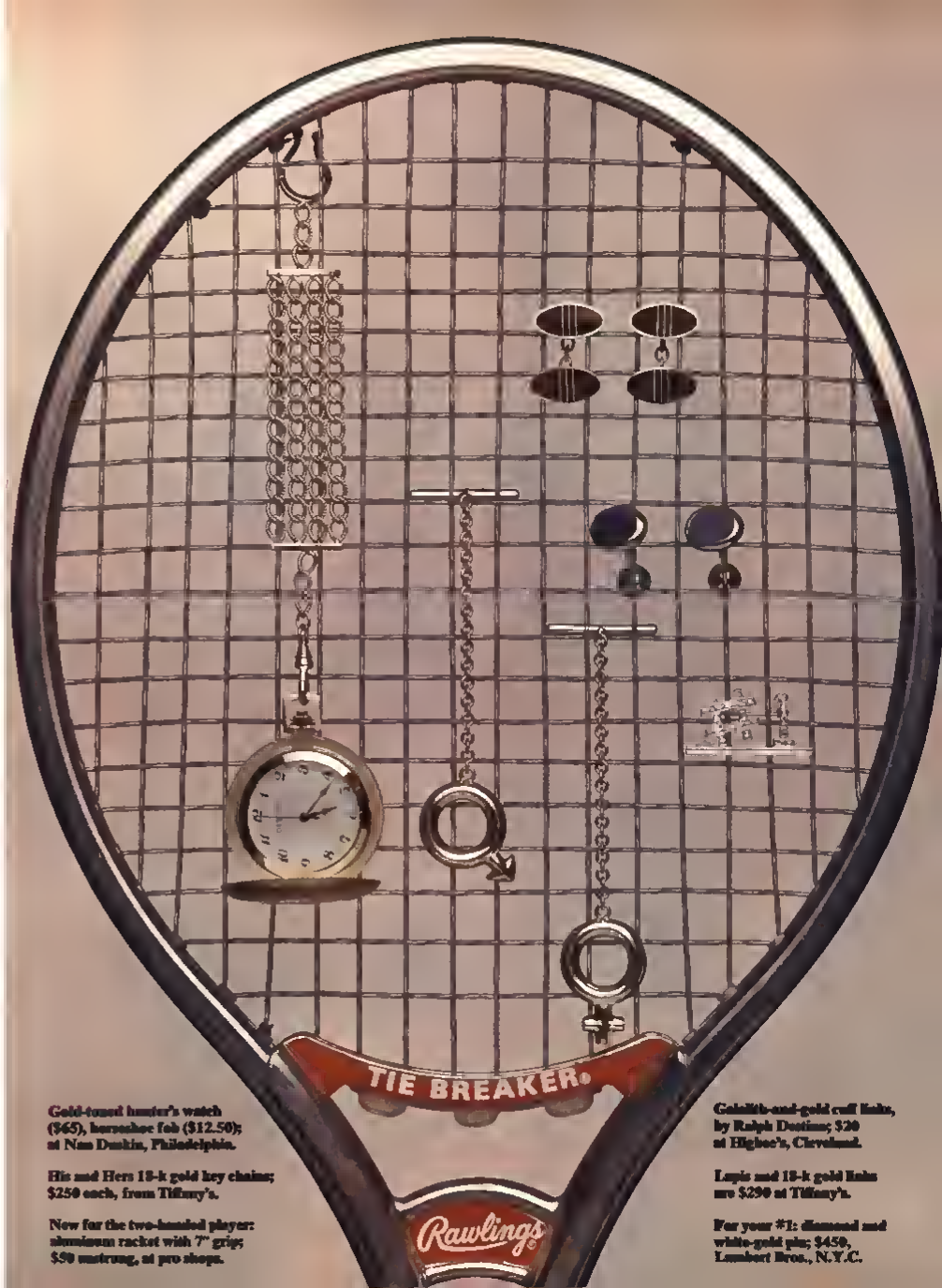
Super 8 camera with zoom lens; cinema verité for $1,299 from Cinema Beaulieu.

Flexible Hanson boot ($145), Streeter & Quarles, N.Y.C.; crash helmet ($36.50), aluminum skis ($240), Saks Fifth Avenue.

Jumping saddle of *cuire crispe*, $450; velvet boot cap, $15.95; boots with Irish linen leg, $110-$157; washable Mexican saddle blanket, $8.95; from Miller's, N.Y.C.







Gold-toned hunter's watch ($65), horseshoe fob ($12.50); at Nan Duskin, Philadelphia.

His and Hers 18-k gold key chains; $250 each, from Tiffany's.

New for the two-handed player: aluminum racket with 7" grip; $50 restrung, at pro shops.

Goldfish-and-gold cuff links, by Ralph Destino; $20 at Higbee's, Cleveland.

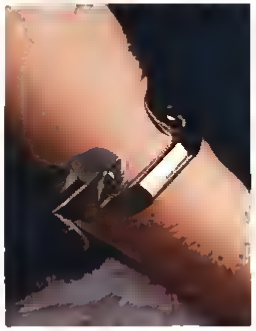
Lapis and 18-k gold links are $290 at Tiffany's.

For your #1: diamond and white-gold pin; $450, Lambert Bros., N.Y.C.



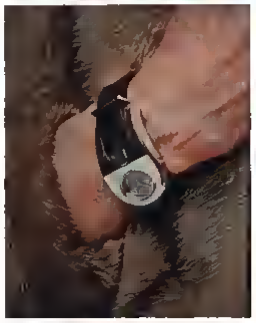
Handwoven, screen-printed wall hanging is $59, Woodward & Lothrop.

Geometric-design bracelet is 18-k gold; $1,000, Bulgari, N.Y.C.

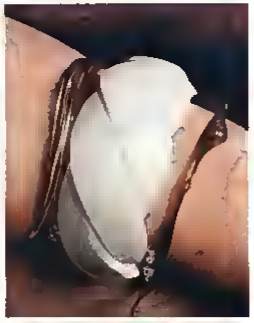


Kinetic ring has 11 diamonds set in 14-k gold; $940, Laykin, L.A.





Longines' silver-belt-buckle watch is $375; C. D. Peacock, Chicago.



Sculptured bangle of polished ivory is $225, from Hunting World.

Worth's Je Reviens cologne, limited edition, is $25; new Via Lanvin perfume, $35; Chanel No. 19, 2 ozs., $60, at better cosmetics counters.



Link bracelet of sterling is by Christian Dior-Ralph Destino; $27.50, Nan Duskin, Phila.



Sterling-silver snuffbox; $125, Dunhill.

Polynesian idol tops hand-engraved silver box; $300, Buccellati, N.Y.C.



Tiffany pillbox: horse's head in sterling silver is $75.



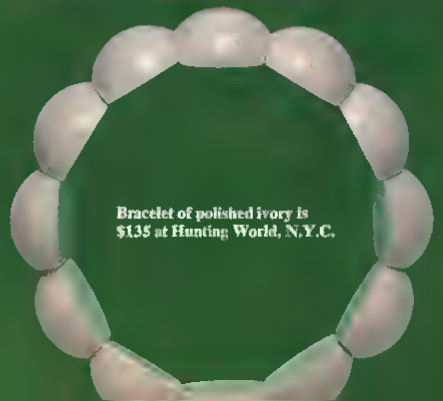
Canine pillbox is also sterling, and $75 at Tiffany's.



Oval butane lighter is of inlaid brown enamel and 18-k gold; $620 at Cartier.

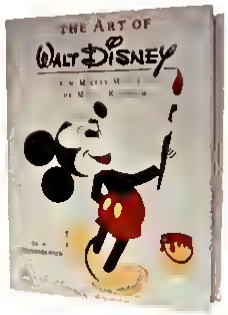


Bracelet of polished ivory is $135 at Hunting World, N.Y.C.



Gold Dunhill lighter has 18-k rope festoons and onyx inlay; $1,450.





Mickey, Donald, Pluto, Mary Poppins are here; $35, at leading bookshops.



New Lionel electric train has locomotive, caboose, three cars in between; $29.99, Dayton's, Minneapolis.



Fender's Telecaster is $298 at Manny's; Martin's classic is $455, Eddie Bell, N.Y.C.

Parisian silk flowers are $200 at The Gazebo, N.Y.C.; sterling serpent can be belt or necklace, $700, Bloomingdale's; silver duckling has vermeil beak; $170, Cartier.



The Art of the Concertmaster

by Joseph Wechsberg

When Music shall untune the sky,
Rafael Druian will promptly tell the oboist to sound the A

The concertmaster is always seen, rarely heard, and never appreciated in America's concert halls. People know much, perhaps too much, about glamorous conductors, prominent virtuosos, celebrated prima donnas. Once in a while they even talk about an orchestra—because it is so good or has suddenly become so bad. No one cares, though, about the man with the fiddle who comes onstage by the time the orchestra is already seated and gives the sign to tune up. His job is a mysterious aspect of contemporary musical life. No book was ever written about the concertmaster, he is rarely interviewed, doesn't appear on TV. He is just there. Only the best conductors, and the best orchestras, know that he is worth his weight in gold, which is a lot, considering today's inflated gold prices.

A few concertmasters have helped to make musical history. Gustav Mahler in Vienna relied on Arnold Rosé, his brother-in-law and the Vienna Philharmonic's concertmeister, for "organizing" the string parts in Mahler's symphonies, putting in bowings and fingerings, and generally trying to solve musical and instrumental problems. More recently, Serge Koussevitzky worked closely with Richard Burgin in Boston. And in Cleveland, which then had the finest American orchestra, George Szell often discussed the music with his concertmaster, Rafael Druian, now the concertmaster of the New York Philharmonic. "Never fail to consult me when you feel that something could be done better," Szell would say.

Druian, approaching fifty-one, a serious, dedicated, grey-haired artist, thinks of himself as "a musician who happens to play the fiddle." He happens to play it very well. Most string players in a great symphony orchestra have the technical proficiency of soloists. The concertmaster must be a little better, otherwise he wouldn't be there, he would be just one of the other fiddlers. Concertmasters are sometimes believed to be would-be Heifetzes who couldn't quite make it. Yet Druian always wanted to be a concertmaster, since his teen-age days at Philadelphia's Curtis Institute of Music. He soon learned that his job is the most problematic in the orchestra.

Concertmasters are born, not trained. Traditionally, gifted violinists are trained to become soloists though their teachers know that only very, very few will succeed. But there is no special training for a concertmaster, no course at a music school. The concertmaster must learn by experience. He should help to improve and shape the performance. He should be a bridge, or a buffer, between the orchestra and the conductor. He should "lead" the string section and often the whole orchestra—in England he is called the "leader"—in accordance with the conductor's intentions. The conductor may discuss some problems with him, and the concertmaster then talks to individual players or whole sections. There should be some sort of give-and-take. The players may tell him their personal and artistic problems. He should take them up with the music director, possibly even with the management.

Actually the concertmaster's job is ambiguous, shaped by the sociological evolution of musical life and by its constantly changing power structure. Musically, the concertmaster is a member of the first-violin section, and also an occasional soloist. Paradoxically, some managements refuse to hire concertmasters with previous experience as soloists, in accordance with an outdated tradition saying that a soloist is one thing and an orchestra fiddler another.

The modern symphony orchestra is not a democratic republic. At best it is a benevolent dictatorship under the conductor's baton. Once upon a time, people went to concerts to hear good music. Today many go to "see" a glamorous conductor. All major orchestras lose money; the more they play, the more they lose. The conductor's charisma sells tickets, is the major box-office asset, and cannot fail to impress the management. As a result, the orchestra, the conductor's "instrument," becomes just *that* in the opinion of the management. Present-day management rarely thinks of the musicians as artists who studied hard for years, are often sensitive and admittedly "difficult." Difficult, yes, the management says; a bunch of troublemakers.

The conductor's eminence began with Nikisch, Mahler and Toscanini, and has since increased. Today's celebrated conductors are czars with great power which is not always used in the interest of good music. But in music, as everywhere, absolute power eventually leads to absolute corruption. Only the best conductors think first and foremost of the music. George Szell, the most honest, most intellectual and most diffi-

cult musician I've known, called himself "the composer's servant" who was trying, often the hard way, to find "the artistic truth." He said, "Only then am I able to convince my musicians and, through them, my audience." Most of today's leading conductors don't consider themselves servants, not even Mozart's. They want to be masters. They know that their image sells recordings. They go where the (financial) action is. People now talk about Karajan's (not Beethoven's) *Fifth*, about Bernstein's (not Mahler's) *Fourth*, about Solti's (not Wagner's) *Ring*. Purists may deplore this development but cannot change it. Even the once-rich New York Philharmonic must now raise over a million dollars to stay in business.

As a result, the musicians—the men and women who actually make the music—are expected to fall in line. The future of the "institution" becomes more important than the orchestra's performance. Some managements give a player a gold watch after twenty-five years of service as though he were not an artist but a factory foreman or a bookkeeper. The players are not respected. This concertmaster's opinion on artistic matters is rarely sought even when he speaks up for the orchestra. The musicians' collective voice should be heard during the concerts (management says), not before or afterward. The management of a famous orchestra hired a new music director though over ninety percent of the orchestra members had voted against him. Another management simply swallowed its authority and the fact that when the name of the musical director was mentioned during a meeting, most of the players booed. Some musicians have resigned themselves to this sad state of affairs, accepting glamorous conductors who help to get them extra money by way of recordings, television and radio. All this is no secret to young, still-enthusiastic, good musicians who decide not to join an orchestra, or sooner or later drop out of it. Management already has a problem of attracting good string players, and the problem is bound to get worse.



It wasn't like that when Druian, age six, heard the first concert in his life, Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony* played by the Havana Philharmonic. "An incredible experience. I can still hear it." Perhaps it convinced him that making beautiful music with a good orchestra would be his life. He had been brought to Cuba as a baby from Vologda, near Leningrad, where he'd been born on January 20, 1922. There was no question in his family's home that he would play the fiddle; it was part of the Jewish ghetto heritage in Russia. He was lucky with his first teacher, the Cuban composer and violinist Amadeo Roldán, who began with ear training, rhythm, solfège and theory before he let the boy first touch, eight months later, the three-quarter fiddle. Today Druian first hears the sound of the music when he looks at the page and then automatically creates it with his hands, which is the logical sequence. The composer creates music in his "inner" ear and then puts it down on paper. The fastest fingers are useless without a perfect ear. Druian has absolute pitch which is needed by a good concertmaster. At ten he came to the United States with his family and became a student of Lea Luboschutz at Curtis Institute. He was lucky again when his next teacher there, Efrem Zimbalist, wanted him to play a certain piece. Druian asked whether he might instead play the Tchaikovsky concerto that he was to perform a week later with the Indianapolis Orchestra.

"Zimbalist looked at me and said, 'Okay, bring it in. But afterward make up your mind whether you want to play concerts or learn how to play the fiddle.' Another time he said, 'If you don't find music self-rewarding, you shouldn't be in it.' I never forgot his advice. Some famous soloists are so busy giving concerts that they never seem to have time for music."

Even then he was something of a maverick; among his classmates were Leonard Bernstein and Leonard Rose. He has always felt that "the person must be subservient to the music . . . When you feel that way it doesn't really matter *what* you do as a musician. When young musicians ask me what to do by way of a career, I tell them, 'Ask yourself what you *can* do and then do it as well as possible, so you will have a sense of fulfillment. Artistry is excellence.' Unfortunately they don't always listen, and so, in a few years, after many disappointments, they will be among the many frustrated orchestra players who couldn't quite make it."

After graduating from Curtis, Druian supported himself by working with Jan Savitt's Band for Station KYW in Philadelphia and served three years in the Army, playing the fiddle and the mellophone in a Special Services outfit. By the end of the war he had a wife, Phyllis, and a boy, Gregory. His friend Samuel Lifshey, first violist of the Philadelphia Orchestra, told him the Dallas Symphony Orchestra had an opening for a concertmaster. Druian had played with the Curtis School Orchestra but never with a large commercial orchestra. He auditioned for Antal Doreti and was hired. He must have done well. When Doráti went to Minneapolis two years later, he took Druian along as concertmaster. Druian and his family, including Peter, their younger son, spent eleven years in Minneapolis, which they loved. They still have close friends there.

"The Minneapolis Symphony, as it was then called, was a good orchestra and getting better all the time. I learned there that orchestra musicians basically love to make good music. They don't mind working hard under a conductor they respect because he expands the limits of the music. The New York Philharmonic, known as a 'tough' orchestra, is not tough at all toward a really good conductor. They always hope that a new conductor will turn into a blessing, making good music with them. Every good orchestra likes to play well and better. But musicians are disgusted by a mediocre or bad conductor who thinks of himself instead of the music and conducts mainly for the audience. An orchestra is a mysterious group. It knows the deeper truth about a conductor it never saw before as soon as he beats the first measure. The best conductor starts from scratch during rehearsal, building the performance, conveying his feelings, not relying on the orchestra's collective experience. Performing a symphony is not a glum job but a complex architectural effort, starting with nothing and ending with a towering musical structure. A bad conductor may fool the audience and the critics but never the orchestra. You hear them sigh, 'Oh, Lord!' or 'Another star is born.' Next, they pay no attention, talk, make jokes. He wants to assert himself and shouts, then there is chaos."

Druian's next break came when George Szell guest-conducted in Minneapolis, and they met. Four years later, there was an opening for the concertmaster with the Cleveland Orchestra which had then become the wonder of the musical world. Druian went to Cleveland and auditioned for Szell, playing several concertmaster's solos—from Brahms's *First Symphony*, Strauss's *Heldenleben*, and others—and played the William Schuman *Violin Concerto*. "Szell accompanied me on the piano, sight-reading the very difficult part, making no mistake. Afterward we talked. Szell said he now knew that I played the violin well but wanted to know *why* I played it. We seemed to agree about the basic things in music. The nine years in Cleveland were often hard work but beautifully rewarding. Szell was making good and often great music. His demands, on himself and us, were enormous, but we didn't seem to mind."

Druian is a concertmaster with a fine record as a soloist. In Minneapolis he recorded, for Mercury, eight albums of violin and piano sonatas by, among others, Bartók, Bloch, Charles Ives. He performed the important violin concertos with the orchestra under Doráti. With the Cleveland under Szell he performed Mozart's *A Major Concerto*, the second Prokofiev, the Alban Berg. Once he studied the Chausson *Poem* in sixteen hours, replacing at shortest notice a guest soloist who had canceled. His favorite recording is Mozart's *Sinfonia concertante* for violin and viola, with Abraham Skernick and the Cleveland Orchestra under Szell, the beautifully performed, definitive recording of this glorious music.

In Cleveland Druian would "organize" the violinists' parts, writing the bowings, solving various problems, sometimes after talking with Szell. (A bow stroke may alter the meaning of a musical phrase. Stokowski permitted individual bowing when he conducted in Philadelphia, considering it an expression of artistic freedom. It may also lead to unartistic chaos.) Druian learned that the concertmaster must exert personal and musical leadership, and have a certain flexibility to help the conductor implement his ideas.

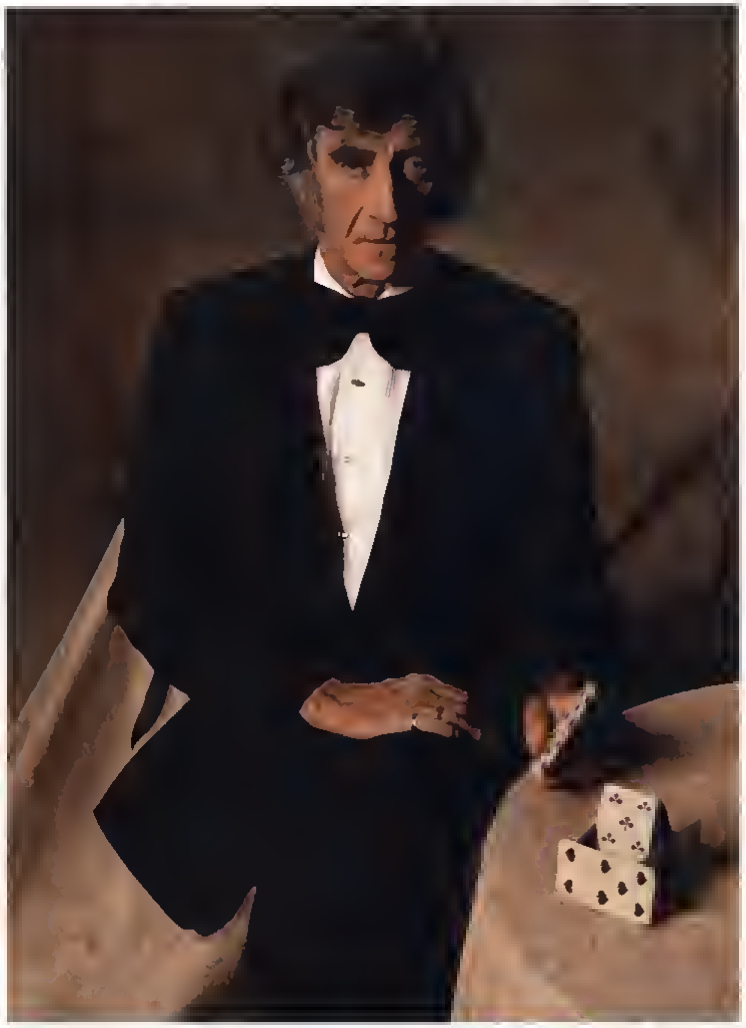
"Good conductors can be terrific and bad ones are terrible. You cannot fake playing the violin but it's relatively easy to fake conducting. Working with a great conductor is pure joy. Even playing the same symphony under different great conductors is not difficult because each of them thoroughly knows the music though he may give it his own reflection and inflection. But he always respects the score; it remains great music with him. The greatness of Shakespeare is demonstrated by different good stage directors in various ways, all of them valid."

Orchestra musicians love to make the music "sound better." The concertmaster sets the sound of the strings that dominate the classical repertory. The Philadelphia is known for luscious string sound, the Vienna Philharmonic for sweet sound, the Berlin for "lean" sound. The Cleveland under Szell had pure, often incisive sound. "If the concertmaster is known to have the conductor's support, the whole string section will, often unconsciously, approximate the concertmaster's sound. I try to produce various kinds of sound. Mozart sound is not Brahms sound, neither is it Tchaikovsky or Bartók sound. Sometimes I would stand up during rehearsal and play a phrase for them. One cannot force one's fellow artists to do something; a concertmaster trying to coerce them would soon be on his way out. But orchestra musicians are basically interested and curious, always trying to do better. The concertmaster must be a little ahead of his section, figuring out the problems and attempting to solve them, in a practical, realistic way. The use of the open strings is always easier but often not permissible artistically. I can hear an open string around me. I rarely talk though; I show them how to do it. The best conductors talk little during rehearsal. The ones talking a lot don't improve the music. They merely try to conceal their own insecurity."

The internal organization of the modern symphony orchestra remains an anachronism that doesn't reflect the inevitable social changes. Many people in the public still believe that the players sitting close to the conductor play "better" than those farther away. That may have been true long ago when many orchestras had a nucleus of professionals surrounded by amateur players. Today all important orchestras consist of tried-and-tested pros. All eighteen members of the New York Philharmonic's first-violin section play the same notes the same way at the same speed, yet the anachronistic fallacy is kept up by paying the men close to the conductor a few dollars more per concert. Actually the players sitting in the last violin stand play just as well as the others. This was dramatically proved a few years ago in Boston when a beckbencher won the audition and the concertmaster's job.

"In most orchestras the seating system is as antiquated as the seniority system of the U.S. Senate. It has not yet been understood that the modern symphony orchestra must reflect modern society, otherwise it becomes an archaic curiosity. A man retires and three other players decide to 'compete' for his chair. They must audition like kids before a committee—the musical director, the concertmaster, leading string players, other elected orchestra members. Then other players may have to audition for the chair that becomes available. It's totally demoralizing. Actually it's not always the best but often the toughest with the strongest nerves who wins the audition. It reflects our modern competitive system. Inside a good symphony orchestra there should be no competition among the players. They should all be together to face the challenge of the music and how to perform it better. The players have earned their chairs the hard way and shouldn't feel insecure about it. A modified rotation system, sparing the old, deserving players, might be a solution. Chicago has a rotation system that makes sense. Some orchestras have a 'promotion' system, which is stupid. An orchestra is not an army outfit. In some orchestras even politics is involved, and when it gets to that point. . . ." *(Continued on page 332.)*

Photographed by Gigi Carroll



The Well-Bred Black Tie

Wearing evening clothes with the proper worldly aplomb comes naturally if you're Prince Alexis Obolensky, seen above in a velvet evening suit ($275), velvet bow tie and silk shirt by Dunhill Tailors. Van Cleef & Arpels studs ($225). Opposite, his savoir vivre is courtesy of impeccable bloodlines, a satin-peak-lapel all-wool evening suit ($160), satin bow tie and pleated shirt by Delton Formal wear, a Cartier gold watch ($975) and some simple diamond-and-sapphire jewelry from Van Cleef & Arpels ($3,450)



The Well-Fed Black Tie

New York restaurateur Armando Orsini demonstrates the correct look in dinner clothes to win friends and influence maître d's. His double-breasted evening suit ($315) and wing-collar shirt ($35) are by Ralph Lauren for Polo. The prandial elegance opposite: Malcolm Kenneth's cashmere coat with otter collar ($500) over a notch lapel tuxedo ($155), formal shirt and tie by After Six. Cartier gold and diamond cuff links and studs ($1,395), gold cigarette holder ($165) and onyx lighter ($375).

Photographed by Henry Wolf



(Continued from page 168)

MARTIN: She's busy looking at corsets.

CAPTAIN: Your mother sure takes an interest in corsets. This is the third afternoon this week that she's left you down here with your book.

MARTIN: They promised to take me to the zoo.

CAPTAIN: Oh. Your mother and father?

MARTIN: Not my father. Mr. Judd Grey. He's a dear friend of ours. He likes animals too.

CAPTAIN (*shrugs*): Your mother has left you alone here for more than two hours.

Ruth and Judd emerging from elevator into lobby. Martin rushes from the sofa to greet his mother.

MARTIN: Mommie, we're going to be late. The zoo will be closed and the animals will all be asleep.

JUDD (*in an avuncular tone*): We'll be there in plenty of time to see the animals. Don't you worry, Martin. I promised you, didn't I?

Central Park Zoo, the monkey house: Martin is darting about the monkey cages, out of earshot of Ruth and Judd.

Judd, looking around furtively before taking a hip flask from his pocket.

JUDD: I feel like having a little smile. Do you care to join me?

RUTH: I thought you killed a pint up in the hotel room.

JUDD: But I'm never without my happy little hip flask.

RUTH (*as he offers her the flask*): No, hon. You know the stuff isn't really for me. It makes me too silly. (*Watches him drink.*) You like it. I love to see you having a good time. Have a good time, why not? That's my motto. (*Begins to watch the monkeys, solemnly.*) Look at them, Buddy. A bunch of wrinkly-faced old men, so wise and sad. *They* don't have a good time, not once in their lives. Wouldn't it be swell if I could unlock the cages and let them run out and be free? Wouldn't that be swell, honey? I bet they'd laugh and dance and sing. And hug us and kiss us. Why can't everyone be free? Oh, honey, I love you so. I know I'm not free, but you make me feel so free!

JUDD: You make me feel that too. When I'm away from you, I'm so empty. I have this awful hollowness I carry around inside me. I never thought a person could feel this way for another person. I can hardly stand it, the times you must be absent from me. I never believed that . . . you could become . . . I mean that you would turn out to be . . . a goddess.

RUTH (*whispers*): Sweetheart—

On the sound track a nasal tenor is heard singing *Always*.

Snyder house. Ruth and Granny Brown are busily setting the dining-room table. There is a cheery atmosphere to this scene. Snyder is plainly absent.

GRANNY BROWN: You say he's in the garment trade?

RUTH: I told you, Mommie. Corsets. Haven't you heard of the Bien Jolie line?

GRANNY: He makes good money? Does he provide for his family?

RUTH: Of course he does.

GRANNY: I'd never forgive you if you broke up a good man's home.

RUTH: Mother, don't be silly.

Doorbell rings.

RUTH: Don't you look for trouble. He's nervous about coming here. I want you to help me make him feel welcome.

Shot of Ruth embracing Judd in front hall. He is as timid as she is sensual.

JUDD: I honestly feel that I'm a skunk to come here. Coming into another man's home. I feel like a thief—

RUTH: My little critter. Don't be scared. I have just the medicine for you.

Judd sitting in Snyder's chair at the head of the dinner table. He finishes the drink he has been presented.

JUDD: That's an awfully good drink.

Ruth, removing the emptied glass and replacing it with a full one.

RUTH: That's a Roh Roy cocktail, honey. Tell me if it's too sweet.

Judd, later, relaxed and expansive.

JUDD: That's an excellent salad.

GRANNY BROWN: You need good ripe olives. You need top quality olive oil. That's the whole trick to making a Greek salad.

JUDD: It's a salad fit for a king, Mrs. Brown.

Ruth clearing away the dishes. Granny rises to help, but Judd takes up the plates instead.

JUDD: I insist, Mrs. Brown.

Kitchen. Judd and Ruth put the dishes in the sink. With some surreptitiousness, they nuzzle each other.

JUDD: What a tidy kitchen you have, Mrs. Snyder.

RUTH: Thank you, sir. It's the one room in the house that I think is really my own.

JUDD: And you sewed the curtains yourself?

RUTH: And I painted the sills and those pantry shelves and those pretty canisters.

Judd, admiring her handiwork. He snuggles against Ruth.

RUTH: See? Tea. Coffee. Sugar. Flour. I did the lettering myself. And my condiments are here. My herbs here. My medicines here. My spices here. And over here I keep my table linen.

JUDD: Medicines?

RUTH: My medicinal powders and tablets.

JUDD: Why do you keep medicines in the kitchen?

RUTH: Nosy!

JUDD: What kind of medicine?

RUTH: Bichloride of mercury tablets.

JUDD: That's not a medicine. Bichloride of mercury is a poison! You mustn't keep that around near the food.

RUTH: If you mix it properly, in very small doses, it's a very fine cure for the hiccups.

JUDD: I never heard that.

RUTH: The Governor has hiccup fits when he drinks too much beer.

She pulls away from his embrace.

RUTH: Don't be so nosy. Now, let me clean up my kitchen. You go in the parlor and be nice to my mother. Don't look scared. She's not going to bite.

Granny Brown in the parlor, her shoes off and her stockinged feet propped on the end of the sofa. She is reading the *Daily News*, the financial pages.

Judd enters, looks at her apologetically as though he intrudes.

GRANNY: Sit down. I was just resting my dogs. You get to be my age, you get these bunions. It's time I found some other work, besides being a practical nurse.

JUDD: Nursing. Tending the sick and infirm. That's important, Mrs. Brown.

GRANNY: I want work where you don't spend the days and nights on your feet. (*Slaps the newspaper.*) The stock market. There's where you make easy money, if you play your cards right. You take Electric Bond and Share. I bought five shares and it's gone up three and five-eighths. You should get yourself some Electric Bond and Share, Mr. Gray. Or take Climax Molybdenum—

JUDD: I don't really know about the stock market. I guess I'm just too busy with my work.

GRANNY: A man should work hard. The corset trade you're in. That might not be to every man's liking, but it's an honest trade. My husband was a Norwegian sailor. When we settled in New York, he had to start all over again in the carpenters' trade. We were poor people, but we worked hard. The both of us. It wasn't much, but we gave Ruth the best we could, Mr. Gray. Our Ruth went to work very young. She never got past the sixth grade—

JUDD: I know what it means to lack an education. I suffer from that handicap myself. That's why I admire Ruth so much. In spite of those drawbacks, she's so wise. She's gay. She finds such joy in living.

Ruth in the kitchen. She is gazing darkly at the canister that contains her "medicines." She removes the packets and the pills from the canister, places them in a Mason jar and hides this jar in the cabinet under the sink.

The parlor. Judd and Granny Brown.

GRANNY: It's a pleasure to talk to you, Mr. Gray. Ruth has told me nice things about you. I think it's a good thing for her to get out of this house and visit in the city once in a while—just so long as you use common sense and don't overdo it. Ruth's homelife is not a happy one. We both know it. And a girl her age deserves a good time once in a while. Albert is an old crab, I know. But he's a breadwinner. Without him Ruth and her baby have nothing. I always believed in marriage, even when it's a bed of pain. It's marriage just the same.

JUDD: I absolutely agree with you, Mrs. Grey, that's what I try to make Ruth understand.

GRANNY: I have a feeling in my bones that you're a virtuous man, a good man. Mr. Gray, believe me, I know about people. (*She lowers her voice.*) There's a strange thing about people, about good people. It can be dangerous to be a truly good man.

Waldorf-Astoria bedroom. Judd and Ruth are in bed. Judd appears subdued, fatigued, and he is drinking. Ruth by contrast is talkative and in high spirits.

RUTH: Am I ever in the prime of my womanhood!

JUDD: Are you ever.

RUTH (*kisses him*): You little cuss. The sweet things you do, and the way you make me feel. Sometimes when you're not touching me, I can't stand it. When we were in the kitchen, I wanted you so bad. I wanted you to do everything to me. I wanted you so bad.

JUDD: You mean in there with all your pots and your pans. And your *powders*.

He pauses, surprised by what he has said.

RUTH: They're medicines, dopey.

JUDD: They're not medicines. Darn it,

This year, be there.

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2. Indicate your championship event selection. Select only one event for each entry you submit. If more than one event is indicated you are disqualified. Mail your entry with bottom flaps from any 2 KENT cigarette packs, or hand print the words "Kent Micronite Filter" in block letters on a 3" x 5" piece of paper.

3. Important: You must also write the number of the championship event you are entering on the outside of the envelope in the lower left hand corner. Failure to indicate the championship event number on the outside of the envelope will void the entry for the Grand Prize only.

4. Enter as often as you wish but mail each entry separately to: Kent Championship Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 178, Circle Pines, Minn. 55014. To be eligible, entries must be received by the judging organization on or before January 4, 1974.

5. One grand prize winner will be drawn out of the entries in each of the eight separate championship events. If there are no entries in a championship event, a winner for that event will be selected in a random drawing from all entries not yet awarded a grand prize. The balance of prizes will be determined by random drawing from all other entries received. Spatts International, Inc., is the independent judging organization whose decisions are final.

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they're poisons. I still don't understand why you keep that stuff in your kitchen. You have your baby, you have your animals—

Judd takes a drink. Ruth unwraps and inserts into her mouth a stick of Juicy Fruit chewing gum. Her eyes dance mischievously as she is remembering the events she will describe. She giggles. Pantomime of Ruth and Snyder in their bedroom at night.

RUTH'S VOICE: When the Governor gets a bun on, those hiccups can last all night. You get no sleep. It's enough to drive you batty. Every cure I ever heard of I tried on him.

Pantomime shows Ruth hovering over Snyder as he tries the following remedies.

Drinking water from the far side of a glass,

Blowing up a paper bag,

Swallowing a raw egg,

RUTH'S VOICE: So I wondered. Maybe a teeme-weenie pinch of bichloride of mercury in his Ovaltine.

Pantomime of Ruth putting a pinch of powder in a mug.

Waldorf bedroom. Judd, smiling.

JUDD: You have a vivid imagination, Momsie.

RUTH (*giggling*): But last night! I mixed some of it in his prune whip.

JUDD: His prune whip!

RUTH: It's his favorite dessert. I wanted to see what would happen.

JUDD: What would happen? They use that stuff to kill rats.

RUTH (*not to be interrupted and still giggling*): Some Sunday afternoons he likes to go in the garage and work on his Buick.

Snyder garage. Pantomime of Snyder in shirt sleeves underneath his automobile on the garage floor. Exhaust smoke coming out of the tailpipe as the engine idles.

Garage door closing mysteriously, as if of its own accord, as at the same time the garage interior fills up with exhaust smoke.

Waldorf bedroom.

JUDD (*astonished*): That's *incest*! Do you know what that means in the eyes of God!

Grand Army Plaza in front of the Plaza Hotel. Judd and Ruth are seen climbing into a horse-drawn hansom cab.

Judd's words are slurred with drink.

JUDD: I've been thinking about it. If your life at home is as unfortunate as you say it is . . . There must be some sensible . . . practical . . . intelligent solution to this problem. A girl with your brains and beauty. There must be any number of business opportunities. You could live independently, you know. Get a place of your own.

RUTH (*her head on his shoulder*): He's never going to let me go. I don't know why he wants me. When the Governor climbs on top of me I just lie there like a board. And him—he might as well be working on the Buick. At least it's over with before I know it. He's back on his own bed snoring. And I lie there dreaming of you, hon. Sweat Sus loves only Buster.

JUDD (*swallows from his flask*): A broken home is one of the greatest tragedies of our modern life. Darn it all, Momsie, it's not for me to advise you about a step which would bring unhappiness to your Baby Martin. But it seems to me that . . . in extreme circumstances . . . even for Christians . . . divorce is permissible.

RUTH: Buddsie, you must be talking to your bottle. I told you, Albert Snyder is never going to give me a divorce. I can never get a divorce from him because I have no grounds against him.

JUDD: Momsie, for the first time I must admit to you that I am inebriated. Gosh, I hate to have you see me like this.

RUTH: Honey, I love you like this. I love you when you're being yourself with me.

Sitting room of Waldorf suite. There are Christmas decorations. Judd and Ruth are exchanging gifts. Ruth is opening a ten-pound box of Whitman's chocolates.

RUTH: Are you trying to make a fatty out of me? Give me a fat bottom? Fat tum-tum?

Judd, opening his present from her, a set of military brushes.

JUDD: It's elegant, Momsie. You've got the best taste in the world.

RUTH: I'm going to make you promise me that those brushes stay right there in our bedroom. And you may only use them when you're with me.

JUDD: The candy wasn't my real present. Now close your eyes, Momsie. I didn't have time to get this one wrapped. Don't open them until I say so.

Ruth, eyes closed.

JUDD: Now.

Judd, holding a corset full-length in front of him over his body.

JUDD: This is our newest garment. It hasn't even been put on the market. We call it the Marie Antoinette, Momsie, you'll be the first to wear it.

Ruth and Judd, minutes later. He is holding a highball glass.

RUTH: I'm going to miss you so bad over Christmas.

JUDD: Me too. Seriously, though, I think we are wise to be with our families at Christmas. Christmas is a family time, don't you agree?

RUTH: In your family, maybe. (*Her voice becomes solemn.*) Saturday night the Governor decided to trim the tree—

Snyder house. A Christmas tree garishly and ornately overladen with geegaws, popcorn and other flamboyant decorations—a heavy Teutonic tree.

RUTH'S VOICE: Well, you know Krautbottom. His grandmother brought over her decorations from the old country and he takes them out every year. The room was so stuffy and hot, and I felt so blue. And the Governor had his first Christmas bun on already and he decided to take himself a snooze.

Snyder, prone on the living-room couch, asleep.

RUTH'S VOICE: It was so hot he didn't even need to light the gas heater. And I was just so blue I had to go down to the drugstore and pick up some ice cream and call you.

Snyder, asleep on couch, revealing also behind the couch the tap of the gas heater. Suddenly the tap is turned on by the toe of a woman's shoe.

Ruth returning to house from drugstore with ice cream.

Snyder, in his shirt sleeves on the front porch, gasping for breath and in a paroxysm of coughing.

Henry's Restaurant. An afternoon in May, 1926. Seated at a table are Judd, Ruth and Baby Martin. Judd, slightly drunk, grandiose.

JUDD: No, no. I'll order! I insist!

Takes the menus from Ruth and Martin and glances up at Olaf.

JUDD: Olaf, we'll start with the herring in sour cream. Then we'll have the meatball dish. I want to show this lady what good Swedish cooking is.

RUTH (*jokingly*): Are you telling *me* about Swedish cooking. Ha! (*Lapses into a Swedish accent.*) My name is Yon Yohnson, I come from Wisconsin. Ay bane very good Swedish cook. (*Turns to Martin.*) Isn't that right, Baby?

MARTIN (*to Judd*): My Granny Brown was born in Sweden, Uncle Judd, and she taught my mommy how to fix the best meatballs in the world.

Judd pours himself a drink, only to find that his flask has gone dry. He mutters his disappointment, at which point Ruth takes from her pocketbook a pint bottle.

RUTH: Never say I don't take care of my thirsty man.

MARTIN: That bottle! That's from Daddy's bootlegger!

RUTH (*watching Judd drink*): It's just hootch, Baby, it all tastes the same.

JUDD (*gets up with a courtly bow*): If you'll excuse me, I shall avail myself of the plumbing facilities.

Exits.

MARTIN: What's the matter with Uncle Judd? Why does he wobble like that?

RUTH: Well, you know, honey, the summer weather's coming on and people just can't drink so much when it's hot.

Fifth Avenue, New York. A hot August afternoon. Judd and Ruth are walking along in the shade. Judd starts to lead Ruth across the street into the sunlight.

RUTH: No, I have to stay in the shade! It's sunburn time again!

JUDD: I'm so sorry. I keep forgetting what wonderfully delicate skin you have. I wish you'd be more delicate with it.

RUTH: How can I when Schnitzelvitzer keeps dragging me out on his yacht?

Her voice suddenly grows somber.

RUTH: I feel like I've been married to Albert Snyder for fifty years and I'm going to be married to him for a hundred and fifty more and it doesn't matter what he does—he can try to teach me to catch a haddock—but none of it will do him any good.

Snyder's boat. Snyder, in his commodore's hat, barking angrily at her, while with great clumsiness she attempts to land a fish.

RUTH'S VOICE: I mean, this last time I got so *fed up*. What do they call that big thingamahob they have on a dock?

Shot of huge block and tackle attached by a hook to a piling.

Snyder's back and the back of his head as he squats in the cockpit of his boat, working on the engine.

Ruth coolly assessing Snyder, then the block and tackle, then the trajectory between the block and tackle and the base of Snyder's skull.

Ruth's hand deheatefy unhooking the block and tackle, which swings in a mighty arc toward the intended victim. Inches before it reaches his head, Snyder moves and the object merely knocks off his commodore's hat.

Fifth Avenue. Ruth and Judd walking.

DEWAR'S PROFILES

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JOHN ALAN STOCK

HOME. Chesapeake, Virginia

AGE. 28

PROFESSION. Architect/Urban Planner

HOBBIES: Animated cinematography, tennis, wine-making.

LAST BOOK READ: "Capitalism, the Unknown Ideal" by Ayn Rand

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Preliminary design for Underwater Housing Development Study for human occupancy.

QUOTE: "The urban planner in the 20th century must lead people from the world of the practical into the realm of dreams and then back again in a way that makes dreams possible."

PROFILE: An individualist. A creative thinker. Optimistic about the future of mankind, yet concerned enough to take a leadership role.

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after Six FORMALS

JUDD (*seizing her by the arms*). This time you can't make it sound like a joke!

RUTH. Ow, my sunburn! I never *said* it was a joke!

JUDD. You're crazy! I don't want to believe it! I don't want to believe it! I think you really are crazy! Momsie, Momsie, I'm beginning to feel frightened!

Top deck of an open Fifth Avenue bus. A September afternoon a few weeks later.

RUTH. Or I had another idea! You'll be a truck driver. We'll have a big truck and I'll be your woman. I'll sit beside you in the cab and we'll drive all over the entire United States of America in our big truck.

JUDD. Now stop this, Momsie. I'll tell you what kind of driving we're going to do. We're going to drive here all afternoon on this bus until you come to your senses!

RUTH. We'll get a little farm. We'll raise cows. I'll be a milkmaid for you.

JUDD. Momsie—

RUTH. Or else we'll have a fruit farm and raise rhubarb and peaches.

JUDD. Momsie, listen to me! You've got to face reality!

RUTH. Or we'll go to some foreign place. We'll go to Cuba! England. *France!*

JUDD. Momsie! You *have to face reality!*

RUTH. I am. It's *you* who's not facing reality. Don't you see that we're going to have to go far, far away after *that*.

JUDD. After *what?*

RUTH. Dopey. You don't think we could stay in New York after that, do you?

JUDD. You tell me what you mean by after that! After *what?*

Ruth makes an impish gesture.

JUDD (*shaken*). It's just the strain on your system, Momsie. I've simply got to take you away for a while. I'm going to take you up into the country so you'll have a change of scenery and where you'll relax and sleep and rest your nerves. You're not yourself, Momsie. You've just got to get away.

RUTH (*snuggles against his shoulder*). Where are you going to take me?

JUDD. On October seventh—that's a Monday—I'm going upstate on my sales trip. I'll make it last a full ten days.

RUTH (*pecking him on the cheek*). I'll tell the Governor that I'm going to Canada with (*archly*) my *good friend*, Kitty Kaufman!

Upper New York State countryside. Magnificent autumn vista. In the distance a winding, narrow macadam highway, and then a 1927-model automobile and the sound of its engine as it makes its way to a promontory. The automobile stops. They walk hand in hand with a picnic basket into the countryside. Ruth and Judd relaxing on a blanket with their picnic.

JUDD (*reading aloud from his Bible*): "Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks. . . ."

RUTH. Gee.

JUDD. "Thy navel is like a round goblet, which wanteth not liquor, thy belly is like a heap of wheat set about with lilies. Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins. How fair and pleasant art thou, O love, for delights!"

RUTH. How come the Bible can't all be like that?

JUDD. You can find everything in the Bible. Everything is there. The grandeur of the spirit and the beauty of the flesh.

RUTH. Wherever you travel you take your Bible, don't you? Your Bible and your hip flask.

JUDD. It seems that way. But this (*taps the Bible*) is a whale of a lot more important to me than the other. And there's poetry too. You know, if I had only gone to college I would have been taught great poetry. (*Makes a sound of regret.*) Ah!

Camera shows autumn foliage.

JUDD'S VOICE. "I think that I shall never see a poem as lovely as a tree. A tree whose loving mouth is pressed—"

Ruth joins Judd in reciting Joyce Kilmer's *Trees* as the camera rises high for a last view of the couple, tiny figures against the landscape.

Hotel suite. Ruth and Judd are making passionate love.

Highway. Judd's automobile passing a sign reading "Welcome to Troy."

Another hotel room.

RUTH. That was a lovely party Sweet Sue and Buster had last night. Do you realize that this is the first time we've had a chance to spend our nights together? If you're so tired why don't you come back to bed?

Judd as he finishes shaving. He is plainly depleted from the night's exertions.

RUTH. Come back for a cuddle.

JUDD. I can barely lift this razor, let alone tote those grips. Momsie, you've got to remember this is a business trip too. I've got my clients to visit.

Judd preparing to leave room with his sample grip. Ruth gets up on the edge of the bed as he starts to leave.

RUTH. Where are we going tonight?

JUDD. Binghamton.

RUTH. You're not taking that other grip?

JUDD. I've got all my samples in here.

RUTH (*getting out of bed*). You know what we're going to do from now on?

Takes the extra grip, places it on the bed and opens it.

RUTH. We're going to carry our things in it.

She continues to talk out loud as Judd leaves.

RUTH. We're going to put all our things together.

She puts Judd's clothing and effects in the grip. Then she opens her own suitcase and places her underwear and other items in the suitcase together with his.

Caresses the suitcase.

Judd's automobile, parked on the main street of another town. Ruth reaches over, tenderly removes Judd's eyeglasses, wipes them with a handkerchief, and replaces them. They exchange looks of great contentment.

RUTH. I feel one hundred percent better. I feel so peaceful with you.

Judd kisses Ruth and dismounts from the car with his grip.

Quick cuts show interiors of half a dozen hotel rooms in small upper New York State towns. A litter of empty bottles, cigaretts butts and other indications of incredibly heavy drinking.

Hotel room. Judd is lying on his bed exhausted amid the rumpled bedclothes. Ruth is sitting on the edge of the bed, reacting to his fatigue with evident annoyance.

RUTH. No matter what I try, you still won't stay awake.

JUDD. They say a fellow can put an awful strain on his prostate gland—

RUTH. At least I should be allowed to sleep in your arms. Why don't these hick hotels have double beds like the Waldorf?

Shot of Ruth getting up and determinedly pushing the beds together.

Hotel room. Ruth shaking Judd as he lies comatose in bed.

RUTH. *Honey!*

JUDD. Momsie, *please!* I'm going to lose my job, Momsie! In the last forty-eight hours I've had an hour and fifteen minutes' sleep.

Rolls over, muttering sleepily.

RUTH. Honey, in an hour it's going to be time for breakfast anyhow.

JUDD. All right, do you promise that tomorrow night we can just sleep?

RUTH (*gleefully*). I promise!

She lunges toward him.

Hotel bedroom. This room is significantly better appointed and comfortable than the other rooms we have just seen. Judd is in the bathroom preparing for bed. Ruth is primping and preening herself before a dresser mirror.

RUTH. Honey, I thought we'd never make it to Syracuse. We had to wait till our last night to find a lovely room in—what's the name of this hotel?

JUDD. The Onondaga. Finest place in town. And I hope you're satisfied with that double bed. (Pause.)

Judd enters room, natty in striped pajamas.

RUTH. I've been reading the poetry page in my magazine. Listen, honey. "Love is the emblem of eternity. It confounds all notion of time, effaces all memory of beginning, all fear of an end."

JUDD. I guess that this has been the greatest honeymoon that two people ever had.

Ruth, her eyes welling with tears.

Ruth framed against the pillow the next morning. She is still silently weeping.

Ruth stealing out of bed, leaving the side of the still slumbering Judd. She opens the curtains. Slowly, reluctantly, she begins to pack their "honeymoon grip"—placing her cosmetics in the suitcase, her clothes, her reading material, etc. Afterward, she tenderly places Judd's effects next to hers—his shoes, his shirts, his military brushes. Gradually, while packing these things, the finality of this day overcomes her, and there is torn from her throat a piercing *scream* of grief.

Judd awakes, startled. Ruth rushes to the bed and throws herself upon him, surrounding him desperately with her arms.

RUTH. It's all over! It's all over, isn't it? Over! Over! Over! Our honeymoon is over! We were a million miles away from it and today we're going back! I never wanted to see New York again as long as I lived but now we're going back! Back! Back to the Governor and my hateful life and I'm going to hate him worse than ever and those crazy things, I'll try to do them more than ever. This time I'm going to do it, Buddsie, I'm really going to do it this time. I know I'm going to do it, and you're going to help me, Buddsie, aren't you? I mean I know you're going to help me because I'm going to make you help me and be a man!

Snyder kitchen. Snyder eating a fried egg at the breakfast table. He masticates

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heavily, wipes his lips with a napkin.

Ruth, regarding him blankly from across the table.

Snyder, leaning back in his chair. He lets loose a prolonged fart.

Ruth's face, reacting to this.

Waldorf suite. Sitting room of the Bien Jolie suite at the Waldorf-Astoria, one week later.

Judd, arranging his corset samples.

Ruth, entering room. She embraces and kisses Judd exuberantly.

RUTH: I got them, Buddsie! I got them! I got some new medicines!

She continues to talk while Judd looks puzzled.

RUTH: And look here! I got you this! The bootlegger saved it especially for me—Johnnie Walker Black Label, the finest whiskey in the world.

JUDD: Now listen, Momsie, you promised you weren't going to try any more experiments. I don't like being a guinea pig. You know that stuff you gave me last week to try—what was it?

RUTH: Chloral hydrate.

JUDD (*somewhat indignantly*): Yes, that's the name. When I woke up the next day I was so dizzy and sick that I missed all my appointments and I couldn't find the keys to my car.

Ruth giggles.

JUDD: I don't think it's so funny. It's not funny at all. If it's meant to be for the Governor, why don't you give it to the Governor? And leave me out of it.

RUTH (*wheedling*): Come on, you promised. If I'm going to use medicines, we have to find out how they work, don't we?

Begins to bustle about, gets two glasses and water, pours the whiskey.

JUDD: Momsie, I'm just not going to do it. You do it to him if you have to, but leave me out of it.

RUTH: This is a very gentle sedative which is supposed to put you sound asleep.

Takes a packet of the powder out of her purse.

RUTH: I guarantee you it won't make you dizzy or sick. Now let's have our party.

Judd takes the glass.

Judd, in bed. His eyelids are being rolled up by Ruth's fingers. Ruth is in her slip, bending over Judd, who is lying in his shirt sleeves on the bed. He is in a state of semiconsciousness, mumbling incoherently.

RUTH: Honey, can you hear me?

She tests his reflexes, slapping his cheeks, pulling his ears, pinching him, etc.

RUTH: You sweet little critter, you are going to help me.

Judd mumbles.

RUTH: Honey, let's pretend you were the Governor and you were lying down just like this. Would you know it if somebody snuck in the room and stood as close as this by your bed?

Sound of Judd mumbling.

Montage shots in rapid sequence. Judd is seen dishevele and in various states of intoxication ranging from wild drunkenness to stupor. Ruth's voice is alternately wheedling, cajoling, commanding.

RUTH'S VOICE: A promise is a promise! You made a solemn vow to me, Buddsie. I've tried every way I know all by myself, but every one of them was a flop. Honey, I absolutely have to have your help.

JUDD (*voice slurred*): How?

RUTH: Before you come back here from Syracuse, this time you must get a bottle of chloroform. Are you going to help me? Are you going to keep your word, as a gentleman?

JUDD: Yes, I'll get you the chloroform. But that's *absolutely* as far as I go.

RUTH: We're going to need gloves and plenty of clothesline.

JUDD: What's the clothesline for?

RUTH: We want to be perfectly sure, don't we, honey?

JUDD: Picture wire might be a better idea.

RUTH: Next time you're near a hardware store you buy us a hammer.

JUDD (*knowingly, at last*): It had better be a big hammer, a large ball peen hammer like plumbers use.

RUTH: That's the idea, honey! That's the idea!

JUDD: Or wait—

RUTH: What? What!

JUDD: A big lead window weight—a sash weight—just so we can be sure.

Bien Jolie office on Fifth Avenue. Judd is seen working at his desk. His face is haunted, haggard. Suddenly he starts and a stricken look comes over his face as he hears Ruth's voice calling to him.

RUTH'S VOICE: Buddsie, I'm waiting for you. We've got something to talk about, hon. Remember, you promised. Come to me now. I'm waiting.

In panic Judd rushes from the office.

Bien Jolie suite at Waldorf. Judd enters. Ruth is sitting quietly, waiting, serenely smiling as she gazes directly into his eyes.

RUTH: I knew you'd come to me. I didn't even have to use the telephone.

JUDD: My God, Momsie, it's not natural! Ruth smiles at him.

JUDD: Momsie, you're bending me to your will! I'm scared to death of you, Momsie! I'm not going through with this!

RUTH: Where are the things?

Robot-like, Judd retrieves a briefcase from underneath a chair and places it, unopened, on her lap.

RUTH: You've got everything?

JUDD: Yes, everything.

RUTH: Did you get the red handanas? And the Wop newspaper?

JUDD: Yes, I got them. I still don't understand what they're for.

RUTH: They're for our alibi. We have to have an alibi. Don't you remember, we discussed it.

JUDD: No, I don't remember it, Momsie! There are so many things I don't remember! Momsie, I don't *want* to remember!

RUTH (*patiently*): There was a terrible murder at the Snyder house. It was the work of Italian anarchist burglars who broke into the house to steal my jewelry. They were big men with black mustachios like da Woppas—Sacco, Vanzetti—and they left a lot of telltale clues. (*Puts the briefcase.*)

JUDD: I remember.

RUTH (*smiling benignly*): Yes, there's no doubt about it that what my mother says is true. You're a truly good man, Judd Gray.

Judd, silent, collapsed in a chair, flabbergasted, finally accepting his doom.

RUTH: Cheer up, honey, think of afterward! We'll be free, we'll really make whoopee! Like we were talking about, we'll go places! I'll go anywhere you go. Like that part in the Bible that's named after me.

JUDD (*dully*): The Book of Ruth.

RUTH: Yes. Wherever you're going, I'm going with you—

JUDD: "For whither thou goest I will go. And where thou lodgest, I will lodge."

RUTH: That's beautiful, hon.

JUDD: But now, Momsie, it's the other way around. Wherever *you* go, *I* go.

Room in Onondaga Hotel, Syracuse.

JUDD'S VOICE: "My Dear Little Wife. A hasty note from Syracuse. I'm stuck here this weekend. Looks like I won't make it back to East Orange until next week. Please don't worry. . . ."

Judd on the telephone.

JUDD: Operator, let me have the desk clerk. This is Mr. Gray in Room 216. Would it be too much to ask that I not be disturbed all the rest of the day and all of tomorrow? I'm simply exhausted and I'll need a good long rest. Oh yes, by the way, if it's not too much trouble I want to mail a letter. I don't have any stamps but I'll slip it under the door and you can have the bellboy pick it up.

Judd rumpling up the bed, scattering his effects about the room, placing his pajamas on a chair.

Hotel hallway: Judd, stealthily closing the door, hanging a "Do Not Disturb" sign on the doorknob, and sliding the letter halfway under the door.

Judd, as he weaves unsteadily, clutching his briefcase, through a door marked "Fire Exit" and down the back stairs.

Snyder house. It is twelve-thirty a.m., Sunday, March 19, 1927.

Judd, carrying a briefcase, is seen entering the house through the kitchen door.

Snyder house: Judd, in lighted kitchen. Although he is nattily dressed, down to the initialed stickpin in his necktie, he is plainly confused and on his way to complete intoxication. On the kitchen table is a pack of cigarettes and a pint bottle of whiskey.

Judd drinks from bottle and gazes in a quandry at the pack of cigarettes.

JUDD: If you see a pack of cigarettes on the kitchen table—(*Whispers to himself.*) It means they're in the house. (*Begins to sweat.*) So I hide in the kitchen. (*Takes another drink.*) No, that's all wrong! Cigarettes mean they're out to dinner and there's no one here. So I go upstairs. . . . Oh, Momsie, what did you tell me to do?

Judd leaves kitchen.

He enters Granny Brown's bedroom. He turns on a small bedside lamp and places his briefcase on top of the bureau. He then opens the briefcase and one by one deposits in the top bureau drawer the following items: a pair of rubbers, a pair of rubber gloves, a pair of wire cutters, a roll of picture wire, a wad of cotton waste, a large gauze bandage, and a bottle of chloroform. The final item is a hefty foot-and-a-half-long lead sash weight. From his overcoat pocket he takes a crumpled sheet of newspaper, plainly part of an issue of *Il Progresso Italiano*, the New York Italian-language journal. This he adds to the collection in the drawer.

With the pair of rubbers, Judd sits on the edge of the bed and fumblingly attempts to put one rubber on his foot. It will not go on. Frustrated, he notices the pillow on the bed and picks it up, seeing the quart



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bottle of whiskey that Ruth has left for him there. He gulps heavily from the bottle, grimaces and then coughs with its unusual potency. Still struggling with the rubber, he lurches sideways and falls to the floor—rubber in one hand, bottle in the other. Finally he succeeds in getting one rubber on a foot.

Camera at this point takes P.O.V. of Judd's consciousness, panning in a blurred and distorted fashion around the room to show Judd's drunken perception of the bed, the bureau, the bottle, etc. He suddenly comes to himself and we see on his face a look of extreme panic. He gets up from the floor and lurches out of the room toward the stairway as the camera tracks his precipitate flight down the steps. Hallway down he stops short, startled by the sound of a passing automobile which also immobilizes him in the glare of its headlights.

JUDD (*whispering hoarsely*). My God, Momsie, you're back already!

He rushes back upstairs and again into Granny Brown's bedroom, where he lurches to the window.

Shot reveals the automobile's taillights disappearing down the street.

Judd drinking once more from the bottle. Fear transfigures his face, and still again he holts downstairs.

This time he reaches the foot of the stairs, where he is stopped once more by the sound of the Snyders' seven-passenger Buick stopping outside the house. He turns and beats a retreat back up the stairs.

Ruth entering front door with Baby Martin.

MARTIN. Mommy, why did I have to go to a grown ups' party with you and Daddy? I'm so tired!

RUTH. I told you, Baby. Granny is busy tonight. She had to go out on a nursing case. And you wouldn't went us to leave you all alone at home, would you, Baby?

MARTIN. I didn't like the Fidgeons' party. I was sleeping on the bed and Mr. Fidgeon came in and sat down on me. I guess Mr. Fidgeon got drunk.

Sound of Judd as he collapses with his bottle to the floor.

Martin starts, looks around, but Ruth reassures him with a smile, steering the child into his bedroom.

Judd, sitting on the floor in Granny Brown's bedroom, listening in terror.

Sound of the front door slamming heavily and the tramp of Albert Snyder's feet as he goes through the house locking doors and windows.

RUTH'S VOICE. Baby doesn't have to brush his teeth tonight. Just jump into your jamies and Mommy will hear your prayers.

Martin, in his pajamas, kneeling beside his bed.

MARTIN. Now I lay ma down to sleep, I pray tha Lord my soul to keep—

Snyder, as he lumbers up the stairs.

MARTIN'S VOICE. And God bless Mommy and God bless Daddy and God bless Juniper and God bless Dicky—

Snyder, disappearing into his bedroom.

Ruth, in hallway, with a key locking Martin into his room. She leaves tha key in tha lock.

Judd, sitting on the floor in Granny Brown's bedroom.

RUTH (*whispering*). Oh, there you are, honey. What are you doing on the floor?

JUDD. Go 'way!

RUTH (*weirdly coquettish*). Buddsie's been drinking, hasn't he?

JUDD. Plenty.

RUTH (*kneels and caresses and nuzzles him*). My little thirsty man. What are we going to do about my little thirsty man?

Snyder, pulling on his pajamas. He is wearing only his pajama bottoms. Preening himself in front of the mirror, he begins to flex his biceps.

SNYDER. Ruth, goddammit, what are you doing? It's after one o'clock in the morning!

RUTH (*hustles into the room*). We had a late night, didn't we? (*Begins to undress and put on her nightgown.*)

SNYDER (*putting on his pajama jacket, buttoning it, still admiring himself*). You know, the next time I catch that Howard Fidgeon trying to pinch your little bottom, I'm going to bust him one.

By this time Ruth is under the covers in one of the twin beds (the far one from the door) gazing kittenishly at Snyder, with the covers drawn up to her chin.

RUTH. You know, Albert, I think you got a bun on this evening.

SNYDER. Well, I sure feel like pounding that old pillow, I'll tell you that.

Ruth gazes at him as he climbs into his bed and turns out the light.

Sound of a horn honking, a noisy car, and the shouts and screams of merry-makers.

SNYDER'S VOICE. That sounds like the Waldmeyers' goddamn Hupmobile. It's one o'clock, for Chrissake, on Sunday morning. That Fidgeon. Running a party at all hours of the morning. There's some people in this neighborhood who want to sleep so they can go to church on Sunday. Why can't his guests go home at a decent hour like us?

RUTH'S VOICE. Albert, why don't you roll over and sleep on your good ear? That way you won't hear nothing.

Snyder rolls over, eyes closed, to face Ruth's bed. Snyder begins to snore. Ruth leaves her bed and tiptoes out the door.

Judd, in Granny's room in the closet, half hidden by dresses and skirts. He is struggling to put on the second rubber.

RUTH (*in a whisper as she kneels beside him, gently chiding*). Honey, you were supposed to put those rubbers on before you came in the house.

JUDD. I know it, Momsie.

RUTH. I'll bet you left tracks on tha kitchen floor already.

JUDD. It's so quiet. I feel like I'm in some kind of a trance.

RUTH. Sh-h-h. Hear him snoring? I've got him sleeping on his good ear.

Ruth gets up and goes to bureau, opens drawer and gives Judd the pair of rubber gloves. Judd stands up and puts the gloves on.

RUTH. I'll be right back, honey.

Snyder's bedroom. Ruth, entering room. Snyder's snores are now loud. Ruth tiptoes to bureau, where she softly opens the drawer and takes out a pair of doeskin gloves. These she puts on as she steals out of the room.

Granny's bedroom. Judd, with a look of utter dread, is hefting the sash weight as if in tentative practice for the deed to come. Suddenly he spies a newspaper on the bedside table, grabs it and wraps it around the sash weight, resuming his practice motions.

RUTH. What's the newspaper for, Buddsie?

JUDD. Because it isn't going to hurt so much.

Ruth, kissing him on the lips.

Snyder's bedroom. Ruth, climbing into her bed, clutching in her hands the roll of picture wire, the wire clippers, the gauze, the cotton waste and the bottle of chloroform.

Judd, standing outside door. He clutches the sash weight and is rigid, deep in his trance.

Ruth, lying in bed, impatient at Judd's delay. Snyder's snores have reached a crescendo, entirely dominating the sound track. Ruth rises up in bed and looks imperatively at Judd, who can be seen silhouetted in the doorway.

Screen goes black, remaining so for several seconds. Snores are earsplitting on the sound track, possessing the quality of strangulation.

Snyder is heard giving a bellow of alarm. For an instant the screen has the appearance of a red translucent curtain as of blood spilling down a windowpane.

(The action of the murder itself is done in chiaroscuro. The light from the street-lamp almost bisects the darkness of the room, so that although we are unable to see Snyder's face and the mechanics of the strangulation, we clearly perceive his thrashing legs beneath the bedclothes. During the pandemonium, the figures dart in and out from light to dark.)

Judd, coming down once again with the sash weight.

Snyder, dazed and terrified though beginning to register rage.

Judd, in his trance.

Ruth, detached and observant.

SNYDER. What in the goddamn hell you tryin' to do to me!

Snyder, pulling Judd down onto the bed by his necktie.

Judd, terrified, as Snyder draws him down larger and larger into the camera.

JUDD. For godsakes, Momsie, help me!

Ruth, standing erect between the beds, holding the gauze and cotton waste also the bottle of chloroform.

RUTH. I'm right here, Buddsie.

SNYDER (*suddenly noticing her*). Hey, are you two-timing me?

Ruth, moving toward him, looming over him with the bottle of chloroform, tilting it onto the cotton waste.

Screen goes black.

Living room. Half an hour later. Judd is sitting on the sofa, drained, as then Ruth is standing, fingering the sheet from *Il Progresso Italiano*.

RUTH. *Il Progresso Italiano*. Its terrifica idea. Blame it onna da Wop. Two Wop Coupla Wop. A biga blacka moustache. In coma big anarchista burglar. Killa my husband. The-a me up. Knocka me onah da head—

Judd, his face registering now the full horror of what has happened.

JUDD (*groaning*). Aw, Ruth!

RUTH. Remember, you said it was a good idea! Gotta beeg guns. They mess uppa da house. Knock ovah da chair, knock ovah da lamp!

She begins to knock over the furniture.

JUDD: Oh Ruth, oh no!

RUTH: What about the gun?

JUDD: The gun?

RUTH: Albert's gun. I mean, that's what you thought up! Now go up and get it and put it beside the pillow. He was using it to defend his home and my honor.

Judd resignedly rises from the sofa and heads toward the stairs.

RUTH: Against da bigada Wop! (*Resumes her ransacking of the living room.*)

Snyder's bedroom. Judd, entering bedroom. He makes a brief but thorough examination of the corpse. The body is twisted among the bloody bedclothes. Its feet are bound with both neckties and the picture wire, as are his hands. The wire which finally strangled him is wound tightly around his neck. Wads of chloroform-soaked cotton waste have been jammed into his mouth and inserted into his nostrils.

Judd, looking fearfully for any signs of life. He breaks open Snyder's revolver, throws a couple of cartridges onto the floor, then places the weapon near the pillow beside Snyder's body.

Living room. Ruth, standing by the canary's cage.

RUTH: Dicky, I won't let anybody lay a finger on you.

Silently, suggestively, she inserts a stick of Juicy Fruit chewing gum into her mouth. As she holds the gum in the space between her lips, she hears Judd's footsteps on the stairs and her eyes shift in the direction of the sound. She holds the gum there for a moment while she is reflecting. Then she quickly bites down on the gum and begins to chew vigorously.

RUTH: All right, now we mess the kitchen up!

Kitchen. Judd and Ruth, ransacking.

RUTH: Are you sure he's dead? He'd better be dead, Judd Gray.

JUDD: I felt his pulse.

RUTH: He'd better be dead because if he's not, I'm through.

JUDD: *You're* through? *I'm* through! I'm through with this nightmare! I'm through with *everything*!

Ruth coolly gazes at him, stock-still, chewing her gum.

JUDD: I'm through with my *career!* I'm through with Bien Jolie! I'm through as a husband! I'm through! I'm through with *you*—Well, anyway, that's how I feel right now! It's a nightmare! I want to run away from it all!

RUTH (*sarcastically*): Well, before you do that I think you'd better change your shirt.

Judd looks down for the first time and sees he has blood on his shirt. He also sees Ruth's nightgown is bloodstained.

RUTH: I think you'd better take these clothes and burn them down in the furnace. P.D.Q.

Granny's bedroom: Judd and Ruth. She has dressed him in one of Snyder's shirts, which is much too large, and she is helping him with the studs.

JUDD: I don't feel right in your husband's shirt.

RUTH: Take the wire cutters, don't forget, and cut those telephone wires good.

JUDD: He was an active man. You know, I'll bet we could have gotten to like each other. He liked to go bowling. I never felt there was anything bad about that.

RUTH: Where'd you put the clothesline?

Ruth, bound with clotheslines and on the bed in the same room. Judd is attempting to put a gag on her mouth.

Ruth mumbles something unintelligible through the gag and Judd removes the cloth.

RUTH: I want you to take that lead weight of yours and hit me on the head.

JUDD: No, I can't do that.

In a gesture of disgust, she replaces the gag over her mouth. Bending down, Judd removes the gag to kiss her good-bye.

JUDD: Well, now I've got to go to Syracuse. I don't know what's going to happen to me. . .

Judd checks his appearance in the mirror, picks up his briefcase, and leaves the room.

RUTH (*removing gag and calling out*): Unlock the baby's door! Leave the Wop newspaper in the kitchen!

Bus stop on Hillcrest Avenue, Queens. A short walk from the Snyder house. It is a misty early dawn. The bus stop is on a rise of ground underneath a bright streetlamp. As Judd approaches the spot his rubbered feet make no sound, creating an eerie effect as he walks through the mists, dapperly dressed, clutching his briefcase. A garrulous old man is standing under the streetlamp, waiting for the bus.

OLD MAN: That's some snappy outfit to be wearing in the wee hours. It's plain to see you're a traveling salesman.

Judd, tense and silent.

OLD MAN: I never forget a dimpled chin when I see one. It means good luck. Or bad luck. It all depends on how a fellow feels about a dimple.

Noise of rapid revolver fire.

Judd, stricken, terrified.

Shot of New York City policeman firing at a row of beer bottles set up on top of a cement wall.

POLICEMAN (*turning, grinning affably at Judd*): A man has to do something to kill the time. The graveyard shift we call it. Nothing ever happens on this beat.

JUDD: Gee, that's what I call marksmanship.

Policeman blows smoke off barrel, reholsters revolver, chuckles.

POLICEMAN: It takes practice.

Pullman car. Conductor, approaching the seated Judd.

CONDUCTOR (*examining Judd's ticket*): Are you getting off at Albany, mister, or are you traveling straight through to Syracuse?

JUDD: Straight to Syracuse.

CONDUCTOR: You won't need a stub. I'll remember your face.

Judd, startled, claps his hand over his dimpled chin.

Speeding train. Judd's hand as it pokes out and drops the briefcase into the Hudson River.

Martin's bedroom in the Snyder house. The sound of birds chirping awakens Martin.

Snyder garden. Birds outside in the feeder.

Martin's bedroom. Martin, looking at the birds, smiling.

Noise of thumping and bumping.

Noise of bedroom door rattling.

Martin opening the door.

Hallway in Snyder house. Ruth, sprawled across the hallway, bound in the clothesline.

Snyder house. Martin running downstairs and out the door and across the street to a neighbor's house.

Snyder house. Sound of screaming sirens. The New York police brass arrive.

Policemen, flooding into the house and yard.

Press, swarming across the lawn.

Snyder house. Police, sealing up bedroom with tape and seals on door.

Martin, watching this.

Snyder garden. Martin, still in his pajamas, standing dumbfounded in the garden, surrounded by the press. They are setting off flashbulbs in his face, asking his name, his age, where he goes to school.

REPORTER: Was it you that found your daddy's body, sonny?

Martin's bedroom. Ruth, reclining on a bed, surrounded by her son's stuffed animals. She is clothed in her nightgown, and her manner is languid and victimized.

Doctor, examining Ruth's head.

Stenographer, sitting, waiting.

DOCTOR (*to stenographer*): Subject complains of head pain as result of the blow from a blunt instrument but exterior cranial examination reveals no palpable contusions, no visible lacerations, no blood.

RUTH: Ow! Take it easy, doctor! It's no joke when a big guinea conks you over the head.

DOCTOR: Please be quiet.

Detective, interrogating Ruth.

DETECTIVE: Of course you're upset, Mrs. Snyder, and I know you've been subjected for a long time to our questioning. But there are some details in your story that we are still not clear about. You must understand we are only doing our job. Now tell us again, please, why you think this newspaper was found in your kitchen.

Pantomime of Ruth's story. We see a nocturnal scene of domestic rhapsody. Ruth is not only a vision of herself at her most romantically alluring, but shows a devotion to her husband's comfort that is positively Oriental. Brings Gyokuline and a midnight snack to Snyder. Tenderly they bill and coo, when suddenly the door is flung open to reveal two desperadoes out of a nineteenth-century Italian opera, incredibly large handlebar moustaches, bandanas around their throats, earrings. Pistols and bombs in hand, they are also wearing bandoliers. Heroically, Snyder leaps from bed to defend his wife's life and honor, while she cowers behind him.

Shot of incredulous New York policeman.

Pantomime terminates with desperadoes ransacking the house and making off with an unbelievable treasure of jewels.

Shot of policeman holding a cheap necklace and cheaper earrings.

POLICEMAN: Commissioner, we found these downstairs underneath the sofa. At a hock shop you couldn't get ten bucks for this junk.

COMMISSIONER: Mrs. Snyder, there are several serious discrepancies in your story. I'm afraid we're going to have to ask you to accompany us to the police station.

RUTH: So that's the way it is. Well, if you don't mind, I'd like to put on a dress.

Snyder house. Ruth, haughtily striding down the hallway and into a bedroom, which is full of policemen.

Ruth, brazenly removing her nightgown,

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flaunting her body before the police as she strips, then dresses.

Police car: Ruth, seated between a detective and the Commissioner.

RUTH: You've certainly got your nerve, you flatfeet. Taking a widowed woman from her home.

COMMISSIONER: Mrs. Snyder, this was found in your bedroom on the floor at the foot of your husband's bed. It appears to be a man's diamond stickpin, with the initials "J.G."

RUTH: My husband—before our marriage, of course—had a fiancée named Jessie Guisbard, who died tragically of TB. He inherited it. I hope that answers your question.

Bedroom in Onondaga Hotel, Syracuse. Judd is seen lying flat on his back in bed, gazing at the ceiling, hands locked behind his head.

Sound of sharp knocking at the door.

Judd, opening the door to reveal two plainclothesmen.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN: Excuse me, sir, are you Mr. Henry Judd Gray?

JUDD: Yes, I am.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN: Of 37 Wayne Avenue in East Orange, New Jersey?

JUDD: Yes.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN: I'm Inspector Kosinski of the Syracuse Police Department, and this is Detective Lieutenant Ferry of the New York City Police Department.

FERRY: Mr. Gray, I'm afraid it's my duty to inform you that you're wanted for questioning in connection with a homicide that took place early this morning in Queens Village, New York.

JUDD: Gentlemen, I have no idea what this is about but I'm at your service.

FERRY: I'm sorry, but it will be necessary to ask you to come with us to the Queens County Courthouse in Jamaica.

JUDD: This is a tremendous surprise. I can't imagine why you've come for me. But of course it's my duty to cooperate with the police. May I have a few minutes to get my things together?

FERRY: Don't worry about that, Mr. Gray. We'll see that your baggage is brought to the station.

Syracuse street.

NEWSBOY: Extra! Extra! Read all about it! Snyder killer sought in Syracuse!

Broadcast studio.

ANNOUNCER: We interrupt this program to bring you an important news bulletin. Henry Judd Gray, a salesman from East Orange, New Jersey, was apprehended at two o'clock this afternoon in a hotel room in Syracuse, New York, as a chief suspect in the brutal murder of Manhattan magazine executive Albert Snyder. The slain man's widow, Mrs. Ruth Snyder, also a suspect in the killing, is reported to have implicated Gray.

Syracuse railroad station. Shot of Judd being led, handcuffed, by two detectives through a bowling crowd of reporters, photographers.

REPORTERS: Did you do it, Mr. Gray? Why did you do it, Mr. Gray? Are you in love with Mrs. Snyder? What about Mrs. Snyder's statement that you did the murder all by yourself?

Pullman compartment. As the train travels from Syracuse to Grand Central Station, making stops in cities along the way, this compartment and the entire Pullman car become increasingly more crowded as local law-enforcement officials and politicians board the train.

Judd is seated handcuffed to a detective. Opposite him across a table are seated Lieutenant Ferry and a young Assistant District Attorney, Charles Poindexter. The interrogation throughout is friendly.

Newspaper on table, banner headline: "QUEENS HOUSEWIFE FINGERS LOVER IN HUSBAND SLAYING." There is a photograph of Ruth, looking demure.

JUDD: Dick, I really hate to contradict you, but I've got to say that you're barking up the wrong tree. I've never seen this lady. I've never heard her name.

FERRY: She sure seems to have heard your name, Judd.

FIRST DETECTIVE: Yeah, she's made you a celebrity, Judd.

SECOND DETECTIVE: That's your girl friend, Judd? I wouldn't mind having some of that myself.

JUDD: Aw fellows. Come on, lay off.

POINDEXTER: Listen, Judd. Let's be honest with each other. Mrs. Snyder has made a complete confession.

JUDD: It's simply a case of mistaken identity, Charles—if I may call you Charles.

POINDEXTER: My friends all call me Chuck.

FERRY: Judd, come on, we're men of the world, you and I. We weren't born yesterday. Don't insult me, Judd. I like you. Don't ask me to believe this malarky. Just because you hung a sign on the door and wrote a letter to your wife, that's no alibi.

JUDD: Fellows, I keep telling you. I was exhausted. I stayed in that room from Saturday afternoon until you picked me up, Dick.

FIRST DETECTIVE: A man gets pretty tired in the corset business, eh, Judd?

JUDD: Yes, it's a very active trade.

SECOND DETECTIVE: My brother-in-law's in ladies' hats and he doesn't do a lick of work. Gets lots of action, though. (*Winks.*)

POINDEXTER (*takes a ticket stub from his pocket*): Judd, do you recognize this? We found it in the trash basket in your room. This is the stub of the ticket you purchased yesterday when you took the eight-sixteen train from Syracuse to Grand Central. That sort of evidence is the sort that we call incontrovertible. You've shown yourself to be an extremely intelligent man and a fine gentleman. But you're trying my patience, Judd.

JUDD: Chuck, I don't mean to do that. It's just that there has been some mistake.

POINDEXTER: Judd, I'll tell you something. With all the responsibilities of the office of District Attorney of Queens County, we can't afford to make a mistake.

Later. Judd and Poindexter are alone in the compartment. Judd—handcuffs removed—is gazing out at the rolling countryside of the Hudson Valley.

JUDD: Isn't this the most beautiful countryside you've ever seen? I think I know every inch of this landscape. In the autumn it's so beautiful.

POINDEXTER: Yeah, Judd, it's wonderful country. I know it myself. I spent four years over there in Ithaca, when I was going to Cornell.

JUDD: Cornell?

POINDEXTER: Probably the best years of my life. You treasure their memory.

JUDD: Cornell. That's a wonderful institution. I wanted to go there. Were you a fraternity man?

POINDEXTER: Phi Delt.

JUDD: Phi Delt?

POINDEXTER: Phi Delta Theta.

JUDD: There's a school of hotel administration at Cornell.

Close-up Judd's face, gazing out of the window, then turning from the window, tears filling his eyes.

JUDD: All right, Chuck. I first met Mrs. Snyder at Henry's Restaurant on Thirty-sixth Street in New York in June, 1925. The second time I met her was a week or so later when I was fitting her for a corset in the Bien Jolie fitting room. That's the first time we had improper relations.

POINDEXTER: Whoa, there! Hold the phone! (*Rushes to corridor door.*) Get that stenographer in here!

Stenographer, taking frantic shorthand notes.

JUDD: So she asked me to get the chloroform and I got the chloroform in Kingston, the sash weight I got in a hardware store in Canandaigua, the picture wire and the clothesline—

District Attorney's waiting room, Jamaica, Queens: Present are Ruth, an Assistant District Attorney, a matron, a detective, and a stenographer.

DETECTIVE: I hereby depose that in the company of Lieutenant Shaughnessy of the Fourth Queens Precinct I removed this grip from the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel on Park Avenue in the city and county of New York. The time was seven p.m. on Sunday the nineteenth of March, 1927.

Shot of stenographer taking his deposition in shorthand.

In this scene the contents of the "honeymoon grip" are being inventoried in order to become part of the State's exhibit at the trial. As each item is extracted by the detective, he identifies it verbally for the stenographer, passes it to the Assistant D.A., who attaches a label to it, the D.A. then passes the item on to Ruth, who is required to confirm its identity with her signature on the label.

Detective is smoking a gross cigar and with a beefy hand opens the grip.

DETECTIVE: I further depose that in the presence of Assistant District Attorney Badger in the Queens County Courthouse, Jamaica, Borough of Queens, I opened said grip and found the following items:

D.A. (*to stenographer*): Which are inventoried as follows—

DETECTIVE: One ladies' nightie.

D.A.: One ladies' nightgown.

DETECTIVE: One pair gent's pajamas.

D.A.: Pair of man's pajamas.

DETECTIVE: One tube of depilatory cream (*He pronounces it with a broad "i."*)

D.A.: One tube of depilatory cream.

DETECTIVE: One pair man's garters.

D.A.: One pair man's garters.

DETECTIVE: Packs containing two dozen rubber prophylactics.

D.A.: Two dozen men's contraceptive devices.

DETECTIVE: Men's brushes.

D.A.: Men's brushes.

DETECTIVE: One volume, a novel entitled *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.*

Sound of door crashing open.

Judd, being led manacled between two plainclothesmen.

THESE ARE TEST RESULTS
14 SMALL CAR MAKERS WILL PROBABLY CHOOSE TO IGNORE.

MOTOR TREND GAS ECONOMY TEST	
1. FIAT 128 SEDAN	34.821 MPG
2. DATSUN 1200	32.500 MPG
3. LOTUS EUROPA 5-SPEED	30.469 MPG
4. HONDA CIVIC	30.468 MPG
5. TOYOTA COROLLA 1600	29.846 MPG
6. MG MIDGET MK III	29.250 MPG
7. VOLKSWAGEN SQUAREBACK	28.676 MPG
8. OPEL MANTA	28.125 MPG
9. DODGE COLT	28.126 MPG
10. CHEVROLET VEGA COUPE	27.083 MPG
11. JENSEN-HEALEY	26.116 MPG
12. TRIUMPH SPITFIRE MK IV	25.658 MPG
13. AUSTIN MARINA GT	24.788 MPG
14. RENAULT 17	24.375 MPG
15. SUBARU 4-DOOR SEDAN	21.828 MPG

A few months ago, Motor Trend magazine conducted a gas mileage test.

They wanted to find out exactly how economical economy cars really are.

And they did.

Of the fifteen small cars that took part in the test, the Fiat 128 four-door sedan came out first with 34.821 miles per gallon.

In fact, the 128's gasoline operating cost per mile was a miserly 1.17 cents. So close to a penny a mile that even the people from Motor Trend were amazed.

If you're concerned about the gas crisis, you really owe it to yourself to check out the mileage results above.

Because most small car makers will probably continue to talk about miles per gallon.

Not about how far down the list they finished.



FIAT

The biggest selling car in Europe.

Overseas delivery arranged through your dealer.

D.A. (*to stenographer, indicating the grip*) This and its contents are to be People's exhibit number 48.

JUDD: Ru—

RUTH: Don't you dare speak to me! Worm!

Door with the lettering: Hon. Richard S. Newcombe, District Attorney.

Office. Judd, manacled, being led in.

District Attorney and Commissioner.

JUDD (*attempts to shake hands with the handcuffs on*): It's an honor to meet you, sir.

NEWCOMBE: We could take off the cuffs, can't we, Commissioner?

Detective, removing cuffs.

JUDD: Commissioner McLaughlin?

COMMISSIONER: The same.

JUDD: I want to congratulate you, sir, on the excellent police work of your department. And I want to thank you, too, for the courtesy and consideration that all the members of the department have shown me in this terrible hour.

Commissioner, looking nonplussed.

NEWCOMBE: There's a visitor here for you, Judd. Show the lady in.

Policewoman, leading Isabel into the room.

ISABEL: They've been asking me questions all day. They wanted me to tell everything I know about you and I have, Judd. I told them it's all been a horrible mistake but they won't believe me.

JUDD: Isabel, I did it. I am guilty of this accusation.

ISABEL (*near collapse, biting her handkerchief*): Oh no, it's not true! It's not true! It was the alcohol! You never know what can happen to someone when he drinks the kind of liquor they sell in New York City!

Jail. Judd escorted by jail warden to cell.

JAIL WARDEN: Ordinarily we require the prisoner to surrender his glasses. In your case, Judd, I'm going to make an exception. Is there any other favor I might be able to do for you?

JUDD: Warden, if it's not too much to ask, I would like to have the Holy Bible.

Ruth, behind bars.

RUTH: Matron! I thought I told you I wanted my attorneys down here, *pronto*! I'm going to fight this! I demand to see the reporters! I want the world to know all about this! I want the whole world to know Judd Gray for the worm that he is. I want everyone to know how it was he who first thought of it. It was he who did it! He masterminded the whole business! Mr. Snyder was my husband! He was my first and only love! Judd Gray murdered him while I was helpless to stop him! Now I'm locked up like a common criminal! I'm a widow! A widow! And I'm not allowed to go to my poor husband's funeral! And they're trying to take my baby away!

Street outside Queens County Courthouse. Newcombe and Commissioner surrounded by press as they fight their way through the mob to their respective limousines.

PRESS: When are you going to let us see the confession? When can we see Mrs. Snyder?

Newsbeat is interviewing matron.

NEWSBEAT: I'm writing from the woman's angle on this murder. I wonder if you could give me a few strictly feminine details—

MATRON: You call her a woman?

NEWSBEAT: What sort of makeup does Mrs. Snyder use? I hear she insists on wearing only her widow's black. Is there some little intimate, personal detail that you might share with our lady readers?

Queens County Courthouse.

CLERK'S VOICE: The said Ruth Snyder and Henry Judd Gray, at Queens, in the Borough and County of Queens, City and State of New York, on or about the twentieth day of March in the year Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-seven, aiding, assisting, abetting, counseling, commanding, advising, inducing and procuring each other, with malice aforethought and with a deliberate and premeditated design, to effect the death of Albert Snyder in the peace of the People then and there being.

JUDGE (*raps his gavel*): There will be no standing in the courtroom during the trial. There will be no children permitted in the gallery. There will be no picnic baskets either.

Ruth and Judd, with their counsel, sitting at separate defense tables. Judd has had his hair closely cut, is dressed in a grey business suit, and keeps his eyes on the floor.

JUDGE: Mr. Hazelton, you may proceed for the defendant Snyder.

HAZELTON (*addressing jury*): Gentlemen, I have been a public prosecutor and also for many years I have defended prisoners before the bar. I am obliged to state that in these many years I have never been placed in a position like this. I have never been in a joint trial where the defendants' cases were diametrically opposed. We will prove to you that the defendant Snyder is not the demimonde that Gray would like to paint her but that she is a loving wife, a good wife who is now a stricken widow. Woman is just as God intended her to be, were it not for some men. We will prove to you that Mrs. Ruth Snyder is just as God intended her to be were it not for her incompatible husband and the *deceiver*, Gray. We will prove him to be a coward, who was first untrue to his own wife. Second, he stole the affections of another's wife. And again that he is a coward, because in the last moment, when his mistress is caught, he squeals and throws the blame, the same as Adam, upon the woman that he had deceived and made his.

NEWSBOYS: Extra! Extra! Ruth and Judd in lover's battle! Read all about it!

Courtroom. Miller, Judd's counsel, addressing the jury.

MILLER: Counsel for the defendant Gray will present to you the most tragic story that has ever gripped the human heart. A story of illicit love and of unnatural relations and of dishonor. Counsel will prove to you that the defendant was driven into this tragedy by a force not his own, dominated by a will not his own and powerless to struggle against that controlling superpower which was gripping him. He was struggling to loosen himself from this dominion and from the catastrophe it was leading him into. But he was a helpless mendicant of a designing, deadly, conscienceless, abnormal woman, a human serpent, a human fiend in the guise of a woman. Counsel desires for the defendant Gray no more than the truth, and the truth in its pristine glory will prevail as long as liberty and American institutions endure.

Jail cell. Judd, squatting on the edge of his cot, is playing checkers through the bars with a guard.

GUARD: Hey, Judd, it's your move.

Judd's attention is fixed upon the arrival of a woman in a Salvation Army uniform.

Courtroom. Ruth, on the witness stand, undergoing cross-examination by Newcombe.

NEWCOMBE: Now, Mrs. Snyder, you would have us believe that Gray was in the bedroom alone with your husband? And that you were in the bathroom?

RUTH: Yes.

NEWCOMBE: In other words, at the moment the murder occurred you were going to the bathroom?

RUTH: Yes.

NEWCOMBE: Mrs. Snyder, are we to understand that you are changing your testimony once again.

HAZELTON: Objection, Your Honor.

JUDGE: Objection sustained.

NEWCOMBE: If it please the court, there have been confessions and repudiations of confessions made by this defendant. There have been so many changes of testimony that I find them hard to follow. If Your Honor—

JUDGE: You may resume your questioning.

NEWCOMBE: How long were you in the bathroom, about?

RUTH: Possibly five or seven minutes, eight minutes.

NEWCOMBE: And at the end of that period you heard what you described as a terrific thud?

RUTH: Yes.

NEWCOMBE: And you heard Gray belaboring your husband with this sash weight?

RUTH: I just heard the thud when I was in the bathroom.

NEWCOMBE: Then you went into the bedroom?

RUTH: Yes, but I—

NEWCOMBE: No buts, madam. You went into the bedroom?

RUTH: Yes.

NEWCOMBE: And you endeavored to save your husband?

RUTH: Yes.

NEWCOMBE: Describe how you endeavored to save him.

RUTH: I grabbed Gray by the collar. Or by the shirt, I just don't recall.

NEWCOMBE: You don't know where you grabbed Gray, do you?

RUTH: I grabbed at him.

NEWCOMBE: You grabbed at him?

RUTH: Yes.

NEWCOMBE: You don't know what happened after that?

RUTH: Yes, Gray pushed me to one side and I fell to the floor in a faint.

Backyard of Snyder house. Martin, surrounded by press. He is kneeling.

PRESS: That's a good boy. That's a baby doll. Say a prayer for Mama.

Tabloid photograph of Martin praying, headline reads: "MARTIN PRAYS FOR MOM."

Montage of blazing headlines, ending with one banner head reading "RUTH-JUDD TRIAL GRIPS NATION."

Courtroom.

MILLER: And on your last visit to Syracuse, where did you stay?

JUDD: I stayed at the Onondaga Hotel.

MILLER: You went there on one of your



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305 524 5501
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813 936 2559
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305 248 0222
JACKSONVILLE
Air Kenwood Jacksonville Inc
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LAKELAND
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813 686 8131
MELBOURNE
Melbourne Aviation Inc
305 723 7800
MIAMI
American Aviation Corp
305 238 4774
NAPLES
White Crowe Inc
813 774 3404
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305 686 4083
ORLANDO
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617 771 0505
NORTH ADAMS
Berkshire Hills Aviation Inc.
413 664 6595
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Norwood Aviation Inc
617 762 3170
PITTSFIELD
Pittsfield Aviation Inc
413 499 0213
TURNERS FALLS
Franklin Airways Inc
413 863 4380
WESTFIELD
Anthony Airways Inc
413 562 3099
WORCESTER
Vitek Aviation Inc
617 791 8261

NEW HAMPSHIRE

MANCHESTER
New England Aviation Corporation
603-625 6512

NEW JERSEY

ATLANTIC CITY
Southern Jersey Airways Inc
609 345 2238
FAIRFIELD
Globe Air International Inc
201 227 5464 or
201 227 5465
FLANDERS
I B Aviation Inc
201 584 6886
HAMMONTON
North American Institute of Aviation
609-235 8326
LINDEN
Linden Flight Service Inc
201 862 8800
MORRISTOWN
Chatham Aviation Inc
201 539 8500
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519 378 9034
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Come out today! Your timing couldn't be better.

sales trips, did you not?

JUDD No I went there to establish my alibi I wanted to make it appear that I had spent that night in Syracuse So I wrote a letter to my wife and then I called—

MILLER Mr Gray, I'm not asking you that.

JUDD I called the desk clerk and told him that I didn't want to be disturbed; I did that so that when I sneaked out of the room—

MILLER Mr Gray, I insist' Your Honor—

JUDGE The jury will disregard the last two responses of the defendant The court notes with approval your willingness to oblige, Mr Gray, but there is such a thing as being overly responsive I must caution you to follow the line of questioning of your counsel.

JUDD I had my glasses off She took me by the hand.

Ruth, her face registering hatred as she hears Judd refute her testimony.

JUDD I went out into the hall She had opened the door of the bedroom a crack She was lying awake in her bed, waiting for me to come in Mr Snyder was asleep in his bed and snoring I don't know how many seconds I stood there trying to get my hearings, and I struck him on the head, as nearly as I could see, one blow I think I hit him another blow, because with the first blow he raised up in bed and started to holler

Witness bench Side by side on the bench are the three witnesses to Judd's getaway old man, policeman, conductor

JUDD There was an elderly gentleman there who was also waiting for the bus He spoke to me—

MILLER Then, Mr Gray, I wonder if you could tell us—why did you do it?

JUDD I would like to know that myself

Jail Infirmary Judd, clad only in his underwear, is sitting on an examination table. Three other persons are present a neurologist and two psychiatrists.

FIRST PSYCHIATRIST Does Ruth remind you of any woman you may have known in your childhood?

JUDD Really, not that I can think of.

SECOND PSYCHIATRIST What did you think of your father?

JUDD My dad was the best friend I ever had

SECOND PSYCHIATRIST As a boy did you ever have sexual fantasies or dreams involving your mother? Did you frequently experience nocturnal emissions?

JUDD I don't believe I can answer a question like that, doctor

Jail visitor's room Ruth is sitting opposite Newshen and separated from her by wire screen

RUTH Did you hear that little sonofabitch in court? Lying through his teeth?

NEWSHEN Then you really mean you didn't do it, honey?

RUTH Why would I kill the man I loved?

NEWSHEN Women all over America are fascinated by you. Have you anything to tell them?

RUTH Yeah, I didn't do it That little worm did it. I was in the bathroom

NEWSHEN One last question What is your favorite reading matter?

RUTH Reading matter?

City room of newspaper Newshen shoves a male reporter away from a typewriter.

NEWSHEN Out of the way, I've got an exclusive! (*Begins to type.*)

RUTH'S VOICE For reading I go back to the old inspiring classics like *Vanity Fair*. The people I've admired most are Jesus Christ, Abraham Lincoln and Ralph Waldo Emerson

Church

MINISTER There is a general opinion that Mrs Snyder was the hypnotic spell. Despite this, when Judd Gray participated in this murder he became equally guilty This then is what atheism and un-belief and the rejection of the Christian religion bring to us. The ruinous results of these errors ought to stir every patriotic American heart to a courageous resistance to the forces of atheism which are now so aggressively at work in our land.

Courtroom

MILLER That woman, that peculiar creature, like a poisonous snake, drew Judd Gray into her glistening coils, and there was no escape That woman! Why gentlemen, it was a peculiar, alluring seduction I want to say here that this woman was abnormal Just as a piece of steel jumps and clings to a powerful magnet, so Judd Gray came within the powerful compelling force of that woman, and she held him fast. I must speak plainly, gentlemen This woman, this peculiar, venomous species of humanity, was abnormal; possessed of an all-consuming, all-absorbing sexual passion, animal lust, which seemingly was never satisfied—

HAZELTON This miserable filth of earth is allowed to sit here, and before he makes his squealing appeal for mercy to you—not a defense, a squeal for mercy, and it has rung from the moment he took and debauched that woman till now—a squeal for mercy There is the most despicable man that has ever walked God's footstool as far as I have known men That man whose character was depicted like a curtain or photograph upon your mind in this case has been exactly the picture you saw that night, from his own lips there in Mrs Brown's bedroom closet behind a female's skirts, behind a female's garments *There* is his life's history in this case depicted before you behind the skirts of a woman then and behind that woman's skirts today—

Miller, reaching the end of his summation.

MILLER There is another soul, gentlemen, of greater knowledge, of greater love than you and I can ever possess There is another soul who sees more clearly than you or I can ever see how utterly impossible it is to reconcile any part of this act with the previous life of Judd Gray from the time his mother held him in her arms and breathed her benediction of a noble spirit into his soul Gentlemen, that sweet, lovely mother will be watching and waiting for you I beseech of you with all the sincerity of my soul to deal with this poor victim tenderly, for he is not to blame

Hazelton, reaching the end of his summation.

HAZELTON And I wish to thank you for the patience that you have used in listening to me today, and I want to say to you if it be the last glance I may give a juryman, if it may be the last word I utter, I want to say to you, looking each and every one of you in the eye, that if your verdict shall be for Ruth Brown Snyder, "Not Guilty," I would say, you have upheld the majesty of the law.

Newcombe, standing, facing the judge

NEWCOMBE On behalf of the People of Queens County, on behalf of the People of the State of New York, whom I represent here and now, the State of New York asks you to bring in the verdict that is warranted by the evidence, and that is murder in the first degree against *both defendants* Gentlemen, our whole great nation, all of our American institutions are builded and founded on the sanctity of the American home, and if in this case there should be a failure of adequate punishment, that foundation, that cornerstone of these American institutions will totter and fall

Lawn of Judd's house, East Orange It is evening The lawn is lit by floodlights The press is encamped on the lawn One or two reporters have even brought tents, others are cooking meals over small Primus stoves There is a battery of movie cameras, also radio transmission equipment. Two state troopers are standing guard at the front door

PRESS Where's Judd's mother! Where's Mrs Gray?

TROOPER Why can't you fellows leave the old lady alone?

PRESS Come on, let us see her! The public wants to know! They have a right to know! What is this, Bolshevik Russia! Let us see the old lady!

TROOPER. Okay, guys, Mrs Gray says she'll see one of you. And I mean *one* of you

Living room of home Mrs. Gray and reporter are seated at the card table on which rests her almost completed puzzle

MRS GRAY You newspaper people are so nosy! You've been out there all last night and today and now tonight Don't you ever go home? Don't you have families to take care of?

REPORTER Mrs Gray, have you any comment to make about the verdict?

MRS GRAY What?

REPORTER. The jury has delivered a verdict of murder in the first degree against Mrs Snyder and your son

MRS GRAY That's most surprising

REPORTER They were only out for an hour and forty minutes. What do you have to say about that?

MRS GRAY Obviously, there has been a terrible mistake.

REPORTER Do you think Judd's going to beat the chair?

MRS. GRAY Don't be preposterous Of course he will He's my son His ancestors came to our country in 1656 and not one of them has ever committed a crime Our stock has been clean and decent—wholesome Justice will prevail, I know that (*Gestures toward puzzle.*) My son's heritage is just like this puzzle It shows the Pilgrims landing at Plymouth Rock—upright people, outstanding, the first Americans Let me show you This is Miles Standish. Now over here stands John Alden. Here's Priscilla with her beautiful bonnet.

Corridor of courthouse, from a long distance Ruth, flanked by Hazelton and a matron, approaching camera. The clacking sound of Ruth's heels echoes loudly through the corridor as they approach.

Courtroom Judge and officials waiting.

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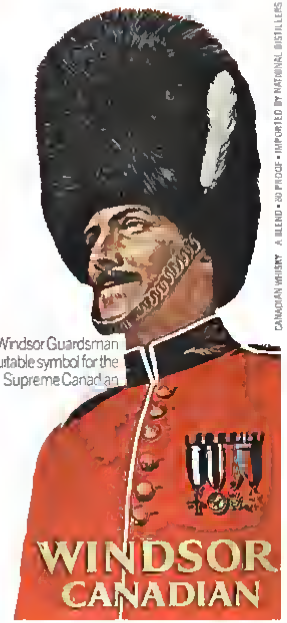


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Corridor: Ruth coming closer to camera, the sound of the clacking heels growing louder. Ruth, at first amused by the sound, begins to giggle girlishly, and slowly the intensity of her laughter mounts.

HAZELTON: Stop that laughing, madam! You are about to be sentenced to death.

Courthouse anteroom: Judd, flanked by policemen, is reading a statement to the press.

JUDD (*reading*): I wish to take this opportunity to thank the many kind Christians from all over the country who took time to pray for me and to send me letters of sympathy and literature of faith. In the face of my shame and sin I have been indeed saved. Praise be to God.

REPORTER: What do you think of the verdict, Judd?

JUDD: It was a just verdict. I congratulate the jurors.

PRESS: A just verdict, Judd? You're not going to fight? You want the Hot Squat?

JUDD: It takes a great weight off my mind.

Jail cell, fourth floor of courthouse: Ruth, surrounded by stacks of fan mail, reading letters. Sound of mob down below outside window.

Ruth and Judd, being hustled into two of a caravan of three official limousines. This caravan, surrounded by police motorcycles, proceeds across the East River into Manhattan and up the Hudson River to Sing Sing prison. Police officers are on the running boards of the cars. Hundreds of onlookers along the route alternately applaud and jeer.

Ruth's limousine.

RUTH: "On being sentenced Mrs. Snyder maintained the same cold and stern appearance which she had throughout the trial"—What do they want? First they say I'm acting silly, then they say I'm cold and stern.

MATRON: It's just awful the way those newspaper writers twist things around. The only one I can trust is that Fannie Hurst. I like her writing.

RUTH: What did she say about me today?

MATRON: She said that you're a woman that no one has ever understood. Do you want some air, honey? (*Opens window.*)

RUTH: If I'd wanted to put on an act I could have cried all through the trial. That would have charmed them. But I made up my mind to hold myself together. (*Sniffs the air.*) Oh, it's so good to smell the open air again. Springtime. I was going to take Martin down for a trip to the seashore this month. (*Begins to weep silently.*)

MATRON (*pats her hand*): You've been through a terrible experience. There, there, dear, you'll spoil your makeup.

Ruth recovers herself and begins primping in the mirror of her compact.

RUTH: Can I have a beautician visit me in Sing Sing?

Judd's limousine. Judd is seated next to Sheriff Quinn.

JUDD: This truly is a sublime day. I had forgotten how wonderful spring could make you feel.

QUINN: Yeah, I put in my peas last Saturday. Me and the missus have a bungalow down at Speonk. I got a nice little garden.

JUDD: You've already planted your peas?

QUINN: Yeah, I got beans, lettuce. I put in corn.

JUDD: It's not too early for corn?

QUINN: Not in Speonk.

JUDD: When I was a kid growing up in upstate New York my father didn't put in his corn until the middle of June.

QUINN: That's farther north, I guess, Judd.

JUDD: My father told me I had a green thumb but I never had a chance to find out. I hear they have a rehabilitation program at Sing Sing, and a prison garden. It's hard work, I guess, but do you think there's a chance I might be assigned to the garden?

QUINN: Not to the part of Sing Sing where you're going, Judd. Not in the death—(*Corrects himself.*) Not where we're taking you, there isn't any garden.

Visitor's room in Sing Sing death house. Ruth is talking to Granny Brown through a wire screen. Ruth's hair has grown long, and she has dyed it white.

RUTH: Why wouldn't they let you bring Martin? Why won't they let me see my baby?

GRANNY: It's against the rules. It's against the regulations. No children under sixteen. Why don't you take it up with Warden Lawes?

RUTH: To hell with Warden Lawes. He won't even let me smoke cigarettes.

GRANNY: You shouldn't have let your hair grow so long. Why did you dye it white that way?

RUTH: Because I felt like it. I thought it would be appropriate. It would look good in the papers.

Granny gestures at a pile of newspapers she has brought.

GRANNY: Your picture's on page one again, the first time since three weeks ago. When you joined the Church.

RUTH: Is that the *Graphic*?

GRANNY: It's the *World*.

RUTH: Is it the Final?

Granny looks through the papers.

GRANNY (*to herself*): Complete Racing Results—no, not in that—Final. Wall Street Closing, Final, Final Extra.

RUTH: It has to be in the Final Extra, at least. Read me where I made my public appeal to the conscience of Henry Judd Gray. (*Impatient with Granny's slowness.*) Read it, Mother!

GRANNY: "Convicted murderess Ruth Snyder today made a public appeal to her accomplice Judd Gray. She implored him to repudiate his testimony of their trial last April. 'It's a pack of lies, and he knows it,' the curvaceous widow said. Prevented by prison authorities from communicating directly with Gray, Mrs. Snyder addressed him in this story exclusive to the New York *World*. 'If you have left in you an ounce of decency or a drop of manhood, you will tell the truth about this hideous crime. Only tell the truth and set me free—free to return home to my little boy whom I love, and start a new life.' "

RUTH: That ought to get him.

Ruth's cell. For a death-house cell, it is relatively cheerful. Family group pictures on the wall of Martin, Granny Brown and Snyder. There are flowers, curtains, magazines and piles and piles of letters. Present in the cell are Ruth, Hazelton and Granny Brown.

RUTH: Well, whoopee! The New York State Court of Appeals has turned me down. But what difference does it make, Mr. Hazelton? It's only a formality.

HAZELTON: A very important formality, I fear.

RUTH: I have just as good a chance now as I had before the trial. After all, I'm innocent.

HAZELTON: So I've heard you say.

RUTH: Then there's always executive clemency and Governor Al Smith.

HAZELTON: I'm afraid that between executive clemency and going free there is a great difference. Certainly by now you should be aware that the most we could have hoped for would have been commutation of your sentence to life imprisonment.

RUTH: *Could have!* Mr. Hazelton, you make me *burn*! (*Gasps, giggles, claps her hands over her mouth.*) Oops!

GRANNY BROWN: Sit down, dear. Eat some of these mess chocolates I brought you. You've gotten so skinny.

RUTH: Are you telling me that Governor Smith is not giving me clemency? I'm a woman. I'm a mother. I became a Catholic, didn't I? Governor Smith is a Catholic.

HAZELTON: I'm afraid that you don't realize the implications of your last-minute conversion. It is true that Governor Smith is a Catholic. But the Governor also aspires to be President of the United States. And this is a Protestant country, Mrs. Snyder. Given the extraordinary newspaper publicity and what might be deemed the opportunistic nature of your conversion—well, you see how this might be embarrassing to a Presidential candidate should he show you special favor.

RUTH: But the Governor *knows* I'm innocent! Everyone knows I'm innocent! Look at my mail! Hundreds of letters! Thousands! (*Begins to paw through the letters.*) Sending me poems! Prayers! Good wishes! Money! Checks for the Ruth Snyder Defense Fund. Look here! "Greater Cincinnati Ares Wives and Daughters United for Justice for Ruth Snyder!" The Pacific Northwest Teamsters Local 301 gave me seventy-five dollars! And not just nobodies, either! David Belasco saw the trial, remember. He wrote wonderful things about me. D. W. Griffith saw the trial. I could be in pictures if I wanted! I could have a career! I'm not some nobody! The King Features Syndicate is publishing my memoirs! Why aren't you taking care of things like that for me, Mr. Hazelton? Why aren't you taking care of *those* interests? I don't know what your game is, anyway!

HAZELTON: I'm your attorney, madam, not your theatrical agent.

RUTH: You're a cheap shyster, that's what you are! I'm firing you, Mr. Hazelton! Get out of here! I'm hiring an honest lawyer who won't stab me in the back!

Moments later. Hazelton is gone. Ruth, in same high key as before, is pacing up and down in front of Granny Brown.

RUTH: Couldn't that idiot see what an exciting future I have! My whole life is before me! I'll go anywhere I want! I'll take my baby and travel! And there are men who want me, Mother! Lots of them! I've had *scads* of proposals! Look at this! This came yesterday. It's from a man down in Oklahoma. He has oil rigs, Mother, he must be rich. And that man in Nebraska! Was it Nebraska? (*Rummages through the letters.*) Yes! Walter T. Klotfelter of Grand



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Isle, Nebraska. He's a rancher, I believe. He's got a sheep ranch or a chicken ranch—it's a ranch, I know it's big. Martin will collect the eggs in the morning, and I'll take them to market in big wicker baskets. Walter T. Klotfelter, that's a Kraut name. I guess I'm just a sucker for Germans. (*Clutches letter to her breast.*) Oh, we'll have a good time! We'll live on the ranch and travel all over Nebraska—my husband and Martin and I. And you'll come too, Mother! Oh, we'll have a good time! Why not?

Judd's cell. He is with Mrs. Gray.

MRS. GRAY. Son, I'm proud to see that you didn't pay any attention to that woman when she asked you to take all the blame and set her free.

JUDD. Mother, there is no need to be proud of someone who has simply told the truth. I hope she only understands that I did set her free. I have prayed that she might be spared to ask forgiveness. I pray that she has made her peace. If I only could know how she feels toward me. The newspapers have printed such cruel things, such lies. I have washed all bitterness from my heart for what she did, and the things she said. I only wonder—does she think of me ever?

How are you, Momie? How is your puzzle?

MRS. GRAY. Well, son, it's almost finished. There's just a little patch to go in the upper right-hand corner. All the figures and all the landscape are done, but there's just this little patch—a patch of sky. It's filled with interesting colors. But it's difficult. I can't tell if it's sunset or if it's the dawn.

Execution chamber. Executioner is standing in front of his panel.

VOICE OVER. All right, Mr. Elliott. You may proceed with the test for voltage.

Executioner is seen adjusting various switches on the panel. There is a buzzing, electrical noise.

Anteroom of death house, crowded with members of the press.

ASSISTANT WARDEN. Gentlemen, I want to remind you for the last time of the regulations. Absolute silence will be maintained, there will be no smoking, there will be no note-taking—and above all there will be no photographs.

Judd's cell. Judd and chaplain reciting Beatitudes.

CHAPLAIN. Blessed are the meek.

JUDD. For they shall inherit the earth.

Judd and chaplain begin to move slowly toward the cell door.

CHAPLAIN. Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness—

JUDD. For they shall be filled.

Corridor. As Judd and chaplain take their first steps down the corridor, Judd's responses become more intense.

CHAPLAIN. Blessed are the merciful.

JUDD. For they shall obtain mercy.

Judd, being strapped into the chair. His concentration is now entirely on his responses, as if all that matters now is that he deliver them correctly. In his effort his head is pulled slightly forward as he strains to hear the chaplain's words.

CHAPLAIN. Blessed are the pure in heart.

JUDD. For they shall see God.

CHAPLAIN. Blessed are the peacemakers.

JUDD. For they shall be called the children of God.

Judd, as mask is being pulled down over his face awkwardly because of his strained position.

GUARD. Up a bit there, Judd.

Judd, instantly complying, straightening his head.

JUDD. Excuse me.

Ruth's cell. Ruth, seated, dressed in black, with a crucifix dangling from her neck, a rosary in her hand, is listening to the chaplain as he concludes reading from a Psalm.

While she sits there, a matron is arranging her long white hair, exposing the shaved patches on both of her temples where the electrodes will be attached.

CHAPLAIN. "Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my cry, hold not thy peace at my tears: for I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were. O spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more." Is there something else you might especially like to hear?

RUTH. That piece from my book. I mean the book that has my name. You know, "Whither thou goest—"

CHAPLAIN (*finds passage*). "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people and thy God my God—"

RUTH. Go on.

CHAPLAIN. "Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried—"

RUTH. I never heard that part.

CHAPLAIN. "The Lord so do to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me."

VOICE (*from corridor*). Ruth, are you ready? It's time, I'm afraid.

Execution chamber. Ruth, following the chaplain and being supported by the matron.

Witnesses and press. There are several women witnesses.

Photographer with still camera concealed in his overcoat. The shutter cord runs down the inside of his trouser leg and the shutter bulb is taped to his ankle.

Ruth, standing in front of the chair.

An autopsy table stands ready to one side of the chair.

WARDEN LAWES. Ruth, is there anything you want to say?

RUTH. Father, forgive them, because they don't know what they're doing.

Ruth, being strapped into chair. A matron rolls down the stocking of her right leg, and a guard affixes an electrode. Other guards affix electrodes on her head. A mask is pulled down over her face and the various people surrounding her move back.

Witnesses, waiting. One woman covers her eyes. Another, standing, turns her back completely.

Ruth, immobile in the chair.

Loud sound of electric current as the switch is pulled.

Ruth, lurching forward in the chair as the first jolt of electricity surges through her body.

Freeze frame on Ruth in this final position. Draw back to superimposed cover of the New York *Daily News* Early Edition dated Friday, January 13, 1928, with its "historic" photograph of a woman at the moment of her execution.

The headline reads: "DEAD!" ■

INFIDELITY

(*Continued from page 200*) has the little pot of boiling water in her hand and now she pours a few drops on his knuckles. Angrily the music changes quickly to a gay, taunting tune as Big Boy straightens up. He starts to speak, turns and goes off scene.

NURSE. Very good. Just what Lady X would have done.

MRS. CHILTON (*a law-abiding generation*). Althea!

Waiter comes into the scene.

ALTHEA (*distastefully*). Another pot of boiling water.

Group shot at the desk by the door. Later Althea, Mrs. Chilton, and the nurse are examining lace and souvenirs. Nurse carries coats.

Close shot of Alex Aldrich at his table, annotating his map from a book open before him. He closes book and looks up toward the side wall. He starts.

A mirror on the side wall showing Althea's profile as she examines some lace.

Alex's table. He reacts strongly, looks around to locate her, folds map hastily.

By the desk. Althea looks out the door to the terrace and, struck by the view, drops the lace and walks out on the terrace.

Alex, standing by his table. He locates Mrs. Chilton and starts across the room toward her.

Big Boy's table. Shooting toward the door by which Althea has gone out. Big Boy gets up. Camera follows him across restaurant toward door. He collides with Alex.

Two-shot of Alex and Big Boy.

ALEX. Pardon me.

Big Boy says nothing—goes off scene. Camera holds on Alex following him up to Mrs. Chilton.

Group shot near desk. Alex is greeting Mrs. Chilton.

ALEX. Well, Mrs. Chilton—!

MRS. CHILTON. Well, Alex! What a surprise!

Two-shot of Althea and Big Boy on terrace.

BIG BOY. I didn't mind. You can't be too hot for me.

ALTHEA (*after an annoyed pause*). I suppose you're just irresistible to some girls.

BIG BOY. You look as if you like all kinds of men.

ALTHEA. No—I only like one kind. And you're not it.

BIG BOY. Go on—you like all kinds—with a mouth like that.

At the desk.

ALEX (*to Mrs. Chilton*). I've been in Persia and I'm bound for Paris. This is great! I'll get Althea and we'll all drive back together.

As he starts out the door—

The terrace. Close shot of Althea and Alex, standing side by side, looking down with concern at something on the stone flags. Pull camera back to show Big Boy sitting down, nursing a cut in his forehead.

NOTE. *Think avoidance of sock and merely showing result is more startling for a change.*

ALEX. I'm sorry I hurt you.

BIG BOY. Big hero, eh?

Alex picks up his book, puts Althea's arm through his and they start along the terrace out of shot. Camera stays on Big Boy who gets up, picks up a loose stone from the



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rock wall and starts after them. Camera pans him up to Althea and Alex. Althea turns, cries aloud and Alex turns, swinging. His fist catches Big Boy and knocks him against the low terrace wall. Big Boy disappears over the wall.

Slope below wall. Big Boy lands six feet down, rolls over and over.

Terrace. Alex is pulling Althea away from the wall.

ALEX (*panting*): He was a sweet specimen! (*He kicks the rock at his feet.*) Look at that!

ALTHEA (*evenly*): Let's go.

Alex shies the slate over the wall and again picks up his book. They start along terrace.

Café. Althea, Mrs. Chilton and the nurse are taking their places in the limousine. Alex stands at the side.

MRS. CHILTON (*indignant*): I think we ought to report that man to the police.

ALTHEA (*leaning forward*): Alex—

ALEX (*about to get in front*): Yes?

ALTHEA: Suppose he was badly hurt and lay down there all night?

NURSE: Serve him right.

ALTHEA: No—I don't like it. Go tell the waiter he—*fell* over the wall. (*Alex looks at her, unwillingly.*)

ALEX: He had it coming.

ALTHEA: Please. (*Alex leaves the car.*)

MRS. CHILTON (*patting Althea's hand*): That's my girl.

ALTHEA (*surprised*): Thanks.

Steps of the inn. Alex is speaking to a waiter.

The limousine.

MRS. CHILTON: You see, Alex came in very handy.

ALTHEA (*smiling*): Maybe he planned it.

Alex comes into the scene and gets into front seat.

ALEX (*to chauffeur*): All right.

Traveling shot. Alex is turned around in his seat.

ALEX (*rather seriously*): How long are you planning to stay in Florence?

ALTHEA (*leaning forward*): Another week. Then we're going home.

ALEX: I was thinking—if that man's hurt there might be a little mess.

MRS. CHILTON: For us?

ALEX: This isn't like America. They sometimes lock up witnesses for weeks.

ALTHEA (*without smiling*): Are you proposing that we *flee*?

Alex has taken copy of The New York *Herald* from his pocket. He turns a page.

ALEX: The *Roma* sails tomorrow from Genoa.

ALTHEA (*scoffing*): I wouldn't think of it. Mother isn't ready to go.

NURSE: Mrs. Chilton is quite able to travel. She could stand it better than any police proceedings.

ALEX (*still frowning*): As you like.

NURSE: When I was taking care of Lady—

MRS. CHILTON (*interrupting*): Gracious! One would think that I attacked the man!

Long shot. A European train racing through the night.

The Wagon Restaurant (dining car) on train. Alex and Althea are at dinner.

Flesh of Chianti on table.

ALTHEA: I don't mind sailing a week early. (*With feeling.*) It'll be grand to get home—but it's the first time I ever ran away from anything in my life.

ALEX: Once you ran away from me.

ALTHEA: I didn't—we were out.

ALEX: Your feeling about me were out.

ALTHEA (*lowering eyes*): Alex, I don't like the past much. (*He reacts and she sees she's hurt him.*) I'm sorry.

ALEX: I can understand that. But a part of me lives in the past, you see. I have no bitterness—you might have married me. It was luck. It's an accident who you marry—even whom you fall in love with. An important accident—but an accident—or at least a sort of photographic finish.

ALTHEA: I don't think so. I think I'd have found Nick—or I'd have spent the rest of my life vaguely looking for him.

ALEX: You think so? Think there's just one man for every woman? (*He shakes his head and draws a circle on the tablecloth with his fork handle.*) Your heart is like this.

ALTHEA (*pretending alarm*): Gracious!

ALEX: Well, like this. (*He connects the circle to a heart and takes out a big handful of coins.*) These are the men she's known. (*Dropping coins of different sorts inside the heart.*) Here's the boy in dancing school; here's the policeman she thought was so beautiful, here's her first love, here's her husband, her—(*He lets an American fifty-cent piece drop.*)

ALTHEA: I stop there. (*She points to the fifty-cent piece.*)

ALEX (*smiling and dropping more coins*): These are just for *illustration*. Now a girl never gets rid of any of them. All their voices are always arguing in her mind—a great psychologist said that. But a man can love one woman exclusively. His heart's like this. (*Beside the heart he piles other coins, one on top of another in a stack.*) First, here's his mother. Here's his nurse. Here's the pretty little girl across the street. Here's the one he took to a college dance. Each one tops the other, see—obscures her completely—until he gets the one he loves—(*looks at Althea*)—or loses her. Then the others after that don't count. (*He lets the last coins scatter loosely about the table.*)

ALTHEA (*defiantly touching the fifty-cent piece in the heart*): I don't believe it, Alex.

ALEX: It's true—there's a little part of you, no matter how small, how buried, that belongs to me.

Althea sweeps all the other coins out of the heart with her other hand.

Wharf in Genoa beside the *Conte Bianamano*. People embarking.

Group shot of Althea handing a coin to a newsboy. Alex is standing beside her. Mrs. Chilton and the nurse, in background, are watching porter pile baggage.

Alex and Althea look eagerly at the paper.

ALEX (*pointing*): There it is.

Insert of Italian paper (in *Italian—don't dissolve to English.*) "AMERICANS IN FRACAS. Florence, May 28th, 1936. Two Americans engaged in a fracas in a restaurant this afternoon, and one of them, Signor S. Johnson, suffered a broken arm. His opponent in the trouble was not identified. "

Wharf.

ALEX: He only broke his arm. Good! We can go on our ways with nothing on our consciences. I was the only real victim.

The horn of the boat blows loudly and four sad little boys, two with guitars, rush into the scene and surround them.

AD LIB (*in Italian*): A parting song—We know American songs—A farewell for good luck—Happy marriage—

ALEX (*to boys*): We're not married.

BOY (*in Italian*): A lover then.

ALEX: No—no.

BOY (*shrugging his shoulders*): *Mala fortuna.*

The boys play a few chords of *Santa Lucia* and then suddenly launch into *The Music Goes 'Round and Around.*

ALTHEA (*taking Alex's arm, excitedly*): Alex, that's home—that's home.

The First Act may be said to end here.

A nightclub in New York, gay but not fashionable. Perhaps the Pennsy Wama Roof with only a few men in formal clothes.

Two-shot of Nicolas and Iris dancing. His expression is entertained, if not absorbed—hers is frank adoration.

The music stops and the camera follows them to a table close at hand beside the floor.

Two-shot of Nicolas and Iris at table.

IRIS (*continuing a conversation*): Oh, I used to cut pictures of you out of the paper. Last summer you gave a party for a real queen in your house at Westbury.

NICOLAS: She was a very silly queen.

IRIS (*nodding approvingly*): But it suited you. You always said you'd be rich some day, and every time you made a step up I was glad. I wondered if you did all the things you wanted to do—have you got a room with stars on the ceiling?

NICOLAS (*smiling*): I think we did have once.

IRIS: Once they had your drawing room in *Town and Country* and Althea's—Mrs. Gilbert's—bedroom. I've been all through it in my imagination—many times.

NICOLAS (*impetuously*): Come up and see the apartment. What could be more harmless?

IRIS (*quite honestly*): Oh no—it would spoil me. If I get married, my sitting room, my bedroom have got to seem the best in the world.

NICOLAS (*grown a little careless*): You're very welcome—the guest room is yours.

IRIS (*dreaming of splendor*): The guest room!

NICOLAS (*loyally*): You're just the kind of guest I'd like to have. And Althea would, too, if she knew you. Come for the week-end.

IRIS (*entranced*): That would be—extraordinary.

NICOLAS (*delighted at her face*): It's a deal. Shall we dance?

Interior of a limousine. Afternoon. Rain outside. Nicolas is alone in the back seat.

A VOICE: Mr. Gilbert.

NICOLAS (*picking up earphone*): Yes, Charles.

Shot showing chauffeur through the glass.

CHARLES'S VOICE: Your raincoat's in the compartment.

NICOLAS: Oh, thanks.

Leaning forward, he opens the compartment, bringing to light also Althea's rubbers and little umbrella. He reacts strongly to this—not very pleasantly—feeling that this is her domain, their world together and now someone else is coming into it.

The limousine stops in front of a big apartment. Nicolas gets out and the camera follows him in.

Apartment. Nicolas is coming into the



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drawing room, taking off his gloves. Starks meets him and hands him the evening paper.

STARKS: Good afternoon, sir. (*He starts to turn away.*)

NICOLAS (*embarrassed*): Starks, I want to speak to you a minute.

STARKS: Yes, sir.

NICOLAS: Starks, you can—you can go off this weekend. I'm going away.

STARKS: Oh, thank you, sir. We've had such an easy time since Madame left. We'll be right here if you need us. (*He starts off scene.*)

NICOLAS (*a little embarrassed*): No, I mean you go off duty. Go away to Atlantic City for a change. You and your wife and the maid too. Get a change. Get a rest.

STARKS: Oh, no thank you, sir. My wife and I have plans right here in New York. Perhaps the maid wants to go. I'll—

NICOLAS (*interrupting*): Starks!

STARKS (*surprised*): Yes, sir.

NICOLAS (*stubbornly, defiantly, yet scarcely able to meet Starks's eye*): I told you what I wanted.

STARKS (*amazed—drawing a long breath*): Yes, sir.

NICOLAS: It's perfectly all right.

STARKS: Oh, I don't doubt it, sir.

Starks goes. Nicolas stares at the floor.

The same room. An agency butler—not impeccable like Starks—is going through to answer the doorbell. Camera follows him to the door where he admits Nicolas and Iris.

NICOLAS: Good morning. Did Miss Jones's bags arrive?

BUTLER: Yes, sir, right after I did.

NICOLAS: In the guest room?

BUTLER: Yes, sir—Is there anything else, Mr. Gilman—Gilbert?

Iris, who has been staring about wide-eyed, catches this and reacts in a close-up. First her eyes narrow with fright as she realizes this is a strange servant, then she looks from the butler to Nicolas.

IRIS: Oh.

Two-shot, favoring Nicolas. He looks imperturbable. He doesn't want to discuss this.

Close-up of Iris. The first sense of guilt changes to a slight lift of the brows and shoulders—complete acceptance of the situation.

NICOLAS' VOICE (*over this shot*): Nothing else.

Group shot of the butler retiring. Iris is taking Nicolas' arm, confident again, determined to enjoy.

IRIS: This is how you live. (*She stares again and speaks half seriously as Nicolas takes her coat.*) What do you talk about, the furniture?

NICOLAS: Yeah—and the wallpaper and how stifled we are by it all.

IRIS (*not smiling*): Seriously—what do you talk about—art and music?

NICOLAS (*joking*): Constantly. Even in our sleep. (*Looks at her.*) Are you serious?

IRIS: Perfectly.

NICOLAS (*apologetic*): Well, we talk about everything—politics, our friends, Althea has a weakness for string quartets—and I collect pictures of dogs down at the country house.

IRIS: Are there any string quartets tonight?

NICOLAS (*taken aback*): Now? I suppose so—at Carnegie Hall.

He picks up the paper—glances at her quizzically—sits down and opens the paper.

Group shot of a block of seats at Carnegie Hall, favoring Nicolas and Iris, the latter in a new dazzling dress.

We hear the last notes of a concerto, the lights come up, there is clapping and a buzz of conversation.

NICOLAS: What do you say we trade the last number for a highball?

Iris nods, reaching back for her cape.

The Gilberts' apartment. The hall. Nicolas and Iris are coming in. He flips his silk hat on a table.

Medium shot of the drawing room. The camera picks them up coming in. Nicolas is just faintly flushed and rumpled. Iris, throwing aside her cape, goes to a pier glass and mounts a stool before it.

Nicolas and Iris flop down a few feet apart on a big overstuffed sofa.

NICOLAS: Cigarette?

IRIS: Thanks. (*Her hands shake.*)

NICOLAS: Sleepy?

IRIS: Not exactly. I don't want to go to sleep. I don't want it to be tomorrow.

NICOLAS: You never liked tomorrow. When I used to talk about getting married, you'd always stop me.

IRIS: I knew we never would.

NICOLAS: This reminds me of another night too. (*Iris nods.*) You know the one I'm thinking of.

IRIS: Don't let's talk about it.

NICOLAS: Have you got unpleasant memories of it?

IRIS: Oh no, no. You know I haven't.

NICOLAS: It was in June—hurdy-gurdies in the street.

IRIS (*pointing to an imaginary chair in front of her*): You sat there (*pointing to the couch*) and I sat here. Only my furniture wasn't much like this.

NICOLAS: I sat there because I was frightened.

IRIS: I wasn't—I was never so sure in my life.

NICOLAS: I didn't sit there long, I came over—

IRIS: No, you got up and first you turned off the electric fan.

NICOLAS: Yes. (*A pause—a gust of music from somewhere far off.*) Listen—

IRIS: What?

NICOLAS: I thought I heard something—hurdy-gurdies.

IRIS: They don't have them anymore. (*Pause.*)

NICOLAS: Iris.

IRIS: What?

NICOLAS: I'm frightened now. (*Pause.*)

IRIS: I guess now I'm frightened too.

They turn toward each other.

IRIS: Old friends, Nick.

NICOLAS: Old friends. Both very frightened.

The music again—but this time it is a hurdy-gurdy, playing far away in the street but easily distinguishable in the silence.

IRIS (*wonderingly*): They do have them.

Their eyes meet—this time hopelessly melting, melting irresistibly toward each other.

The dining room of the apartment. Morning. Quiet except for a raucous whistle from the pantry. A Persian cat dozes on a chair in a beam of sunshine.

Iris, in street clothes, enters and makes a short tour of the room, examining the silver on the buffet.

Close-up of Iris bending forward, looking.

Close-up of a big tankard on which is engraved, "Althea from Dick and Marion."

Medium shot of Iris seeing the cat.

IRIS: Hello, pussy, pussy.

The cat looks at her, makes up its mind and dashes quickly for the kitchen as if a dog were after it. At the pantry door it almost upsets the agency butler, carrying a breakfast tray. He curses silently and sets the tray on the table.

IRIS: Good morning.

BUTLER (*a German, both sanctimonious and impertinent*): Good morning. (*He turns on the radio, picks up the tray, and hesitates by the head of the table.*) Where are you going to sit?

NICOLAS' VOICE: Right there.

Camera pans to Nicolas coming into the room, his face mask-like, his eyes just faintly bothered. Camera pans him up to the table. As he starts to sit down, the radio, now warmed up, plunges into a loud jazz tune—the same tune they danced to at the Biltmore, but now raucous and jangling.

NICOLAS: And turn that off!

Butler turns to the radio, lowers the volume and turns back to the table.

NICOLAS (*quietly*): I said *off*.

BUTLER (*mumbling as he obeys*): Kind of cheerful.

Two-shot of Nicolas and Iris at table. Nicolas is conscious of the disrespect but can only disregard it. The butler serves them plates of ham and eggs.

NICOLAS (*to Iris*): Hungry?

IRIS: Not very. I'm thinking of my plans. My train goes at one.

Nicolas looks sideways at the butler, the butler turns and goes to the pantry.

Two-shot of Nicolas and Iris.

NICOLAS: You're really going home?

IRIS: Oh yes—really this time.

Nicolas' hand falls affectionately on hers. The gesture is not quite natural now, though, and both their hands move away. There is a little constraint between them.

IRIS: You've given me a wonderful time.

NICOLAS: I'm glad. (*He does not seem quite glad, in spite of his effort.*)

IRIS: I've always wanted to go behind the scenes—and see how it was. Now I have.

NICOLAS (*eating*): Mm-hm.

IRIS (*thoughtfully*): Nicolas—I want to remember this—but I want to think you'll forget—just as if it never happened.

NICOLAS: Nonsense.

IRIS: Yes—I want you to remember four years ago, but not this time. Pretend you dreamed it.

NICOLAS: Eat some breakfast.

IRIS: Yes. (*She turns to her plate.*)

Close-up of Iris. Her eyes look down, then look up again, then stare.

Two-shot of Iris and Nicolas. Nicolas looks up and sees Iris' expression. As he starts to turn and see what she is staring at, the camera drops them and pans very slowly around room, including the sideboard, passing it and reaching the door.

Althea, motionless, stands in the doorway, regarding them. We are seeing her in a medium shot from their angle and we hold on it a moment.

Two-shot of Nicolas and Iris from Althea's angle. Their faces are shocked and staring.



Medium shot of Althea from their angle. She turns very slowly and disappears from the doorway.

Two-shot of Nicolas and Iris. Nicolas gets up, his lips saying, "My God," soundlessly.

The door to the pantry. The butler is standing wide-eyed, looking into the dining room.

Full shot of the drawing room. Althea walks rapidly through, toward front hall and door.

The hall of the apartment. Two porters have just brought in her baggage and set it down. She walks directly past them and out the door into the hall.

The drawing room. Nicolas has just entered from the dining room, looking left and right.

NICOLAS: Althea—Althea!

The outside hall. Althea is standing with her hand on elevator bell. The elevator stops. It is empty—she walks in and the door closes.

The dining room of the apartment. Iris is standing beside the table, her napkin crushed in her hand, her face stricken and aghast. The agency butler has already begun to take off the dishes with a wise expression on his face.

BUTLER (*touching her plate*): Through?

Iris does not see him. Her head shakes helplessly from side to side.

Park Avenue. Morning. The camera tracks in front of Althea as she walks, looking straight ahead.

Cross street. Althea walking.

Another street. Althea walking.

A corner. A first close shot of Althea as she hesitates, not knowing where to go. Her eyes are dazed and staring as she hails a taxi. It drives up.

Plaza Hotel. Althea is getting out of the taxi.

Desk of the hotel. Althea and clerk.

ALTHEA: My mother, Mrs. Chilton, has her same rooms?

CLERK (*smiles*): Oh yes, Mrs. Gilbert. She's all settled.

The lobby. The camera pans Althea to the elevator. Its door opens and passengers go in. Althea hesitates.

BOY: Going up?

Althea shakes her head and turns away. Camera tracks with her to door and picks her up coming out.

Outside hotel. Althea hesitates, her face is set, expressionless. Suddenly her hands go to her face, come down just as quickly. She starts off scene. Camera tracks before her along Fifty-ninth Street. She passes a sign, "Antoine Coiffeur des Dames." The camera picks up Althea approaching along the street. Her eyes fall on the sign and, still expressionless, she turns in, the camera turning with her and following her inside.

Antoine's. By the desk. Althea is taking off her hat. The woman at the desk greets her respectfully.

CLERK: Well, Mrs. Gilbert. It's good to see you.

ALTHEA (*concentrating with difficulty*): I want to get—a wave—and a shampoo.

The woman has come around the desk. She looks Althea over.

CLERK: Let's see—you have Emile.

She puts her hand toward Althea's hair.

CLERK (*surprised*): Why you—why it looks as if you'd just had a wave.

Althea starts. Her face is reflected in a pier glass as she passes her hand over her hair.

ALTHEA'S VOICE: Why, yes—I had a wave on the boat.

Her reflection disappears from the glass.

CLERK'S VOICE: Would you like anything else, Mrs. Gilbert?

The clerk stares at the door.

Interior of a taxi. Nicolas and Iris, both in control of themselves now but utterly miserable.

NICOLAS: You'll make it all right.

IRIS: I'm not worried about the train—(*Her voice breaks.*) Oh, Nicolas, what have I done to you? (*She sobs aloud.*)

NICOLAS: Please, Iris, you were always a brave girl. You weren't to blame and everything will straighten itself out somehow.

Interior of Grand Central. Nicolas and Iris are standing beside a chair car. A porter is handing Iris back a stub. She opens her purse to put it in and something flutters out unnoticed.

PORTER: All aboard! You dropped something.

Iris and Nicolas embrace.

IRIS: Oh, darling, I'm so sorry.

She disappears into the vestibule of the car which begins to move immediately. The porter, swinging from the handrail, points to Nicolas' feet. After a moment, Nicolas stoops and picks it up.

Insert. The program of a nightclub.

Interior of the Gilberts' drawing room. Dusk. A big window opening on the city. Nicolas is sitting near the window in the darkness but he is not immediately visible. When the doorbell rings, we see his leg move off a chair. Then his figure blocks out the window and he stands motionless as we hear a key in the lock.

The hall. As the door opens, Althea, very weary, is momentarily visible against the lights of the outer hall. She comes in, closing the door behind her.

NICOLAS' VOICE: Althea!

ALTHEA: Yes.

Shooting into the drawing room, we see her figure approach his—then she melts into the darkness on one side and he on the other.

NICOLAS: I'll turn on the lights.

ALTHEA: Never mind . . . I like the dark better.

Shooting from the window—a little light falls on each of them—enough to see his utter misery—her fatigue and despair.

NICOLAS: I want you to know that this meant nothing to me. (*Pause.*) Nothing at all.

ALTHEA: Was she in my room?

NICOLAS: No, never. (*Pause.*) She was someone I knew a long time ago, many years ago.

ALTHEA: I don't want to talk about it.

NICOLAS: We always said we'd never go to bed angry.

Shooting toward the window with Nicolas and Althea invisible.

ALTHEA: If you talk about it, I'll go to a hotel. (*Pause.*)

NICOLAS: Did you bring your mother back with you?

ALTHEA: Yes.

NICOLAS: I didn't expect you for a week—I suppose you meant to surprise me.

ALTHEA: Yes. (*Pause.*)

NICOLAS: Do you want to go out for supper?

ALTHEA: No, I'm going to bed in a minute.

His shadow crosses the light suddenly. His head is against the window as he kneels at her feet.

NICOLAS: Althea—

Shooting at them from window, their faces dimly visible.

ALTHEA (*with quiet scorn*): You fool.

NICOLAS: Althea—

ALTHEA: I tied myself to a fool—a fool who threw us away.

A silent montage, showing the following flashes—each one a reminiscence of our first sequence which showed the state of affairs between Althea and Nicolas.

(a) Nicolas and Althea at table on a club veranda or racing pavilion. An unheard question from him—a polite lifting of the eyebrows from her.

(b) Nicolas and Althea in an open car—Nicolas driving, the road throwing them together, Althea coolly but not too obviously moving away.

(c) Nicolas and Althea in a hotel corridor outside two doors. With them a bellboy with bags. Both pointing out which bags for which room.

Then, faster flashes:

(d) Like (a) but in a hotel dining room.

(e) Like (b) but in a taxi.

(f) An empty corridor—two doors across from each other being closed.

Over this montage comes:

NICOLAS' VOICE: She doesn't happen to believe in divorce. She offered me a divorce.

HARRISON'S VOICE: I should think that would be much the best thing.

NICOLAS' VOICE (*wearily*): I suppose so—after two years.

Nicolas' present office. A two-shot of the two men talking. Nicolas' hair is mussed, Harrison is half through a cigar. Shot favors Nicolas.

NICOLAS: Still—still, you can't tell—(*he does not smile nor change expression but a beam of light from the window falls on his face*) this morning she seemed very friendly. Came to the door with me, waved her handkerchief . . .

The Gilberts' breakfast room. Althea's at phone. Starks picks up her handkerchief from the floor and puts it on the table beside her. He removes a tray and goes off the scene.

ALTHEA (*at phone*): Naturally I'm excited, Alex—I didn't know you were in this country—or are you? Would you like to drive down to the country for the weekend? (*Pause.*) No, our place isn't open this year—these are some friends. (*Pause.*) Be ready at two then. I've got to visit my hospital on the way.

Close shot of Alex Aldrich at a telephone.

ALEX: All right, Althea. Good-bye.

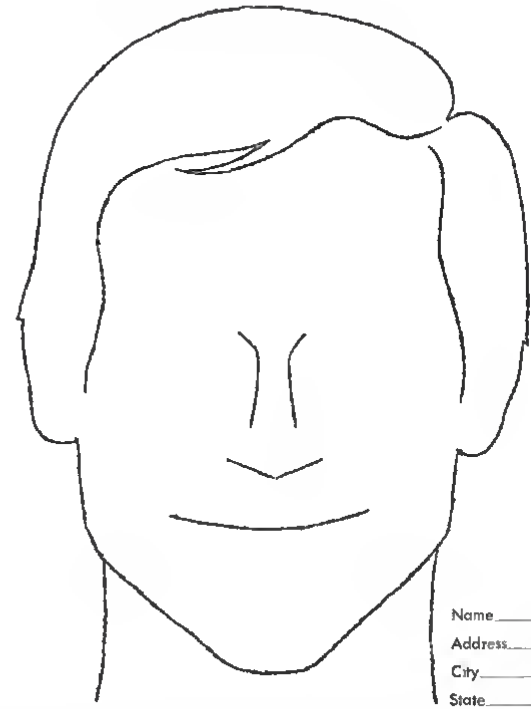
He hangs up and turns as camera pulls back to show the sitting room of a large hotel suite. Mrs. Chilton sits in a wheelchair close by.

ALEX (*to Mrs. Chilton*): Contact is established.

MRS. CHILTON: Good.

ALEX: I'd like to know a little more.

MRS. CHILTON: I don't know anything more. I don't know how young couples live nowadays, I don't know what Nicolas did and she has never enlightened me. I only know that it's all terribly wrong—bare and cheerless and wrong. I'd rather see her run away with a Chinaman than live this life.



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ALEX (*laughing*) Am I to be the Chinaman?

MRS. CHILTON You? I don't know what you're to be.

ALEX You sent for me.

MRS. CHILTON I promised I would. (*Pause.*) Perhaps I thought you could make her smile again—not with just her lips—in her heart.

During this speech the English nurse has entered in background with a small medicine glass which she hands to Mrs. Chilton. Mrs. Chilton waves it away.

ENGLISH NURSE Please.

MRS. CHILTON (*to nurse*) You think you have established a certain dominance over me.

ENGLISH NURSE Please.

Mrs. Chilton drinks the medicine. Alex rises.

ALEX I needn't tell you my motives are entirely selfish, Mrs. Chilton.

MRS. CHILTON (*making a wry face at the medicine*) All right.

The nurse goes off-scene with glass.

ALEX I'm glad you're in good health.

MRS. CHILTON Go on—meet Althea—run away with her if she'll run—heat her, make love to her, wake her up.

ALEX It sounds like quite an order.

He nods, takes up his hat, and the camera pans him toward the door.

Close shot of Mrs. Chilton. As the door closes, the nurse comes back into the scene.

NURSE Now—you've done what you wanted. You can relax.

MRS. CHILTON Spanking is probably the thing for Althea—sometimes children should be spanked for being right.

NURSE You mean for being wrong.

MRS. CHILTON I said for being right.

A gasoline station where the motor parkway comes out on Long Island. Rural background with establishing signs such as SOUTH LONG ISLAND DEVELOPMENT COMPANY. A beautiful, big roadster comes to an abrupt stop, Althea is at the wheel, Alex beside her. An attendant comes into shot.

ALTHEA Fill it up, please.

Close two-shot of Alex and Althea.

ALTHEA There's nothing mysterious about my attitude—I'm simply through. And I'm the kind of person that when I'm through, I'm through.

ALEX Do you mean also that you're through with love?

ALTHEA I wouldn't be surprised.

ALEX That would be a pity.

ALTHEA Alex, about two years ago, I froze up in a cake of ice—I didn't know then I was never coming out of it.

Insert sign HOSPITAL ZONE NO HORNS.

The roadster is going in the gateway of a hospital. It is a modern, suburban hospital—two-story brick, definitely located in the country. The roadster stops at the front steps. Alex and Althea get out.

ALTHEA (*pausing, turning around*) We gave them this land—our place is next door.

A montage shows:

(a) Alex and Althea walking along a corridor, accompanied by a deferential doctor in civilian clothes.

(b) Alex and Althea in a baby ward pausing beside several beds.

(c) Alex and Althea in a ward for older children. We note her very alive interest and also that she is a favorite with the hospital attendants and with several children she knows.

A playroom for convalescent children. A radio is playing soft music. Alex and Althea stand watching. Her smile seems softer suddenly in this scene—for the first time since we saw her on the dock in Genoa.

A nurse in white comes into the shot and up to Althea.

NURSE Dr. Janzen will be in his office whenever you want to see him, Mrs. Gilbert. Something came up that prevents his joining you.

Althea nods, the smile still on her face, and turns toward the door.

The superintendent's office. Dr. Janzen, an elderly physician, sits behind his desk, flanked by the superintendent of nurses, a white-haired woman. He is holding a little trial. Before him, with a gauze mask still hanging from him as if he had just finished operating, stands Dr. Paul Borden, assistant resident in surgery, an extremely attractive young man. His face at the moment wears a mocking, devil-may-care expression—he has been caught out and there's nothing much he can do about it.

This group shot includes also a young probation nurse collapsed in an easy chair beside the head nurse. Her sniffling sob is the first sound we hear in the scene. Then Dr. Janzen pushes his chair back.

DR. JANZEN Dr. Borden, we have no criticism of you professionally. You are, you can be, a surgeon of the highest order, but the hospital is not the place for the exercise of—let us say, personal charm. I have warned you before. I am sorry to say that your residence in surgery is terminated.

Silence. The probationer sobs. The camera favors Dr. Borden, and we see disappointment, resentment and then a mocking insolence come into his face as he tries to think what to say. We get the impression that he is a gentleman but also that he is a wild man who is going to do nothing about the harm he has caused.

DR. BORDEN Very well. I suppose there is no one I can appeal to.

DR. JANZEN I am the final authority in this matter.

Corridor outside. Alex and Althea.

Nurse knocking at door.

Full shot of superintendent's room, a door opens at the far end.

Group shot of the nurse, Althea and Alex entering.

Group by the desk. Dr. Borden snaps off his gauze mask, twirls it on his finger and turns away. Simultaneously Dr. Janzen gets up, looking off scene at Althea.

Full shot of the room. Althea and Alex are coming toward the desk from one door. Dr. Borden goes away from desk toward another door. Scene should be shot so that Althea approaches the desk without seeing his face, which has turned in the other direction as he goes out.

Close shot of Dr. Borden, half stopping, looking back at Althea.

Group shot. Althea, coming up to the doctor at the desk, does not see Borden.

ALTHEA Afternoon, Dr. Janzen.

Close shot of Dr. Borden eyeing her appraisingly, approvingly. Obviously his interest in women transcends his interest in surgery. We like him forever for his refusal to let the dismissal get him down.

DR. JANZEN'S VOICE (*over shot*) Good afternoon, Mrs. Gilbert.

Full shot of the room. Althea is shaking hands at desk, Dr. Borden turns and continues on out. Head nurse leads probationer out.

ALTHEA This is Mr. Aldrich, Dr. Janzen.

Group shot around desk.

DR. JANZEN How do you do—Mr. Aldrich. (*He flinches and looks off scene at sound of door shutting.*)

ALTHEA Excitement?

DR. JANZEN We have just made another unfortunate discovery that human frailty intrudes itself even into hospitals. (*Bad line.*) He motions her to a chair.

Squash court of the racket club. New York music.

Full shot of Nicolas and Harrison Gilbert finishing a game.

Close shot of Nicolas making a last successful stroke.

NICOLAS I'd still rather beat you than anybody I know.

The locker room. Nicolas and Harrison are dressing.

NICOLAS What kind of a party do you want—or if you don't want a party—what?

HARRISON (*not looking at Nicolas*) Couldn't we pick up Althea?

NICOLAS (*casually but a little tensely*) Althea is way down in the country on a weekend. And if I suddenly showed up there, nobody would be any more surprised than Althea. (*Pause, then speaking in a softer voice.*) After all, give me credit for a little pride. I don't follow her around like a poodle dog.

HARRISON Excuse me.

NICOLAS Well then what'll we do? The town is yours—what's your taste—are you a rich big cattleman come to town? Or we can look up some of our old friends in Westchester—Chuck Havemeyer or the Graces—

HARRISON If you must know, I like the rich big cattleman.

NICOLAS Well, everyone to his taste. A few months ago, I took a piece of a show for a bad debt; I've never asked any favors yet.

Inner office of Cudy Gray, theatrical manager. Comfortable Broadway atmosphere. A secretary has just ushered in Nicolas and his brother.

SECRETARY Mr. Gray will be with you in two minutes, Mr. Gilbert.

She goes out. The two men sit down in armchairs.

HARRISON You sure we want the whole company?

NICOLAS You're not used to our city ways, stranger.

HARRISON We'll have to hire a ballroom.

NICOLAS I've got an even better idea, Harry. (*He leans forward.*) Two years ago there was a poor girl that wanted to see how the rich lived, so I threw my apartment open to her in a magnificent gesture.

HARRISON (*ironically*) Yes.

NICOLAS Now I have an idle house on Long Island, inhabited only by bats, mice—and ghosts. In your honor I shall throw it open to the public tonight—the more attractive part of the public, that is.

The door. A clamor of voices and it



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flings open, projecting three attractive chorus girls into the room.

Full shot of room. Seeing the two strange men, the girls stop, their expressions change, their chatter stops.

FIRST GIRL: Oh, excuse us! (*They turn and scamper out.*)

NICOLAS (*a little strained*): You see—telepathy told them there was a party in the air—but what a party—they still don't know that a fleet of Rolls-Royces is going to carry them out to Long Island, that a dozen caterers—

HARRISON: Hold on now. You're going pretty far for a country boy like me. How would Althea like this?

NICOLAS: I just hadn't even thought of Althea—for two years I've done nothing but think of Althea—and talking it out of my system this morning seems to have done something to me.

HARRISON: You give a blowout like this and she'll hear about it.

NICOLAS: I don't doubt it! But I doubt she cares a snap what I do. (*He stands up.*) I think I'll call the caretaker right now. (*He picks up the phone on the desk.*)

Interior of a gatekeeper's lodge on Long Island. The caretaker (*a character-type, but not comic*) is on the phone. His wife is beside him.

CARETAKER: Yes, certainly, Mr. Gilbert—of course this is rather sudden notice—

He listens, hangs up, turns to his wife.

CARETAKER: He hung up.

Sound of an auto horn off scene. The caretaker and his wife look toward the windows.

Exterior of the caretaker's lodge. The gate and entrance of a big estate. Althea's car, with Althea and Alex, is coming to rest.

Medium shot including the car. The caretaker and his wife are coming out of the cottage. This arrival, following upon the telephone call, disconcerts them both.

Two-shot of Althea and Alex in car.

ALTHEA (*ironically*): This is the castle we built—up there in the trees somewhere.

ALEX: Can we drive up?

ALTHEA: I don't think we want to.

Camera pulls back to show caretaker and wife coming up to car.

ALTHEA: Hello, Mrs. Barnes. Hello, Peter.

CARETAKER: How do you do.

WIFE: It's nice to see you, Mrs. Gilbert.

ALTHEA: Mr. Aldrich—he's thinking of renting the place.

ALEX: Don't you believe it?

ALTHEA: You ought to settle down sometime.

ALEX: With whom?

ALTHEA: I'll marry you sooner or later—I can't go on being the thwarted woman forever.

During this passage the caretaker and his wife have exchanged an uneasy glance.

ALTHEA: Just stopping for a moment—what's the news?

CARETAKER: Everything as usual. We keep hoping that—

ALTHEA (*interrupting*): Dogs in the kennels? Geese in the pond?

WIFE (*impulsively*): We wish you'd come down, Mrs. Gilbert, if only for a weekend sometime.

A look from her husband stops her; they obviously know of the rift and aren't talking out of turn.

PETER: You wouldn't like to look around now? Your own garden is beautiful, Mrs. Gilbert, the beds you planted that spring—

Close-up of Althea pushing the car roughly into gear, her face hardening.

ALTHEA: I'll come out sometime. We're expected over in Wheatly Hills. (*She begins to back out.*)

The forecourt of another palatial country house. The roadster is coming to rest. A footman comes down the steps, bows and goes to the luggage compartment. Althea and Alex get out.

The gravel court. The camera picks up three riders, two men and a woman, and pans them up to Alex and Althea. The riders dismount—they are chic, fashionable people of middle age.

MRS. WATERS (*the horsewoman*): Darling! (*She and Althea embrace.*)

One of the men kisses Althea's face in friendly fashion and Mrs. Waters shakes hands silently with Alex, retaining his hand.

Ad lib. (*Mrs. Waters, joking*): So nice of me to ask you.

ALTHEA: And Mr. Aldrich—so good of us to come—Mr. Truby and Mr.—?

MRS. WATERS: Lamb. I think. (*She drops Alex's hand.*)

MR. LAMB (*stuttering*): Lam? Yes—Lamb—Lamb.

TRUBY (*shaking hands with Alex*): Lamb.

ALEX (*acknowledging*): Lamb.

ALTHEA: We're here to be alone, darling. Mister Aldrich is my oldest love—I mean my first love.

They all reappraise Alex out of the corner of their eyes.

ALEX: Mrs. Waters, I'd like to be kept in sight every minute. (*With sudden recognition.*) Your name wasn't Marion Ford?

MRS. WATERS: Yes—I remember you at Aiken in 1932. (*To Althea.*) You say you want him alone?

ALTHEA: Marion, that was my statement.

MRS. WATERS: Well, if you need any help, Mr.—(*Turns to Lamb.*)

LAMB: Lamb.

MRS. WATERS: Mr. Lamb is a patent lawyer.

LAMB: A—a—d-divorce lawyer.

MRS. WATERS: I mean a divorce lawyer—it's the same thing, isn't it? (*To Althea.*) Darling—we'll leave you absolutely alone.

The grounds of Mrs. Waters' estate. Twilight, just before dinner. Full shot of an open glade twenty feet across, bounded at both ends by trees. Alex Aldrich, in dinner coat, comes into scene, walks across the glade and disappears. Althea, in filmy evening dress, comes into sight, following him. She also goes off scene.

Sundial with bench. Alex comes into the scene and sits down on a sundial with a bench. Althea appears—whereupon he rises and with an air of mock ennui, starts off scene.

ALTHEA: Why are you avoiding me?

ALEX (*stops*): I find you repulsive.

ALTHEA: Well, this will be a lesson to me. She sits down on the bench. Alex sits beside her. He puts his arm around her and draws her close.

ALTHEA: Shall I risk my dinner makeup? (*They kiss.*)

ALEX (*sentimental*): It's been a long time.

ALTHEA: Yes—seven years—too long.

ALEX (*sentimentally*): Much too long.

ALTHEA: I didn't mean that way. I mean too long to—kiss me again. (*He starts.*) No, don't.

ALEX: I've wanted seven years—I can wait a little longer.

ALTHEA (*taking compact from bag*): Rouge on your face. (*She hands him a little mirror.*) I wonder what kind of a life we'd have.

ALEX: I have no idea—I can promise you nothing beside my deathless devotion.

ALTHEA: Would I fall in love with you?

ALEX (*after a pause*): Possibly you've had your big love.

ALTHEA: Possibly.

ALEX: So possibly you don't bring *me* every possibility. The ghost of another man—

ALTHEA (*low and passionate*): The one thing in the world I know is that I'll never go back to that, never want it again, never want a repetition of it. I had that love and it was no good and I've killed it so dead. (*She gets up.*)

Backstage at a New York musical show. Full shot of girls coming off after a number.

Group shot of Harrison (evening clothes) taking to it naturally, not the Broadway Johnny, not handling the girls, but talking to two or three with easy familiarity.

Group shot of Nicolas and Gray, the producer, a little to the side, talking to the male and female leads, attractive, really sympathetic types. Nicolas, perched on a stage prop, is a little aloof and detached. This isn't quite his sort of thing but he is enjoying it like a children's party. His manner to Alice Duff, the actress, is deferential and polite.

ALICE DUFF (*looking off*): Half those girls have broken dates to go.

NICOLAS: I wanted them to bring their dates.

ALICE: You're very generous.

GRAY: I'll tell them that.

NICOLAS: I want to use my house before I sell it. There won't be such houses much longer.

ALICE: I never understood what you'd do with a big house unless you had a thousand children.

NICOLAS: Nothing but vanity. Or else sometimes you think you're so much in love that your love could fill the biggest palace conceivable.

MALE LEAD: Sometimes you haven't got enough to fill one room.

As they laugh he gets his cue and goes off scene.

Mrs. Waters' house. A big staircase rises from a central hall. Two rooms open from it at either side, showing people at bridge. There is radio music throughout the scene.

Alex and Althea are mounting the wide steps side by side, but separated laterally by five feet. We see them take several slow steps in unison when Mr. Lamb comes into the scene and runs up the steps until he is between them.

LAMB: I s-say—is there really any p-possibility of your needing a—

ALEX: A what?

LAMB: A d-d-divorce lawyer.

ALTHEA: You can leave your name.

LAMB: Lamb. Gordon H.—L-l—

ALTHEA and ALEX (*together*): Lamb.

LAMB: I can fix things up overnight.

ALEX: We'll let you know.

LAMB: I arranged the Perkins divorce and the Oberton divorce and—





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ALTHEA. We'll let you know.

LAMB. French divorces and M-Mexican divorces and even a Russian divorce. I can refer you to Mrs. Carpenter, now Mrs. Kohlsatt, or, no, now Mrs. Bannister. Her mother, formerly Mrs. Bronson, is now Mrs. Cain and she married Harry Crandall. I arranged his divorce from—

At this point at the top of the stairs, Althea stops walking—the others also atop. The camera favors her.

ALTHEA. (*strain in her voice, a sudden flash of tears in her eyes*) They all seem to have hated each other, didn't they?

Hold on her a moment. Then Alex and Althea start to walk on, leaving Mr. Lamb staring.

Full shot of a pleasant small sitting room. For a moment it is empty, then two doors, one at either side, open and Alex and Althea peer into the room. Both are dressed as in previous scene.

ALTHEA. Good grief! She's given us a suite.

ALEX. So it appears.

ALTHEA. A little obvious—oh, it's all a little obvious, Alex, you and me. I can't go to sleep—I'm going out to ride—ride to China.

ALEX. That sounds fine.

The roadster tears along in the moonlight, Althea at the wheel.

Interior of a luxurious limousine. Nicolas, Alice Duff and Gray—the latter holds Alice's hand.

ALICE. The natives must think there's a circus parade going through.

NICOLAS. We're almost there.

A road. Full moonlight, woods in the background. Althea brings the car to a stop.

ALEX. Where are we?

ALTHEA. (*carelessly*) Where we were this afternoon. This is our land. The hospital's a mile farther on. The hospital—that's all I've got to show for our marriage.

ALEX. That's your difficulty, Althea—you've got to forget your marriage.

ALTHEA. I have.

ALEX. In a way. But—it's just like coming here now—all roads seem to lead back to it. Well, then why can't you go back farther still. Once you and I were happy. This isn't the first moonlight we've sat in.

He has put his arm around her and he draws near her. She submits to his kiss, at first with a show of enthusiasm, then with her arm going limp on his shoulder. He leans back.

Close shot of Althea's face.

ALTHEA. What's the use, Alex? It must be like kissing a monument. I'm awfully fond of you but something is dead. Blame it on me, Alex.

ALEX. (*desperately*) Nothing is dead. You just won't let yourself go. You're letting yourself dry up. Your mother said—(*He stops himself.*)

ALTHEA. (*quickly*) My mother—have you been talking to her?

ALEX. Yes, she sent for me. She loves you. She thinks what everyone else thinks, that you're a fool, a stubborn little fool. If your marriage is finished, why don't you get out of it, start over? Why do you want to drag the past along with you everywhere, like an ugly old dress you can't bear to throw away?

ALTHEA. Stop nagging at me—go away—leave me alone.



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ALEX: I will go away. (*He gets out of the car—she scarcely notices.*) This is the end as far as I'm concerned. I'm going right out of your life as soon as I can get a taxi to town. Which way is the hospital?

He walks off in the darkness.

Close-up of Althea: She is sitting without moving, and looks up as she hears his voice.

ALEX'S VOICE: Please ask them to send my things to the Plaza.

ALTHEA: I'm not going back but I'll tell them.

ALEX (*on side of car*): If you're going to town, I'll go with you.

Suddenly Althea starts the motor, throws the car into gear, wrenches the wheel and apparently drives the car right straight into the woods. Then silence and trees have apparently swallowed her up.

Close shot of the car coming to a stop. Althea jumps out, runs around the front and by the headlights, making sure these are tracks and ruts she is following. Then back into the car which starts off again with a lurch.

Close shot of Althea at the wheel, branches and leaves slapping against her face. The car stops and lights come to rest on a sign, on its side.

Insert sign: PRIVATE ROAD, NICOLAS GILBERT.

Angle shot of the car starting, running against the sign and over it, bumping, humping on and into a tree.

Close shot of the car: Althea gets out of it and, utterly distraught, walks around into the headlights, raising her hands to her face as she walks.

ALTHEA: Oh, my God! Help me! What shall I do? What can I do? (*She starts as she hears a voice off scene.*)

VOICE: If an ordinary mortal can be of any assistance—

Althea feels no fright—she is utterly absorbed in her own emotions, the climax of her two-year struggle—as Dr. Paul Borden, in chamois vest and white trousers, walks into the scene. With sudden weakness she gives a little sob and collapses into his arms. He holds her for a moment, not recognizing her.

ALTHEA: I'm sorry.

BORDEN: That's all right.

ALTHEA: I'm frightened.

BORDEN: Don't be afraid of me.

ALTHEA: Not of you—just frightened—hold me for a moment.

BORDEN: I've got a shack right here—can you walk?

ALTHEA: Sure—if you hold me. It's been a long time since I've had a man's arm supporting me.

A small cottage set in a clearing. Inside are lights and the sound of soft music.

About thirty feet from the door Borden and Althea sit down on a fallen tree.

BORDEN: Feel better? (*His arm is still around her.*) What's the matter—drink a little too much and miss the road?

ALTHEA (*still dazed*): That's it, stranger. I'm drunk, drunk as an owl and I like it. (*She snuggles in his arms.*) I like it here.

BORDEN: You're not a bit drunk. (*Suddenly—half to himself.*) And I know where I've seen you.

ALTHEA: You've *never* seen me—and I am drunk. I'll prove it. Would anybody kiss an absolute stranger if they weren't drunk? Who are you anyhow?

BORDEN: At present, I'm one of the unemployed.

ALTHEA: So am I—I used to be a wife. Now—I'm a great concern to everybody.

BORDEN: You're a pretty devil.

ALTHEA: Yes, I'm a pretty devil, I've heard that before. Don't let me go.

BORDEN: I certainly won't—unless I'm asked.

ALTHEA: You're entirely a creature of my imagination—and you're very good-looking. And you don't remind me of anything that's past. (*He nods understandingly.*) If you haven't got any girl of your own, you might even kiss me. (*Borden starts to.*) Wait a minute—a little while ago, I was a monument, but you get tired of being a monument.

BORDEN: Yes.

ALTHEA: Now I'm not a monument—to anything. (*He bends toward her.*)

Boom shot. The grounds immediately around a palatial country house which blazes with light. Dance music.

Camera swings to the side lawn passing over a few people in evening clothes, lingers on a long buffet bar with two or three caterer's assistants dispensing champagne and light refreshment.

The camera swings on over an increasing number of people to an open, lighted pagoda, occupied by a big swing orchestra in full performance.

Continuing camera looks down at a wide, flat space on the lawn on which half a dozen caterer's assistants are about to unroll a great canvas for dancing.

Thirty or forty people are cheering them on.

Ad lib: Let her roll!
On with the dance!
Let's go!
Can I help!

As the canvas finally and swiftly unrolls there is a general cheer.

Immediately one man runs out of the crowd and performs an amazing slide, and as if this is a signal, the canvas is invaded immediately by eager dancers.

Camera, now on the ground, takes a medium shot of the four permanent lanterns which illuminate the canvas at its four corners.

Camera moves to a closer shot and pans around the dancers and shows a bright, attractive crowd, some of the girls overdressed and blondined but no suggestion of an orgy.

Group shot of Harrison Gilbert, Cudy Gray, Alice Duff and a few others.

HARRISON (*very faintly high*): I told them to play Chicago!

GRAY (*winking at Alice*): Where are you from, Mr. Gilbert?

HARRISON (*incredulous*): What?

The camera picks up a waiter passing in front of them and follows him over the lawn toward the house.

The side porch of the house. The same waiter is entering wide double doors. Camera tracks with him into huge dining room with pictures covered with cloth. Waiters are making ready to serve a hot supper.

Camera drops waiter and tracks into magnificent front entrance hall. Great mirrors are covered with cloth, so is the top of a great table and some enormous Louis XIV chairs.

Close shot of a live mouse looking toward camera. Something startles him and he scampers to his hole a few feet away.

Medium shot of the bottom part of the banisters. One of the little Una Merkels slides into shot and reaches the floor, then another and another.

Flash of the little Una Merkels running upstairs again.

The upper hall, head of the staircase. The camera tracks before the three ponies down a wide corridor. Their eyes are wide and fascinated and as they walk they sing to the music outside and keep in step with linked arms.

One of them pauses and looks cautiously through a half-open door—the other two look over her shoulder.

Full shot of a lighted billiard room. Shooting over two covered tables including ball racks and scoring markers, to the door which keeps opening and shows the three ponies.

Close group shot of the three.

FIRST PONY: Oh, it's a pool hall. I thought they must do something to keep this place up.

Full shot of a bedroom, large and luxurious like everything else in this house. Soft lighting, everything covered with cloth or canvas.

Nicolas Gilbert is standing in the middle of the floor.

Close shot of Nicolas. ###

SEX

(*Continued from page 169.*) thusiasts in the fuzzier disciplines, such as psychology, liked to borrow terminology from the more rigorous and established field of mechanical physics. The borrowed terms became, in fact, metaphor, and metaphor, like a shrewd servant, has a way of ruling its master. Thus Freud wound up with the idea that libido or sexual "energy," as he called it, is a pressure that builds up within a closed system to the point where it demands release, as in a steam engine. "It seems that an accumulation of narcissistic libido over and above a certain level becomes intolerable," he would say. "It depends on the *amount* of undischarged libido that a person can hold freely suspended . . ." "The next disturbance of the shifting forces will cause symptoms to develop, unless he can yet find other outlets for his pent-up libido . . ." In short, a head of steam. When it builds up high enough, the foreman (the ego) either opens up some workable valve and lets it out—or it's hamburger heaven for one and all in the boiler room! (in the form of obsessional neurosis, hysteria, or much worse).

Such, in brief, is the history of the piece of conventional wisdom that today animates what is known as "the sexual revolution"—namely, the belief that regular release of the steam, in the form of guilt-free orgasms, is essential to a healthy psyche and a healthy society.

Over the past four years Women's Liberation theorists have criticized Freud as a man who put forth ideas as if they applied equally to men and women but who actually thought like a man. And they are quite correct. Yet in the

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next breath they (along with sexologists such as the Doctors Reuben, Comfort and Brothers, the spouses O'Neill, and Madame Hollander & Co.) proceed to press Freud's Boiler Room Axiom on their sisters. Stand up like a man! Go forth! Get it on! Take the sexual initiative! Be free! Let the steam out! Get well soon!

Meanwhile, on other fronts it is much the same. The pornographers argue (with many intellectuals in accord) that their product is society's "safety valve", the potential rapist or other twisted sex geek discharges his steam manually in the glomming of the peep-show booth or at home with the aid of a stroke magazine (the cathartic theory). Or, on a more sophisticated level, that the stroke magazine or "erotic art"—to use the term they prefer—creates a liberating atmosphere in which the individual is encouraged to clean out his (and, presumably, her) valves and pipes without the hazards of guilt and repression (the therapeutic theory). Likewise, the massage parlor, as one learns regularly in magazine and television interviews, "helps save marriages, because a man can come here and get what he needs when he can't get it at home. Anyway, it beats masturbation." Swinging, or group sex, becomes the answer to the problem of "different and ever-changing sexual urges. To think that the traditional marriage partnership can take care of them is unrealistic. Isn't it healthier for couples to join groups where variety is the norm and you can shed your inhibitions and let your sexual energy flow freely?"

Lovely. Freud's Boiler Room Axiom—on all fronts! You can't make the pressure go away, friends—so make the most of it! Tune up the machine! Oil the works! Go with the flow!

In the midst of all the solemn and dedicated groin spasms that have ensued . . . arrives one as yet tiny but disturbing note. It is this: over the past twenty years, thanks to the refinement of techniques such as the stereotaxic needle implant, neurophysiologists have begun to study the actual workings of the brain and central nervous system. These investigators find no buildups of "pressure" or "energy," sexual or otherwise, for the simple reason that the central nervous system is not analogous to an engine. They regard it as more like an electronic circuit, such as a computer or a telephone system. Millions of neurons fire continually, and the electrical energy within the system remains constant. Behavior is determined, instead, by which lines are open and what messages get through. According to this model, what is the effect of pornography—or group sex—or "massages"—or orgasmic regularity? Far from being a safety valve releasing energy that has built up inside the system, any such pastime is more like an input that starts turning on the YES gates . . . to the point where its message (*Sex!*) closes out all others and takes over the entire circuit. . . .

In one way, of course, the neurophysiologists are doing exactly what Freed did a century ago: they are adopting the most fashionable machine metaphor of their own day—namely, computer terminology. And perhaps they, as well, stand to delude themselves. But they also have one advantage Freud began and ended with a hypothesis, with the techniques available in his time he could go no further. The neurophysiologists are at least able to proceed down the chain of hypothesis, deduction, observation and verification. And so far they have found nothing to indicate that the entire body of psychoanalysis has any more to offer on the subject of sexuality than the LIGHTS OUT League manual for boys concerning What to do with your hands when the Cosmic Itch gets aggravated (Answer: Sit on them).

Freud's biographers tell us that his preoccupation with sex began in earnest when he psychoanalyzed himself and discovered that throughout his boyhood he had lusted for his mother. *Sex!* How irresistible it is to speculate that if the lad had but run around the block a few times in a spirited fashion whenever the evil impulse seized him and taken cold showers regularly, each afternoon, for a few weeks, as it suggests in the manual, the tenor of life today in the United States, and throughout the West, might be radically different. Cooler and less humid, in any event, so much less heaving, groaning, peeling, squealing, biting, sticking, ramming, jamming, gobble, licking, nuzzling, guzzling und so weiter, meine Freunde. #

CRIME

(Continued from page 137) peace with the world.

What on earth could be "perfect" about any such zany, feckless, publicity-giddy attempt at extortion? . . . Nevertheless, such is The Perfect Crime in the 1970's, for the following reasons:

As analyzed in the classic treatise on the subject (Tom Wolfe, *Porno-Violence*, Esquire, July, 1967), crimes of violence are in the social sphere what gambling is in the economic sphere. The gambler is a person who seeks to cut through the complexities of economic competition in one stroke. He simply has it out with Fate—*now*—at the gaming table.

In the same fashion, the violent criminal seeks to cut through the complexities of status competition. He has had his fill of the workaday struggle, of politicking, bootlicking, shrewd plans, big deals, small talk, handshakes, white lies, green eyes, kitchen recriminations, slipping around. He is going to win his point—*now*—by physically coercing or eliminating whomever is in his way. In the past the status frustrations leading to violence have chiefly concerned money, class and love. But today there is a fourth category. And that is "the system"—which can be anything from a political system (e.g., capitalism) to the bog of bureaucracy in everyday life, the procedures, regulations, two-page forms, City Hall, wrong extensions, concepts with no bottoms to them, chains of command that go in circles, computer-typed letters of reply, small-claims suits and credit bureaus that pick up on you in the next town as well, in any event, some vast social mechanism against which it seems hopeless to struggle by legitimate means.

And so it has come to pass that the perfect crime for our time is taking hostages. Such is the common core of many different crimes peculiar to the late 1960's and early 1970's: the more than two hundred airplane hijackings since November, 1967; most of the prison riots of the same period (notably Attica); much of the political terrorism (such as the kidnappings at the 1972 Olympics and in Uruguay); and many attempted bank robberies (such as the Stockholm bank vault caper in August) . . . taking hostages.

Most of the Hostage Takers have been people at the end of their ropes in struggles against what they regard as the enormity of "the system." Moreover, they seem to think that if they can beat the system, they can deal with the more traditional frustrations as well. For example, one of the most sensational of the airplane hijackings was a caper that went from Los Angeles to Rome, involving many stops and several changes of crew, pulled off by a lone gunman, an Italian-born Marine named Raffaele Minichiello. Minichiello had never been taught English properly and grew up in America feeling like a hopelessly awkward Italian country boy (class), felt too gauche to ask American girls out on dates (love), was decorated for bravery while fighting in Vietnam, only to discover that by his count he had been euchred out of $200 in the G.I. savings plan (money), drank six beers and broke into a PX, stole an even $200 worth of merchandise, passed out nearby, was cleared by a local civil judge who simply threw the case out, felt elated, rushed to his commanding officer to bring him the good news, was astounded to hear the C.O. start dictating to his secretary orders for a court-martial, felony level, which would ruin his service career ((((((((((((((the unbeatable freaking system!))))))))))))))).

So what does the modern Master Criminal do? He *takes hostages*. Ostensibly he takes hostages in order to achieve some goal at the end of the line, but in many cases even the internal logic is bananas. Minichiello said his plan was to hijack a plane to Italy, then hide in the countryside and live off the land like a guerrilla. Palestinian and Uruguayan terrorists take hostages ostensibly to call attention to their causes and gain sympathy. The effect, quite predictably, is the opposite, so far as sympathy is concerned, even among true believers. But so what? The master criminal does not really take hostages in order to accomplish such goals. He dreams up such goals in order to take Hostages. The formula is turned around: the means justifies the end.

With one stroke the Hostage Taker creates his own society, his own system: in the bank vault, in the Olympic quarters, in the airplane, in the prison courtyard. On his own small scale the Hostage



Taker accomplishes the classic coup d'etat as described by Machiavelli: the sudden, short-term use of terror, cold steel and bloodletting, if necessary, in order to gain respect—then the long charm course . . . to turn respect into love, thereby making it easy to govern. On the face of it, it is astonishing how often hostages come away from their ordeal describing the Hostage Taker as "nice," "considerate," even "likable" as in the case of both Mimchello and the Groovy hair stylist. A female hostage named Kristin Enmark left the Stockholm bank vault on a stretcher waving to one of the Hostage Takers, Clark Olofsson, telling him, "We'll see each other again!" and informing one and all that he had been kind, hadn't harmed her in the slightest, hadn't been as big a threat as the police, in fact. A psychiatrist immediately explained that she was suffering from shell shock, like a line soldier who has been at the front too long, and was repressing her actual feelings as "a defense mechanism." Is the same to be said of the twenty-nine American passengers and airline crewmen who were held hostage by Palestinian terrorists in Jordan for almost a month and who, after being freed, sent a telegram to Israel's Prime Minister Golda Meir saying: "We wish to affirm that our guards treated us humanely and always did their utmost to protect us against harm and to meet our basic needs"—and urging her to give fresh consideration to the Arab cause in Palestine? Thirteen of the twenty-nine signers were Jews.

Far from being a "defense mechanism," such examples are a grand-scale display of a phenomenon well-known to police detectives. One of the techniques of "the third degree" involves the Goon & the Nice Guy. The suspect is put into an interrogation room with two detectives, one of whom plays the role of the violent goon while the other plays the nice guy who seeks to protect him. In a remarkably short time, a few hours, in fact, the victim may form an emotional attachment to the Nice Guy, his "protector," and pour out his soul. In precisely the same manner the Hostage Taker may soon have the hearts and minds of his subjects as well as their hides. The hostage responds like a dog. He has an urge not only to obey but to be obliging and ingratiating in the bargain. What a delightful and emboldening new world!—especially if one has been for so long as helpless as a Palestinian radical up against the complexities of Cold War politics or a Uruguayan radical up against the endless exfoliations of American power in South America. No possible "ransom" or "prisoner release" could compare with the ecstasy of this moment—when for a change I have these people whimpering like dogs at my feet!

All at once I am not the lowliest subject but the head of state. I demand to negotiate with chiefs of police, mayors, governors, and I get my wish. I even have support on the outside. Nelson Rockefeller was heavily criticized for not coming to Attica and negotiating directly with the Hostage Taker inmates. Many hijackers have demanded to talk to the President of the United States. One hijacked a plane to Dulles International Airport and demanded "a million dollars from Lyndon Johnson." At the very least I finally cut through the red tape. I put an end to the eternal runaround. I make the System spin to my number. At last the top people are listening to *Me* . . . and answering . . . quite politely, too, and with quite a little choke in their miserable voices.

Above all . . . as long as I have my hostages, as long as the drama has not been played out, I have the ultimate certification that my new status is real and true—that in the most modern sense my class position is secure: *I am a celebrity!* My existence fills the very atmosphere of the city, the state, the nation. As long as Olsson and Olofsson had their hostages in the Stockholm bank vault, Sweden's national election campaign (one of the more crucial since World War II) came to a halt. Who had time for politics, what with O & O's World on TV around the clock? Nor does my celebrity status end with the event itself. Not necessarily! Mimchello became a hero in Italy and served only a year and a half in jail. He appeared continually on television and in magazines. He was signed up for a book and the leading role in an Italian western. More impressive, he rated the best tables at all the smart restaurants near the Via del Babuino. His troubles with the chicks were over. Marriage proposals were passed in under his door. Movie cuties thrilled to his courage and good looks in the daily pictorials: *Children want my autograph! Everybody loves me!*

At Attica we Hostage Takers custom-ordered our news coverage. For example, we asked for, and got, Tom Wicker of The New York *Times* and he was obliging. He wrote about us as if we were all Prometheuses in noble deathlock with the forces of repression in a battle for the soul of man. As journalism it was pretty embarrassing stuff—but not half bad as a back rub for the boys in Cellblock D!

The Groovy at the suburban bank also custom-ordered his news coverage, asking for certain local broadcasters by name. He was in a jolly mood from the moment he first heard live coverage of his escapade over a transistor radio. When the television crews arrived, he made the hostages stick their heads out the window to be filmed, then acted as if he had done them another service, of the magnitude of the beer & pizzas. When the police brought up the white Lincoln Continental, as he demanded, he broke into a grin and announced to his subjects: "You see what you can get with a gun!" The more intense the radio and television coverage became, the better the Hostage Taker's mood became. The police chief characterized it as the turning point—the pressure that finally flushed him out smiling and unarmed, beaming, waving to pals & gals everywhere, to fans, subjects, devotees from border to border and coast to coast . . . and now, the star of our show . . . a sunny day, a perfect crime. ■

SALVATION

(Continued from page 201) by many types of Buddhists. The early Hindus and Zoroastrians seem to have been animated by a drug known as *soma* in India and *haoma* in Persia. The early Christians used wine for ecstatic purposes, to the point where the Apostle Paul (whose conversion began with a "vision") urged them to cut down on it. The left-handed Shakti and other Krishna worshipers used sexual orgy, as did the gnostic onanists. The Bacchic orders, the Sufi, Voodooists and many others used feasts (the baechanals), ecstatic dancing ("whirling dervishes") and other forms of close-order frenzy . . . the *feeling*! . . . The believers took the feeling to be God flowing into their souls. They felt like vessels of the divine, of the All-in-one. Only afterward did they try to interpret the experience . . . in the form of theologies, earthly reforms, moral codes, liturgies and, eventually, church organizations.

Every major new religious movement in the United States has begun this same way. The First Great Awakening, as it is known to historians, came in the 1740's and was led by preachers of "the New Light" such as Jonathan Edwards, Gilbert Tennent and the hottest of them all, George Whitefield. They and their followers were known as "enthusiasts" and "come-outers," terms of derision referring to this frenzied, holy-rolling, pentecostal shout tempo of their services and to their visions, trances, shrieks and agonies. The Second Great Awakening came in the period 1825 to 1850 and took the form of a still wilder hoedown camp-meeting revivalism, of ceremonies in which people barked, bayed, fell down in fits and swoons, talked in tongues and even added a touch of orgy.

The most famous movement of the Second Awakening was Mormonism, founded by a twenty-five-year old, Joseph Smith, and a bunch of youths who were regarded as wilder, crazier, more obscene, more of a threat, than the entire lot of hippie communes of the 1960's put together.

Both the First and Second Great Awakenings sprang up during boom times that seemed materialistic, cynical, godless . . . when Mammon ruled . . . when America's early promise (as the "City of Light" for European dissidents during the colonial period and as the "Cradle of Democracy" after the Revolution) seemed to have vanished into the age-old muck of greed, gluttony, second-dealing and ambition . . . when men wore once-cherished ideals like lapel buttons on the way to the hard-grabbing . . . when orthodox religions were losing spirit, heart, momentum, and membership.

The Third Great Awakening began at the height of the boom of the 1960's, and I don't suppose I need to tick off the rest of the analogies. In the beginning was LSD . . . and you would suddenly come across someone you had known for years sitting in the middle of the street and laughing and crying at the same time and saying: "I've

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found the Pudding and I've met the Manager!" The psychedelic or hippie movement created the new way of life of the Third Great Awakening and set forth a crucial idea concerning the whereabouts of God. The early acid heads, as they called themselves—"hippies" was a term coined by *Newsweek* in February, 1967—shared a belief of the early Christian Gnostics that God existed at the "apex" of every human soul, like a ray of divine light, and that every man should search for that godliness inside himself by cutting all ties with the outside world and joining like-minded aware souls in exploring the sacred inner space. Hence the communes (cutting ties with your family as well as the hometown life), the dress (long hair, boots, beads, leather, India prints, jeans, robes, costumes) which dramatized the break, the vocabulary (trip, freaked, hangup, far-out, too much, bummer, spaced, and "into some weird shit," meaning cosmic or godly), the ecstatic music (which caused the Beatles to turn from rock 'n' roll to the acid rock of their "Sergeant Pepper period"), the drugs, particularly marijuana and LSD, which were essential to the new experience, and, most alluring of all, a preoccupation with one's Self in which one's everyday life becomes a drama with cosmic meaning and is analyzed endlessly, lovingly, for the morals.

Very few of the original acid communes remain, but their seed flourished. Today the hills are full of frankly religious communes such as the Steve Gaskin commune in Tennessee, the Lyman Family communes in Boston and Los Angeles. A New York *Times* survey came up with an estimate of two thousand communes in the United States in 1970, barely five years after the idea caught fire in California. The new Awakening also includes many marathon encounter groups, from the mother of them all, which is Esalen Institute in Big Sur, to the new Primal Therapy or "primal scream" circles (marathon encounter being devoted to stripping away the social layers and the "ego games" in order to reach the godly gnostic apex), the Jesus People communes, such as the Children of God and the Fresno God Squad (many former heads now populate the Jesus communes), the Eastern movements, such as the fast-growing Hare Krishna and the new Sufi and many less spectacular meditation circles and ashrams (i.e., communes), a single yoga organization, called Healthy-Happy-Holy, reports that it has ninety-five ashrams in the United States), Synanon, which started out as a rehabilitation program for drug addicts, then went heavily into marathon encounter and is now a full-grown religious movement; the Scientology movement, which is similar to several of the foregoing groups but is more highly organized; the "charismatic Christianity" movements (complete with visions and talking in tongues) which have sprung up within the Catholic Church and many Protestant denominations and which enjoy strong support in major divinity schools. Even many stalwarts of the New Left politics of the late 1960's have made what turns out to be an easy transition from Fanonist ecstasy to religious restasy, most notably Rennie Davis of the Chicago Seven, now a follower of the Maharaj Ji, while Barbara Garson—who with her husband Marvin published the great agitprop drama of the New Left, *MacBird*—now writes: "My husband Marvin forsook everything (me included) to find peace. For three years he wandered without shoes or money or glasses. Now he is in Israel with glasses and possibly with some peace"—and not just him, so many other "movement men" as well. "Some follow a guru, some are into primal scream, some seek a rest from the diaspora—a home in Zion." I would go further and predict that in the long run historians will regard the entire New Left experience, with its translations of the psychedelic life (communes and all) into a political setting, as an episode in the Third Great Awakening. The Awakening began among the young but has rolled outward, giving tremendous momentum to Fundamentalists, theosophists and other older salvation seekers of all sorts. If you could run a cause-and-effect data chain check, you might well find that Senator Harold Hughes's decision to give up politics to become a lay preacher was triggered one afternoon in 1965 when some raggedy Son of the Boiling Teeth swallowed a capsule of psylocybin on Page Avenue in San Francisco.

Many historians credit the First Great Awakening with helping to pave the way for the American Revolution through its assault on the colonies' religious establishment and orthodoxy generally. The Second Great Awakening's mixture of fervor and Christian asceticism played a major role in the settlement of the West and helped create the atmosphere (known as "bleak" east of Rahway, New Jersey) of much of rural America. And the Third Great Awakening? It has accomplished its share already. Without it there would have been no "counterculture" (cutting ties with the community) and little "generation gap" (cutting ties with family) and far less of the general abandonment of old pieties, proprieties, decorums that is connoted by Swinger Groovy Hippie Drop-out Pop Stone Underground Rip-off Dope & Co. (getting rid of the social baggage). The Awakening has created a new mental atmosphere, in short, which has already become so conventional among high-school and college students that it is startling to remember how recently it all began. Even now American businessmen are starting campaigns, including a foundation, to try to "reach" school children and "re-inculcate the profit motive." We will be able to start toting up the score about 1980. By then the tens of thousands of college graduates who are now in their early twenties will have either responded to and reinterpreted the not unsophisticated lure of economic individualism . . . or they will have read the handwriting on the wall . . . . WILL GOD PLEASE COME UP ONSTAGE? . . . . and proceeded along with Bardamu, Ivan Osokin, Jakob Boehme, Don Quixote and Dr. Strange into the dread purple dimension. ##

COP OF THE YEAR

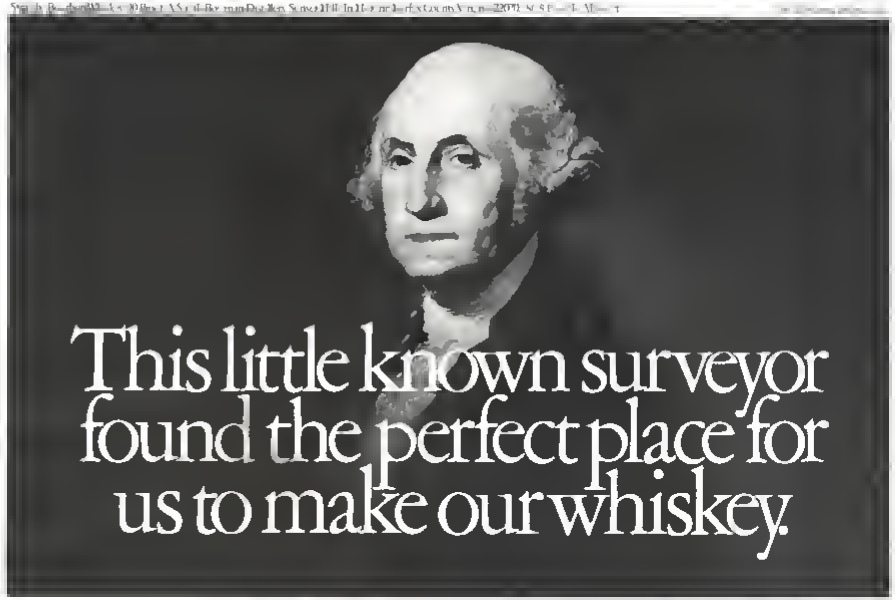
(Continued from page 153) If that'll make you feel any more comfortable. Now get this nonsense out of your head.' Then we had a long talk. We went to a French restaurant, very unpoliceman-like. I had my veau de creme and my expensive bottle of wine and I sat there and she said, 'Now look, Sarge. Do you look like a policeman? Do you feel like a policeman? Isn't it ridiculous for you to even have those childish thoughts about going back?' And I said, 'Well, yeah, of course.'"

Then early Monday morning Sergeant Joseph A. Wambaugh got up, strapped on his gun, and reported for work. Unfortunately it was Lincoln's birthday, and the detectives were off. "He got down there and he was totally crushed," laughed Irving Feffer, who frankly thinks his client is crazy. "Here was his big moment and nobody was there for his great scene!"

Unavoidably, life has changed for the poet laureate of Hollenbeck. After considerable pressure he abandoned his Volkswagen for a Cadillac, but he compromised by getting one in black and white, the L.A.P.D. colors. He eats at fancy restaurants and doesn't look at the prices. Sometimes, a burglary victim will ask for his autograph. Since his mother had been a maid, he resisted getting domestic help for a long time, but her previous occupation did have one benefit. When he moved into his new house he was puzzled by some wiring in the dining room and she told him: "You dummy, that's to step on and call the maid!"

The Wambaughs had lived in a pleasant suburb called Walnut, but with their new wealth they decided to move, and started looking on the west side of town, out near Beverly Hills and Bel-Air, the "beaten track," as he calls it, of the high-living entertainment crowd. "I mean, if you're gonna go you might as well go all the way, right?" he cracked. "But it scared me away. It's a different world over there. Everybody looked different and it was just a little too fast for me."

San Marino is hardly the sticks, but Wambaugh likes it because it is "the old bastion of the old conservatives. I don't like snobbishness and all that nonsense. But on the other hand they still don't have school dances here without parents chaperoning. I mean there's sort of the old tradition still here. It makes me feel comfortable. I was brought up in a strict Irish Catholic traditional sort of way. I had my kids in a Catholic school for a while and I took them out and put them in a public school but I still wanted some of that discipline. Discipline is the word I guess." Joe likes to drop around The Other Ball on Friday after work for a few belts and, who knows, maybe he



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lets his fantasies romp around the stage with the girls. He has even been known to try his hand at belly dancing at a place called The Seventh Veil, another haunt. But Wambaugh's favorite place is the old Huntington-Sheraton Hotel in Pasadena, a prim old dowager where the music is strictly Guy Lombardo and the dancers "have either blue hair or no hair." Joe Wambaugh will stay a provincial if it kills him.

Tradition or not, when Sergeant Wambaugh parks his Caddie next to those campers at the Hollenbeck station, it is not the same. "Joe is kind of unaffected by everything, but it's affected the feelings of others," said one cop at The Other Ball. "Joe hasn't changed but his friends have. He's a rich guy now. Everybody would like to be rich, and here's one of our guys who made it." For men who scrape along, working two jobs, never quite getting ahead, a guy with real dough is a bit weird, a special type. "You know what the three biggest lies in the world are?" cracked Bill Coleman. "I don't want to be rich, I don't mind being a nigger, and I'm only going to put it in a little way." Dick Kalk likes to joke that he lives only "ten minutes and $150,000 away" from Wambaugh, but there is an edge to the laughter.

"When Joe went to a party, before he was so well known, he could be Joe Regular Guy," said one friend. "He could enjoy himself, watch what was going on. Now he's a celebrity. He's immediately deluged with people who want to know what Bill Holden is really like. He tries to have a normal time like everybody else, but it's not too easy."

"Cops are a strange breed of cat, there's a great deal of jealousy between them," said one drinker at The Ball. "I have a certain amount of jealousy toward Joe. Goddamn it, I wish I had written that book! I had as many experiences as Joe Wambaugh. Why didn't I write it?" One of his partners has been grousing lately that when he works with Joe, "I kind of feel like I'm nothing. When we go somewhere it's always Joe Wambaugh and what's his name."

Behind his back, some cops say Wambaugh "wants to have his cake and eat it too." They say he wants to be considered a martyr for returning to the force. In their frustration they criticize his police work and even call him a "nigger lover" for hanging around with a dark-skinned partner after work. If he buys drinks, they feel patronized; if he doesn't, they feel snubbed. If he had quit, they would have called him a snob. Now, they don't know what to do.

"I think I psyched myself out," concedes Joe. "Probably everybody is acting different toward me, but I refuse to admit that. I just do my job every day that I've always done. But then something happens to jar me back to the feeling that maybe I'm deluding myself. Maybe I'll see someone I haven't seen for a while and they're terribly uncomfortable and they're almost super-apparent in their admiration, treating me like a movie star or a celebrity or something. So I'm troubled over it. I still have a little bit of an identity crisis."

What next? Wambaugh has not written a word since *The Onion Field*, but he muses about trying a comedy, or maybe a novel about The Other Ball, and the girls who stroll to the music, snapping their fingers. As for TV, he quit *Police Story* once in late August and was then wooed back with promises of more realism, but the future looks dim.

He talks about East Pittsburgh, about the steel-mill towns where nothing grows, about the open-hearth furnaces where fathers of his friends met death. He talks, painfully, about his own parents, working-class people who are bewildered by their son's success, pleased and grateful for the help he provides, but a little resentful, too. He jokes that he should write a book and call it, *You Can't Go Home Again*.

Yet he clings to his job, to his badge, to his values, to his past. Fame chases him like a TV cop running down a bank robber. He tries to hide—in the streets of East L.A., in The Other Ball, in his big house with the bell for the maid. But as Joe Wambaugh knows, TV cops always get their man. ✠

DR. BRONNER'S MAGIC SOAP

(Continued from page 221) to a mental institution in Illinois in 1946 and his blindness, though recent, may have resulted from the more than twenty shock treatments he was subjected to there. He is in deep trouble with the tax authorities, who are not impressed with his idea that he's a rabbi by virtue of having been voted one by ten men in Germany, and do not agree that his work is religious.

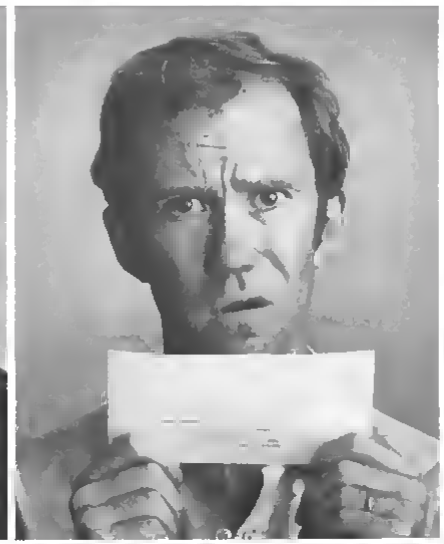
Unable to find work after his escape, Bronner survived by gathering spices from the hills of California for sale to a health-food store, which is how he got into that business. As he regained his health his memory returned, and he was able to recall where the six words which had inspired him had come from.

His first wife, when he met her, was a servant for a German family in Milwaukee, and was more beautiful than the rich family's own daughters, and was therefore being badly treated, out of jealousy. "Every time I saw her she weighed five pounds less. So anyway, I married the girl to keep her alive, and I was strong, and it was before Hitler."

When Bronner's parents were killed in Germany, his wife became suicidal and was committed to a state hospital where, he says, she was beaten and starved. He visited her on the last day of her life. "I said, 'Paula, I promise you your children will never go through anything like this.' And she replied, 'That is very nice of you'—six words."

He has worked unremittingly ever since for the establishment of All-One-Faith in One-God-State, garnering varying amounts of public attention over the years. His principal issue has been fluoridation, on which he spoke







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every Friday night for seventeen years in Los Angeles, but more recently he wired President Nixon "Windmill-powered monorails above America's freeways together with Israeli-type compulsory fruit-tree reforestation instantly eliminate all smog, pollution, unemployment, inflation, air-water-and-power shortages."

He once appeared on TV with Joe Pine, who "made a monkey out of me." Bronner was explaining that he was Einstein's nephew, Sophie Einstein's cousin, when Pine challenged him to recite Sophie Einstein's phone number, if he knew her so well. This Bronner was unable to do. (He can rattle it off now.)

"When were you on the Joe Pine show?" I asked.

"Sometime before he died," Dr. Bronner recalled. "About 1966. He insulted me so much that I'm under the impression, I don't know for sure, but I'm under the impression that God punished him."

Then there was the time in 1967 when he debated the John Birch Society's Robert Welch before two thousand people at the Hoover High School auditorium in San Diego.

"Welch said Vietnam is run by Commies and Washington is run by Commies and the American people are being ground to pieces between two groups of Communists, and nobody applauded, because what kind of stuff is that? What can you do with nonsense like that?" So Bronner strode up to the floor microphone and demanded to know why Welch wouldn't take him as his chemist. "Two hundred million people would join the Birch Society and fluoridation would be wiped out in one day!" he exclaimed.

For Bronner, of course, the question was rhetorical. He knew why Welch wouldn't take him. "Because he is a jealous beast. He was so jealous that there is a man with slightly more ability than himself, that he got scared that if I joined I might get bigger than him. He is a phony. He's real stupid. But I didn't say that. I just says, 'Why don't you let me be your chemist and we work together and we unite this Spaceship?' And the audience exploded with applause. And Welch was boiling mad, because the answer was given by the audience like this." Bronner clapped his hands.

Indeed, Welch seems to have been in error there, for Dr. Bronner has an impressive track record as an anti-fluoridationist, claiming to have single-handedly mobilized public opinion to stop fluoridation in at least seven cities. "If I hadn't uncovered fluoridation as mass poisoning, there would be no opposition to it." He maintains that while sodium fluoride hardens teeth "as claimed," it also hardens our arteries, brains, kidneys, and hearts. He particularly fears a sudden overdose, accidental or otherwise. As he said in a telegram to the mayor of Milwaukee, "The 140,000 pounds in your waterworks make atomic bombs superfluous."

"Within the next six months—time's running short on me—I'm going to open up on a piece of treason that's worse than fluoridation: *vaccination*. . . ." It's got to do with what's put in our table salt. *Ten* thousand dollars goes to anyone convincing "an open majority" that he's wrong.

His efforts brought him sufficient notoriety so that, he said, in 1970 he was flown to Hawaii to speak against fluoridation in a Hollywood movie. "I'm the only scientist appearing in it," he says. (He also says he got athlete's foot in Hawaii, but his soap got rid of it instantly.) Trenevue Inc. confirms that Bronner played a role in the Jimi Hendrix film *Rainbow Bridge*.

Bronner claims that not all the attention he's received has redounded to his benefit.

In 1968, after he'd stopped fluoridation in Albuquerque, he found the Food and Drug Administration confiscating all his products. "I figured 'all right, let it go, I need peace of mind. I got to live a more normal life, to be more balanced. I got to publish that book on fluoridation.'" So he tried to let the business go, but when people couldn't find his products at stores, "They came here with two, three, four hundred-dollar bills; they hitchhiked, they had to have that soap."

Now he's back in production with his foods, as well, but the soap accounts for eighty to ninety percent of his business, "because when the foods were outlawed, people figured there must be something wrong with it. The only thing wrong with it was that I stopped fluoridation."

But if he never sold another gram of calcium-carrot powder, Dr. Bronner would still be set. The soap is flowing at the rate of 150,000 gallons a year. "That means that over one million are under that soap. But more important is the *message* on the soap. I wish I had somebody to argue with. . . ."

"You estimate then that there are one million Americans using your soap?"

"There is at least six hundred thousand; a million, possibly. We have a team of about thirteen working on bottling soap. We share constructively selfish hard work, full truth, free speech, and all the profit, building by such social action One-God-State. Never any strikes, or troubles, or punch clocks.

"I have no salesmen. I have no advertisement. I have an excellent soap, the best soap that can be made. The peppermint oil, with its tremendous deodorizing and disinfecting qualities that only God can explain, has, in combination with the other ingredients, the amazing quality to rejuvenate the skin, to reactivate the glands, and to cleanse better than anything else, without doing harm to the system.

"It's amazing how much enthusiasm an ordinary soap, an outstanding soap like that can evoke, because it simplifies life. And all my profit goes to teach the Essene Moral ABC. And as I succeed I continue to call myself a fake rabbi, but someday mankind will say, 'He was not fake.' And the other rabbis won't be able to say, 'He sets himself above us, he thinks he's better than we are.' They cannot hate me, because I do not hate them." #

JANE RUSSELL

(Continued from page 205) Goulue, the two of them tinkling like cows through a pasture.

The restaurant was very crowded and hot. We were seated at a bad table in the bar by the outside door and each time people entered or exited they bumped against our table. It took us twenty minutes to get a waiter and when he came he was surly.

We ordered dinner, and then I asked Russell what she thought of Women's Liberation. Before she answered Pines squeezed her wrist and cautioned that it was a tricky question. Russell ignored the advice.

"I think Women's Lib stinks," she said. She looked down at her glass as she spoke, turning it between her hands. She spoke very loudly, almost as loudly as Pines whose voice carried far enough across the restaurant for people at other tables to fall silent in astonishment. "Don't tell me Women's Lib is fine and everything," she continued, "I don't like their attitude. All these liberals. They support homosexuality and lesbians, all the stuff against nature. It's unnatural bullshit. The Lord laid down rules. Why the hell don't those gals follow them?"

"You think prayer can change a lesbian or homosexual, that it can make them straight?"

"*We* do," Pines answered for her. "I sure as hell do."

"You betcha, boy," Russell said. "You betcha. Prayer can change anything."

"Even . . ."

She cut me off. "You betcha! If it can make a deaf boy hear it can heal a fag. If you go to the Lord and instead of going out and trying all these new fads so you can be a liberated woman and go and emasculate your son, I think it's ridiculous. I think it's bullshit."

"Well, I don't understand what all this has to do with Jesus."

"What?" she exclaimed, grabbing my hand. "I'm supposed to run out and be a lezzie so I don't emasculate my son? Hahaha. Maybe in heaven there won't be any sex, did you ever think of that, boy? But down here, boyoboy . . ." She sat back, looking terribly self-satisfied.

"Down here what?"

"Listen, boy, I believe in Satan." She leaned over the table, her chest tipping a wineglass which Pines quickly moved to right. "If there's a God there's Satan. There's just gotta be." Bitterness in her voice.

I shook my head. Russell nudged Pines and he said he agreed with her. She then picked up the wrong glass and took a gulp. "Eek! That's *yours*!" She made a disagreeable face, curling her lip, "It's pure martini. Eek!"

"Satan?" I said, trying to get her back on the track.

"I think he's just having a ball. He's pushing everybody's button and God allows him to do it and I don't know why." Petulant.

"God allows it?" Hard to believe.

"Yup. God allows it."

"God . . ."

"WE HAVE FREE WILL!" Pines shouted. I glanced at the table opposite



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us A couple sat there bent over their food, eyeing us and looking alarmed.

"You can't have *love* without free will," Russell added, "free will buster." She slapped my hand playfully.

"That's why you have to be saved," Pines said.

"Yup. To clean up the garbage in you and over you. The rest is Churchianity, your idea of God's gracelessness . . . er, grace*fulness*."

"But . . ."

"Grace*fillad*ness," she corrected herself.

"But once you're saved you don't sin anymore," I said.

"Bullshit!" She was suddenly very incensed as if she had caught a glimpse of the Enemy and it was me. "Where! Show me!"

She had me. "It's in the Bible." I had no idea where.

"Hahaha! No it's not! No it's not! Church people don't agree with me," she remarked proudly, "but they're phonies. I don't like 'em. Churchianity. Man-made religion. What we need to know is what God made."

Our food was getting cold.

"How can you be so goddamn sure of everything?"

"Ohhh, I guess I'm one of the lucky ones," she said coyly.

It was my turn to laugh, and I guess my laughter was offensive because Kevin Pines came to life, rising in defense of his client, shouting across the table at me, "*Jane knows more about God and faith than anybody.*"

She smiled. He was right. "I'm lucky because of Mother." She lowered her voice, as she often did when she spoke of her mother, her tone one of deep respect and perhaps intimidation. "She was never a judger. Mother didn't give a damn how you lived or what you had done last night or anything else. All she wanted to do was have you come and hear her teach the Word. I mean I swear a lot and drink. But I can say anything to Jesus. I sit on His lap. The King's subjects come up and bow. But His child, that's me, fella, I sit on His lap and tweak His nose." I try to imagine Jane Russell sitting on the lap of Christ and tweaking his nose.

Pines joined in again, angrily, "You're a cynic. You writers. I know what you're about. Listen, listen . . . I find God. In the [Army] service they tried to get me to say I'm agnostic . . ." he looked at Russell, and she shook her head disapprovingly, "but I'm not. So they said, Well, it's got to be a P or C or H. One or the other on my dog tags. Protestant, Catholic or Hebrew. Then I finally remembered Citizen Pama . . ."

"Who?" Russell asked.

"Tom Paine, you know, the American Revolution? And I said, You put down a *D*. And there was this great fight but they finally put down a D."

"What's a D?" Russell asked, looking from Pines to me very perplexed.

"*Deist*," Pines shouted triumphantly.

"What?" She didn't understand.

"It means you don't believe in any creed, you don't believe in Churchianity, but you believe in God," he explained.

"Oh." She still did not understand.

I asked her about Howard Hughes. "Is he crazy?"

"Watch it!" Pines yelled. "He's trying to bait you, Jane."

"Why he's the sweetest man I ever met. We're still close friends. I loved being with him. I haven't seen Howard in ten years, I guess. But I always liked him so much. We got along great. Crazy? Crazy like a fox, you mean. Hahaha."

"Do you still get the fifty grand a year?"

She looked at Pines, unsure.

"Fifty-*two* grand," he said.

"Do you?"

"I'm not saying."

"Well, tell me this, did you sleep with Hughes?"

"Don't answer that!" Pines again. "He's baiting you."

"No, I'm a Christian. I don't screw around. Harry Cohn, you know, King Cohn? He said I was the only broad in the industry Howard was close to who Cohn had never heard any gossip about, who nobody ever said went to bed with Howard. I'm clean as a whistle."

"Do you still get money from him? He must have liked you enormously."

Pines went up the wall. "Don't talk to him. He's badgering you. You can't trust him . . ."

"Bullshit!" Jane said.

Pines got very red in the face. He ran his hand through his yellow hair and then turned on me, grabbing the tips of my fingers across the table and shaking them as he yelled, "I've been to all the big parties with the old stalwarts of Hollywood, people who professionally were groomed and matured and nurtured and learned their trade persistently and regularly and had a decency, a respect for their work, and then I see you young people, cynics, some of these kids that bang on one picture or because they show some tit in a movie or expose their rear ends are important stors of the moment, such a passing, fleeting moment they don't know how to handle it, they don't have Kevin Pines or press agents or managers, anyone around suffering for them and protecting them from that big outside world that would like to destroy them or idol-worship them and Jane's got me to protect her and keep people like you from baiting her."

"Isn't he wonderful," Jane said.

"I guess she's lucky to have you, Mr. Pines."

"You bet your ass, sweetheart."

In the car going back to the hotel no one spoke at first. Jane sat in the middle of the back seat between Pines and me, humming to herself, absentmindedly playing with her tinkling jewelry. I asked her if she were ever lonely.

"Sometimes," she said. "You know what I do when I get real lonely?"

"What?"

"I go to the Lord in prayer."

"Don't print that!" Pines shouted. "Don't say she's lonely. She's a world-wide recognized personality that goes through great periods of loneliness sometimes but that isn't important since she's this great star, this . . ."

Russell pressed my hand, ignoring her manager. "Are you saved?" she asked me. We were nearly at the hotel and she would be leaving in a moment.

"Am I saved?" I did not know. I found the question embarrassing.

"He'll get to you yet," she said, "Jesus never fails. Be patient. It's all the stages in life. But first we are the son of. Don't worry."

Jane Russell put her head back against the leather seat. She rolled her head to the side and smiled at me, and then looked straight ahead once more. She closed her eyes. I think she was praying. ✠

GAY TALESE HAS A DILEMMA

(Continued from page 183) do. All these things are getting me into areas of hurt where I have nothing to gain. It pained me very much to hurt my mother the way I did."

The sex book has become a gamble as well. "This book has got to bomb. It has to fail because I've talked about it. But you have to put yourself on the line and risk the greatest failure."

She [Rosalie Benouma] lived in horror of looking foolish . . . and she resented being taken for granted or feeling abused—which was why she had left her husband twice in the last four years. In each instance she had determinedly felt no guilt, convinced that her husband's brazen behavior or the intolerable conditions he imposed upon her were such an affront that they had forced her to leave.

—Honor Thy Father

Nan Talese was not exactly what Random House had in mind when she landed a job in 1959. RH editors wondered how such a sweet, fresh-plucked graduate of Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart (class of 1955) could handle manuscripts that were bound to offend pre-conciliar faith and morals. She managed though. But oddly, fourteen years in the profane world of publishing (she left Random for Simon & Schuster in August) don't seem to have blemished her immaculate conception. She is less shy and more confident now, yet that virginal refinement drilled into generations of upper-class Catholic brides of Christ still dominates. Men unconsciously watch their language around Nan Talese. Like the new schoolmarm in a western movie, she arouses the purest of protective instincts among ornery males. And she's absolutely gorgeous—long Miss America legs, slim waist, a model's carriage and a sharp-featured Vogueish face. So what's a nice girl like this, some of her friends wonder, doing with a creep like Gay?

It was love at first sight. A mutual friend who went to Manhattanville with Nan and knew Gay in Louisville when he was an Army lieutenant and public information officer for then Colonel Creighton Abrams at Fort Knox fixed them up. Nan had just returned from a post-graduation year in London where she worked for the First National Bank and Gay was starting out as a sports-

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writer for The *Times*. They got acquainted at lunch and closed P. J. Clarke's at four in the morning on their second date. Gay marveled at her interest because he was so dissimilar from the Ivy League types she had dated in college. In contrast, Nan was not that far removed from a Southern belle ("a sane Zelda") whom Gay romanced as an undergraduate at the University of Alabama. He proposed to his Zelda, but she wouldn't go north and he wouldn't stay in the South.

Nan and Gay saw each other constantly for the next two and one half years, yet never kept house together. Gay could have done without marriage. Moreover, he abhorred the idea of a church wedding, which would have been impossible to avoid, owing to family pressure on both sides, unless special measures were adopted. By good fortune, The *Times* sent him to Rome in the Summer of 1959 to cover the filming of *La Dolce Vita* (he had been promoted to news reporter from sports). He phoned Nan after a few days and asked her to join him. Nothing was stated explicitly, but the understanding was they would marry. Old Roman hand Irwin Shaw, whom Gay happened to meet in a bar, pulled the necessary bureaucratic strings just as he had for William and Rose Styron in 1953, and the civil ceremony went off without a hitch.

The Talese' half-open marriage baffles New York. At least Gay's extracurricular involvements fit a historical pattern, but Nan's complete passivity appears unprecedented. "I think Nan's crazy to put up with it," comments a friend. "I can't imagine myself being seriously in love with a man who satisfied me in bed and who slept around as well. It would drive me up a wall." That's no puzzle for Nan because she doesn't associate love merely with sexual fidelity. "The fascination that this isn't threatening to me," she responds to unbelievers, "is only an indicator of the naïveté of other people. Unfaithfulness is no longer loving and no longer being involved. Sexual infidelity is simply sexual infidelity." She certainly doesn't cheer her husband's conduct and in the best of all possible worlds she would prefer things otherwise. "But," she adds, "never to the extent that I'd let it hurt Gay's work." For him she will forgive seventy times seven sins. "What fulfills Gay is good for Gay and in turn fulfills both of us." Isn't this a rather unliberated view of marriage? "I don't care two hoots," she ripostes. "The fact is I am more liberated than most women's lib members who sit around tables drinking coffee and talking about the frustrations in their own lives. I have everything."

Nan hasn't made many converts. Nobody is quite convinced by her imperturbable front. "I tend to be cynical," says New York *Times* book critic Christopher Lehmann-Haupt, "because two thousand years of literature have never produced a character like this." Gay's parlor intimate Mary Phillips also withholds assent. "If what Nan says is true, then she's the only person I know who's arrived at the separation of sex and love. I can't accept that she's not jealous. How did she ever attain this sort of transcendence?"

"It's not that I'm insensitive," Nan explained one evening when I was pushing the nature of her emotions, "it's just that I'm not threatened." Not insensitive? Not threatened? What more would Gay have to do before she became sensitized and threatened? Then she told me a story she never told before, a story even Gay had neglected to volunteer.

Several years ago Gay was on assignment in Europe. He was supposed to profile a rising young female star who was then on location for a major movie. He joined the company in Vienna and then followed it to Rome. During a lull in the filming he flew up to Paris to rendezvous with Nan. As they taxied in from Orly, Nan intuitively noticed Gay was not all there. He seemed unnaturally itchy and she wasn't sure why. After three days in Paris, they traveled to Rome where Gay expected to resume research. He innocently introduced Nan to the leading lady and the three went out to dinner. The women found they had much in common including education by the Madams of the Sacred Heart. This actress was no Hollywood cupcake, but rather a cultured European of exquisite beauty and fierce dedication to career. She was everything Gay admired in women. If she were not, perhaps Nan could have ignored the scene that ensued later in the evening at a Via Veneto nightclub.

The star wished to dance with Gay. Did Nan object? Of course not. The star held Gay closely as the band played *More*, the theme song from *Mondo Cane*. He was a lousy dancer, but with her he danced perfectly. Nan had no way of knowing that the couple she was watching intently had made glorious love in Vienna to the sound of the same music. The star kept a record player at the ready beside her bed and when she and Gay were together she put *More* on and pressed "reject." However, Nan did perceive that her husband was *involved* and for the first time she felt *threatened*.

She waited until the lovers sat down and then excused herself from the table as if to go to the powder room. Instead she walked out of the nightclub and ran back to the hotel. There she wept alone. Her poise had run out. When Gay finally guessed what happened, he said good-bye to the star and returned to his wife. He tried to reassure Nan, who had since regained her composure, and himself that this was the end of the affair. They were both reassured the following night as the star did *her* exit from a cast dinner.

"If I wasn't going to leave Nan for —— ——," concluded Gay, who had been listening to the narration, "I was not going to leave her for some masseuse." Then, turning toward Nan, he said, "Is that a point worth making?"

"Yes," she replied. "The Rome story shows I'm capable of being threatened, but only when it's something involved. I suppose the reason the book hasn't bothered me is simply because I love him very, very much. And our love can't be bothered by research into sexuality in America."

Gay concurred, of course. But he urged Nan to speak with more certainty. "You do not convey the supreme confidence you have in yourself because you don't consider other women threatening. You are above them. You are superior to them. You have a lot of self-confidence that doesn't come through because you're too modest."

"Philip, I know who I am," she responded. "I know that I am the person Gay loves."

"Only. Only loves," he appended.

"Only. And the fact that he has sex with somebody else—out of loneliness, out of attraction, out of curiosity, out of the sexual need [illegible]."

"All of the above."

"[illegible] doesn't touch what we have."

It's a united front. "At Sandstone, there was an atmosphere of love," Gay had remarked earlier. "You were living there with people who loved you as a fellow human being [illegible]." Here Nan interrupted and finished the sentence for him, "[illegible] *but not as a personal total commitment*."

Nan is full of brave words. Although her position strikes many people as absurd—love is never having to say don't sleep with somebody else—she is not that unique in her refusal to fight infidelity with infidelity. According to one sensible interpretation, Nan may be afflicted by a disease common in Catholic sex widows of her age and background: she wants everything to appear serene. You will not hear Nan concede that she's had marriage problems, she endures gracefully. For example, Gay has not seen his mother-in-law since 1959. They fought on transatlantic telephone the day he married her daughter and he conveniently kissed both parents off at that moment. He had never liked her relatives anyway, nor they him. Yet Nan visits her mother often in nearby Rye and the mother stays over in New York when he's out of town.

A couple of years ago, Nan's father died. Gay offered to break with tradition and give her a ride to the funeral, but she declined for *his* sake. So Gay did not attend the funeral of his wife's own father because Nan, in her bereavement, thought of him.

"I really have to get through the tunnel before I can admit I've been there," Nan says. And for her there will always be light.

The new journalism allows, demands in fact, a more imaginative approach to reporting, and it permits the writer to inject himself into the narrative if he wishes, as many writers do, or to assume the role of a detached observer, as other writers do, including myself.

—Talese, *Fame and Obscurity*

"I don't know how to handle this material," Talese said, gesturing toward seventy-nine neatly tiered manila folders filed in three shoe boxes on his

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desk, "but I know it's magnificent My problem is being good enough for the material" What, Talese worry? He has always been good enough before Though neither as learned as Wolfe, nor as heavyweight as Halberstam, nor as canny as Breslin, nor as brilliant as Capote, nor as eclectic as Mailer, Talese is the Joe DiMaggio of New Journalism, the easy glider who makes the hard ones look simple. His spring-clear prose flows effortlessly as a quiet stream of smooth images and invisibly woven scenes. Talese transfers from the page to the brain faster than any of his colleagues because his style is so ascetically self-effacing He deliberately loses himself in the story and, since he will not indulge in even the quickest flash of auteurist exhibitionism, the reader loses him as well. Both parties seem to coast along on automatic pilot for the full flight.

Talese is his own biggest fan too. "*The Kingdom and the Power*," he claims, "is one of the great books of our time." He often takes direct pleasure from rereading favorite passages in *The Kingdom*.

Curiously, this self-esteem is not reinforced by the critics he cares about most Despite acclaim from reviewers nationwide, neither the Sunday nor daily *Times* has ever reviewed Talese decently, and, some think, never will, so deeply do *Times* executives resent Gay's unflattering portraits in *The Kingdom and the Power*. Christopher Lehmann-Haupt, an honest-to-goodness New Journalism skeptic whom Pete Hamill derides from below as a man "who parts his name in the middle," cast aspersions on both *Kingdom* and *Honor* in the daily *Times* "Gay produces a feeling of vertigo in me," Lehmann Haupt comments "I'm perfectly willing to say he is honest and accurate, but I'm not willing to assume that aesthetically as I read along My nerve endings won't comply with what I theoretically know It's that dizzying sensation of not knowing how he knew Clifton Daniel liked what he saw when he looked down Margaret Truman's décolletage" Dwight Macdonald coined the pejorative "parajournalism" to describe the oeuvre of Tom Wolfe et al in a nasty critique of *The Kandy Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby* He cited their tendency for "exploiting the factual authority of journalism and the atmospheric license of fiction" and referred to Talese as "an Esquire alumnus who now parajournalizes mostly in The *Times*—in a more dignified way of course"

Lehmann-Haupt and Macdonald he can laugh off For they are mere critics, a loathsome subliterate species in Talese's Darwinian world view Themselves unfit for survival in the jungle of book publishing, they dance on the failures of others Wilfrid Sheed, however, has several novels to his credit even though he thrives as a critic As a dues-paying author, Sheed has gained the right to take Talese to task, as he did in *The New York Review of Books*, but not necessarily to wisecrack, in the *Times Book Review* (December 4, 1972), that "[ ] Wolfe was never in the same racket as Gay Talese [ ] " Racket? Racket? How could Sheed be so cruel to call his oeuvre a racket? Surely he deserves more respect. "They have no idea how hard it is for me to write That's my problem—they don't put timers on I move with great efficiency and professionalism and timing I don't want to do somersaults out there when it should have been an easy play The writing I do is very deceptive, but it's like passing kidney stones with each word The sentences in *The Kingdom and the Power* and *Honor Thy Father* Read the first paragraph of the DiMaggio piece or *The Paris Review Crowd* Look at the leads in the *Fame and Obscurity* collection. There's a flow It's tight. It's polished. It's good It holds together Reading it ten years later I wouldn't change a word I have pride in my writing and when somebody calls it a racket, I get very, very angry. [ ] . If only Sheed would write a *successful* book, he would be a kinder person."

Nobody appreciates the trouble Gay Talese has seen on the way to the top He was less than an overnight sensation and frequently endured humiliations at the hands of his inferiors The *Times*, an employer of last resort, hired him as an office boy in 1953. He tried to establish an immediate foothold in New York before going off to the Army to fulfill an R.O.T.C. obligation. His inaugural at The *Times* was an editorial on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the neon-light newsreel that used to wrap around the old Times building. He sold his first story to King Features Syndicate in January of 1954 and received the following letter from Jack Thompson of the Syndicate.

"I assume by this time you've got the check for the twin story. There is one unfortunate thing, however. The boss just wouldn't go for your by-line on it I do think you'll have to have some other first name than 'Gay.' At least for us. He says it sounds like a stripteaser I'm quite sure you weren't baptized that and for a man it is highly unsuitable. I'm sorry about it but anyway you're getting the dough Next time let's try to think up some other first name."

Talese kept in touch with The *Times* during his Army separation by sending the paper stories and when he returned he was promoted to sports reporter. Red Smith was his idol then But he never settled into the mold Game coverage bored him. He would often bury the score in the ninth paragraph His heart was in the sidebar, not on the sidelines. The *Times* shifted him to its Albany bureau in 1959 Here he was supposed to earn his reportorial spurs. Instead he botched the trial by fighting city hall, that is, the rewrite boys back in the city room who constantly doctored his text. The least they could do was lift his by-line from edited stories and save him the embarrassment No go *Times* policy was unswerving stories of seven paragraphs or more required a by-line. Talese soon fixed their wagon by turning in pieces of no more than six paragraphs When the editors caught on, Talese had his epaulets ripped off The *Times* did not truck with young wise guys. They would break him on day rewrite, the lowest station in all of journalism. For several months he was confined to typing up minor obits and similar odd jobs that tax day rewrite men He balked, however, on doing the *Times* daily index Eventually, they had to parole him. He was already publishing in Esquire and their own Sunday *Magazine*

Talese gradually became a star as a general-assignment reporter in the Sixties, specializing in the offbeat "New York is a city of things unnoticed," he led off in *New York—A Serendipiter's Journey*, an early book that noticed the weirdness of Manhattan and some of its more colorful citizens. His only ambition then was to have a column in The *Times*. He subbed for Meyer Berger's "About New York" column and hoped to succeed in the same spot after Berger But The *Times* dropped the feature, forcing Talese to search elsewhere for the sort of freedom he coveted He almost latched on to a column in *The Herald Tribune* in 1963. If Breslin had been willing to surrender two of his five columns a week on the *Trib*, Talese would have jumped leagues. The plan fell through. "You know Breslin," Clay Felker, then editor of the *Tribune*'s Sunday magazine, *New York*, told him, "he's no philanthropist"

Although Talese moonlighted in Esquire, he gamely hung on to The *Times*. He became so depressed that he would go to a movie rather than show at The *Times* around the corner. He couldn't be himself there, and punching the paper's clock was murder on the magazine articles he judged his best writing. One day in 1965 Talese informed his friend, metropolitan editor Abe Rosenthal, that he couldn't go on Rosenthal, who had long encouraged him to stay, finally said okay. Talese went into a trance Ten years of his life and dreams had just been casually terminated. He couldn't talk. He left his beloved *Times* without saying good-bye to anyone As he headed up Forty-third Street for the crosstown shuttle, he began to cry He didn't belong anymore.

Pileggi hints that *The Kingdom and the Power* was therapy for his cousin For the book prolonged Talese's association with The *Times* for three more years. When he was done with *Kingdom* in 1968, he resumed research on the Bonannos This project had been cut short in 1965 with the outbreak of the inter-Mafia "Banana War" Now the heat was off and Bill Bonanno was approachable once again Talese stepped into the Mafia isolation booth and many months later emerged with the inside dope on a lamentable gang of straight-shooting noble savages

The non-racket school of Talese criticism hits him for concentrating on celebrity and glamour Where are the issues? "I write about people, people are issues. I wrote about black men in Floyd Patterson better than Baldwin ever wrote about black men. That Patterson piece [*The Loser*] was a classic

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It's really about what it's like to be poor and black without making a whole big political *issue* about it." When you ask Talese where he was during Vietnam, he sneers at writers who marched to end the war. He gives his money to individuals, not causes. For example, the six-figure trust fund attorney Paul Gitlin set up for the four young children of Bill Bonanno with half the proceeds from all foreign, radio and TV rights to *Honor Thy Father*. Financial help may someday enable them to break the family cycle of crime. "I'm like Sinatra. He knows a lot of broken-down sax players whom he helps to support and he doesn't advertise it."

In September, Talese started sorting his vast collection of erotica which includes, in addition to his own notes and interviews, the diaries, autobiographies and jottings of scores of willing subjects. Although the research is still unfinished, he was ready to get on with the first half of the book—the intertwining biographies of five people whose sexuality was irretrievably altered in the Sixties. In the second half Talese will debut as a character in one of his own productions. There are no "detached observers" in massage parlors or sex communes. Can Talese make the transition from behind the scene to front and center? He has already exhibited extreme stage fright in writing about his escapades in the flesh. He totally blocked last year on a Sandstone article for Esquire. At least one magazine editor in town is betting Talese will never complete his sex book. But if he follows through (and the smart money is on completion) it is bound to be colossal. His work in-progress will very likely do for the sex revolution what *The Kingdom and the Power* and *Honor Thy Father* did for The *Times* and the Mafia.

I read Talese the following passage from F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Crack-Up*: ". . . I began to realize that for two years my life had been drawing on resources that I did not possess, that I had been mortgaging myself physically and spiritually up to the hilt."

"That's a great line," he said, "and use it if you want. But it's not true. I've been writing this book since I was eleven years old. . . . It's wonderful not to have to lie. I was out with Marilyn Chambers, the girl in *Behind the Green Door*, last night. I saw her new movie and then went to Huntington Hartford's house. I was out until four a.m. and I told Nan. No lying. I learned that at Sandstone. It's wonderful."

If you say so, Gay. But I still love my grandmother. ✠

THE F.B.I.'S TEN MOST WANTED FUGITIVES

(Continued from page 145) caped from Alcatraz. Top List.

"Washington, D.C., Aug. 12 [Special]—The Federal Bureau of Investigation has issued a new list of ten public enemies, headed by a Texas prison fugitive, and containing the names of two men supposed to have been drowned when they escaped from Alcatraz Island prison . . ."

The story then listed the names and descriptions, numbered one through ten, of five robbers, a kidnapper, a robber-kidnapper, a cop killer, a dope dealer and a labor racketeer. The description of one fugitive, Joseph Paul Cretzer, sounds strangely familiar.

"Cretzer has twenty aliases and is known as an unusually fine dresser, who rarely lets down the bars so far as to wear a polo shirt."

The F.B.I. continued this clever practice through the Forties, as late as February 7, 1949, when a dispatch appeared on the Associated Press wire naming James Edward Burns, an escapee accused of assaulting and robbing a prison official, as one of the Bureau's "most wanted men." It then revealed this information:

"The Bureau does not have a formal public enemy list, but in response to an inquiry said today that any roll call of the men it is most eager to pick up certainly would include Burns. The F.B.I. said such a roll call also would include these nine others . . ."

The story went on to list four robbers, a wife killer, a girl stabber, a check forger, a confidence operator and the perpetrator of a fraudulent advertising scheme, and included ten fearsome mug shots provided by the F.B.I.

While Mr. Hoover's continued duplicity in the matter is certainly curious and perhaps, to more cynical readers, even amusing, it in itself probably would not have harmed the program. Rather, it was his outspoken public campaign to inspire loathing for crime, and his own weird definition of crime that developed in the late Fifties and early Sixties, that directly led to the Top Ten list's current emasculation.

First made contact in June this year with the Supervisory Special Agent in charge of Fugitive Publicity (S.S.A.-F.P.) at F.B.I. headquarters, Washington, D.C. S.S.A.F.P., a Caucasian American, is forty-four, five feet, ten inches tall, weighs 170 pounds, with dark brown hair, blue eyes and sharp "mod" shirt decorated in pink roses. He esteems himself a family man, with a wife and five children, and is fond of golf and bowling. He should be considered pleasant and cooperative, but refuses to let his name be used by the press.

"Why is that?" I asked.

"We just don't like to use our names," he said, a bit sheepishly. "We just like to be known as the F.B.I." Then he explained his job to me.

"We handle a lot more than just the Top Ten program. Up here, anybody who is a fugitive, a federal fugitive, has his name routed through my desk. And the ones we consider the most dangerous, we'll send out I.O.s on—Identification Orders, the wanted posters you see pinned up in the post offices. We've sent out almost five thousand since the Bureau began, and we now average about seventy-five a year."

I asked him if the Ten Most Wanted were treated differently from the rest.

"Well, with the Top Ten," he said, "we use a complete saturation campaign, as far as the media is concerned. But even with the others we often use the press, particularly special-interest publications."

"Special interest?"

"Sure. Before we issue an I.O. on a fugitive, we're gonna find out as much as we can about him. If he has a medical problem, we'll send his picture to the A.M.A. Journal. If he wears prescription glasses, we'll send it to ophthalmologist magazines. One fugitive had a certain kind of dog—there was something wrong with it. So we sent his picture to all the veterinarian journals."

"Like you take this guy Paddock, who's on the current Top Ten list." The special agent was referring to Benjamin Hoskins Paddock, a forty-seven-year-old federal prison escapee with twelve aliases, including "Big Daddy," "Chromedome" and "Old Baldy," and special interests in bank robbery, auto thievery, check passing and contract bridge. "He's enthusiastic about stock-car racing, so we got his picture printed in *The Sporting News*."

"Do these magazines generally go along with your requests?" I asked.

"Oh yeah, we've had excellent cooperation from the media. For example, *Bronze Thrills* has been directly responsible for the apprehension of thirteen fugitives."

The Bureau has also had excellent cooperation from the public. According to F.B.I. statistics, 101 of 297 Top Ten apprehensions resulted from tips by "alert, law-abiding citizens."

In 1961, for instance, a St. Paul citizen touring F.B.I. headquarters in Washington—and it's really a super tour that you all should take; they shoot live ammunition and everything—spotted a recently posted I.O. of Hugh Bion Morse, Most Wanted for trying to kill his estranged wife. "Hey, that's my neighbor," remarked the citizen, and Minneapolis F.B.I. agents, the story goes, busted Morse before the tour was over.

Another St. Paul citizen, fourteen-year-old Jimmy Radeck, was responsible for one of the first Top Ten arrests after the program officially began in 1950, when he recognized a photograph in the newspaper his mother had spread out after mopping the kitchen floor. It was the face of a grandfatherly hermit who lived in a cave on the nearby Mississippi River, a gentle recluse with whom Jimmy and his playmates had spent many friendly hours. But Jimmy, good lad, understood well the obligations of alert, law-abiding citizenship: he immediately snitched to the F.B.I.

The hermit, it turned out, was William Raymond Nesbit, an escaped convict from South Dakota State Penitentiary who, in 1936, killed a man during a $37,000 jewel robbery, dumped his body in a powder shack and blew it up with 3500 pounds of dynamite and 7000 pounds of black powder.



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"How does the selection process work?" I asked the special agent. "What advice can you give aspiring young criminals who want to make the Top Ten?"

"Well, we choose them here in this office," he said. "Of course, our nominations have to be approved by the Director, but I can't recall a case where our recommendation wasn't followed. What we look for is, one, does the fugitive have a lengthy criminal record? And, two, are his crimes particularly violent or vicious in nature—basically, in other words, would society be a lot safer without him?"

"What do you mean by vicious?"

"Well, you know, if someone shoots somebody in an argument, that's one thing. If he stabs him thirty-five times, it's a lot different."

Another consideration, he explained, is how much would Top Ten exposure aid in the capture of a particular criminal—which leads to the question of public pressure. "Sometimes public sentiment can run real high," he said, "and it could very well determine that we put a man on the list." He mentioned as examples the listing of James Earl Ray, of Joseph Corbett Jr., sought for the kidnap-murder of Colorado beer baron Adolph Coors III, and of Walter Lee Parman, wanted for strangling to death a young civil-service secretary in Washington, D.C. "We know in these situations the media is going to give them a lot more attention," he said.

In the case of Parman, however, the F.B.I. and the media might have saved themselves the trouble. After his capture, conviction and sentencing to life imprisonment, Parman ingeniously escaped from Lorton Reformatory in Virginia. Recalled the special agent, "He told the warden he'd been invited to speak at some university here, either Georgetown or George Washington, I forget which. He was to lecture on the criminal justice system in front of some group called the Governmental Information Organization. A guard drove him up to the university, but when the guard got out of the car and turned around, Parman had disappeared.

"Later, when the warden checked with the people at the university, they said they never heard of the lecture and they never heard of any group called the Governmental Information Organization."

The special agent walked over to a file cabinet and withdrew a colorful, thirteen-page history of the program prepared for the press. "This will give you some other interesting facts about our Top Tenners."

"Top Tenners," I said, "sounds like the finalists in an operatic contest."

"Well, actually, we did have one guy who loved to hang around piano bars singing Irish lullabies." He pointed to an item in the press release concerning Stanley William Fitzgerald, arrested in Oregon after two days on the list for allegedly shooting to death a boozing buddy—perhaps a music critic—in Truckee, California. According to the item, "He was reportedly heard singing lustily in a Colorado Springs, Colorado, tavern and traced to Portland where he was quickly apprehended."

The press release is interesting, not so much for its facts, as for what the F.B.I. considers interesting. One section, entitled "The Fugitive's Attitude," lists the "famous last words" of several Top Tenners at the time of their capture—instructive little testimonials like, "I'm glad it's over. You guys are too hot for me!" And, "You men are real gentlemen, and if I had to be picked up, I'm glad it was by the F.B.I."

Then there was Leonard Daniel Spears, wanted for murder and armed robbery, who refused to admit his identity until shown his own Identification Order at the Tampa F.B.I. office. "Brightening markedly," states the press release, "he proudly commented, 'It's a good likeness!'" Jack Daniel Sayadoff also refused to give his true name when arrested for bank robbery and kidnapping. But he became philosophical when agents pointed out the telltale tattoo "born to lose" on his right arm. Sayadoff simply sighed and said, "How true."

Sayadoff isn't mentioned in the press release, but his tattoo is, in a special paragraph on Top Ten tattoos that sounds like it was written for *Women's Wear Daily*.

"Tattooed initials predominate, but names and nicknames of girl friends, the American flag, roses and hearts with inscribed initials are also popular, as are daggers, arrows, anchors, skulls, horseshoes, mermaids and eagles. The animal and insect worlds have not been neglected, for a black cat, a skunk, a coiled snake, a pig, a butterfly and a rose with a banner and a bird were also present on the anatomy of some of these fugitives."

Another section of the press release describes the program's "banner year," 1968, when an all-time high of 33 Top Tenners were arrested. That was the year James Earl Ray was put on the list and captured, and it included, says the release, a number of "significant firsts," such as the first arrest of a Most Wanted Fugitive in Hawaii, the first listing of a criminal named Jones, and the first listing of a woman—Ruth Eisemann-Schier, charged with the kidnapping and live burial of young Barbara Jane Mackle in Florida.

I recalled for the agent a *Parade* magazine article published in 1954 that stated, "No woman has ever made the list. There just aren't any female crooks in a class with [grand larcenist] Henry Mitchell and [bank robber] Fred Bowerman." And I asked the supervisory special agent if women today were breaking through these chauvinistic attitudes and getting more involved in crime.

"Oh, for sure," he said. "We're seeing more and more woman criminals all the time. I think the Uniform Crime Report bears this out. That's our Bible, it's compiled by the Bureau and the International Association of Chiefs of Police, and it lists all the arrest statistics for each year. It shows, for example, that while crimes by men have recently increased 2.7 percent, crimes by women have increased 7.4 percent. I think it goes along with the trend of society. After all, the F.B.I. just last year hired its first woman agent."

Although male criminals still outnumber females six to one, three women currently are listed among the Ten Most Wanted. But then, as I've already indicated, today's list is freaky in a lot of ways. For example, the average age of all 318 Top Tenners, at the time they're placed on the list, is thirty-six and a half. But the average for the current Ten is twenty-five and a half. And while, as the special agent claimed, candidates normally must have lengthy criminal records (J. Edgar Hoover in 1954 described Top Tenners as "habitual lawbreakers, not one-time offenders"), only two of today's Most Wanted ever committed a previous crime.

In his colorful novel, *Masters of Deceit*, published in 1958, Hoover quotes from a report on Communist doctrines he issued to the U.S. Attorney General in 1919:

"These doctrines threaten the happiness of the community, the safety of every individual, and the continuance of every home and fireside. They would destroy the peace of the country and thrust it into a condition of anarchy and lawlessness and immorality that passes imagination.

"Today, as I write these words, my conclusions of 1919 remain the same. Communism is the major menace of our time. Today, it threatens the very existence of our Western civilization."

Well, if Communism is the major menace our time, Hoover must have reasoned, why are we still squandering the Ten Most Wanted Fugitives program on capitalistic bank robbers and loyal American murderers? Trouble was, those Communists and leftists were just too goddamned deceitful to commit any honest, hard-core crimes. Oh, there were some pretty rowdy demonstrations and minor riots which, in Hoover's mind, were dangerous enough to get Hubert Geroid "Rap" Brown and White Panther Lawrence Robert Plamondon on the list and eventually captured. And there was this S.D.S. guy, Cameron David Bishop, who allegedly, in 1969, blew up four power transmission towers in Colorado, so they put him on the list.

Then—kaboom!—in 1970, during a two-month period, radicals committed three violent crimes, and many people began wondering if Hoover hadn't actually known all along what he was talking about. On August 7, a judge and three prisoners were slain at Marin County Courthouse in California during an attempt to free Soledad Brother George Jackson. On August 24, a researcher was killed at the University of Wisconsin when a bomb exploded in Sterling Hall, object of many S.D.S. demonstrations. And on September 23, a Boston policeman was killed, allegedly by radicals, during a $26,000 robbery of the State Street Bank and Trust Company.

Naturally the F.B.I. fugitive publicists, after being harangued for years by Hoover's violent political lectures, completely flipped out. They immediately placed Angela Yvonne Davis on the Ten Most Wanted list, because she was a

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Communist and proud of it and because she purchased the guns that eventually were used at the Marin County Courthouse (She later was judged innocent of any wrongdoing.) Then, for the Wisconsin bombing, they added four Students for a Democratic Society—Karleton Lewis Armstrong, his brother, Dwight Alan, Leo Frederick Burt and eighteen-year-old David Sylvan Fine, the youngest fugitive ever placed on the list. Finally, they added Susan Edith Saxe and Katherine Ann Power, members of the unnamed "radical, revolutionary group" that supposedly pulled the Boston bank job.

When Angela Davis was arrested in New York on October 13, she was replaced on the list by another woman, Weatherman leader Bernardine Rae Dohrn, wanted for "interstate flight to avoid prosecution for mob action and violation of federal anti-riot laws," in other words, for advocating the breaking of windows during the Weatherman's "Days of Rage" in Chicago in October, 1969. (Similar charges against several other participants in the demonstration have since been dropped.)

On February 17, 1972, Karleton Armstrong was captured in Toronto, but his brother Dwight remains on the list, as do Burt, Fine, Saxe, Power, Dohrn, Bishop, "Chromedome" Paddock and a fellow named Charles Lee Herron, wanted for allegedly killing a Nashville policeman in 1968. Which means that seven of the current Ten Most Wanted Fugitives are on the list in part for their political activities—maybe eight, since Herron never committed a previous crime, and agents point out that they found "considerable amounts of inflammatory racial hatred literature" in his car. I mentioned this bizarre situation to the Supervisory Special Agent in charge of Fugitive Publicity.

"Well, we don't classify Saxe and Power as political, on the theory that they're wanted for murder, a traditional crime," he argued. "The same would go for Armstrong, Burt, Fine and Bishop."

"Yes, but what about Bernardine Dohrn?" I asked. "Certainly she never bombed anybody or stabbed anyone thirty-five times."

"No, but with Bernardine, the main reason she was put on the list was for her public utterances, for what she said she was *going* to do."

That seems like an extremely novel definition of crime, I said.

"Well, but she was making these violent threats," explained the special agent. "And that certainly was a concern to the F.B.I. and to all law-enforcement agencies. We were trying to prevent her from doing these things, we wanted to get her out of the picture. By putting her on the Top Ten, we were able to *negate* her, we drove her underground."

"Is that why you're having so much trouble catching these Top Tenners?" I asked. "Because you've driven them underground?"

"That might have a bearing on it," he conceded. "A lot of them do run in different circles than your conventional criminal, we're dealing with a different breed of people. You take your hardened criminal—he's gonna commit another crime, which makes it easier for us to catch him. But these people—a lot of them are frightened, and we don't really expect them to try anything again."

"Well, why didn't you think of that when you put them on the list?"

"When we put someone on the list," the agent said, "we do not consider if it's going to be difficult to find him or not." Then he smiled and shrugged. "And, you know, hopefully business will pick up."

Perhaps there is reason for hope. I think I saw it in the eyes of a young social-science graduate, a prospective F.B.I. agent who took me and several other visitors on the F.B.I. headquarters tour later that afternoon. I liked him because of all the people I'd met at the headquarters that day, he seemed to be the only one capable of wincing.

He winced in front of the F.B.I.'s big "Crime of the Century" display. "Uh . . . here's another controversial exhibit," he said. "You probably can't guess what the F.B.I. considers the crime of the century, so I'll tell you. It's the "case of the A-bomb spies"—that's right, the Rosenbergs."

He winced in front of a picture of Bernardine Dohrn, then, brightening markedly, he proudly commented, "Bernardine is our best-educated Top Tenner. She holds a law degree from the University of Chicago." And he winced in front of the "Communism, Freedom's Enemy" exhibit, a garish thing with a four-foot-high metal fist wrapped in chains. "There's some talk about having this one removed when we move to the new building," he said. A few weeks later it was removed, the F.B.I. explaining that the exhibit had become "dated" in what was now "a different political climate."

After the tour, I mentioned to the guide my amusement at those particular displays. He nodded and winced again. "I know," he said, "but the F.B.I., you know, is like everybody else. We make mistakes, too."

I said I understood.

"After all," he confided, "we're only human." #

WHAT IF WE'RE STILL SCARED, BORED AND BROKE?

(Continued from page 240) *purpose* for the formation of intelligent life.

During the early twentieth century a bit of astronomical backlash occurred. In the ongoing speculation about the origin of the solar system, the theory took hold that our sun obtained planets as the result of some rare cosmic cataclysm—perhaps a collision with another star—that was not likely to happen more than once. Therefore other stars didn't have planets like our sun, therefore we were Unique. Nobody believes this flattering proposition anymore, though. As J. Allen Hynek, director of Dearborn Observatory, has put it, to say that our sun is the only star to have planets is like saying that your cat is the only cat in the world that can have kittens. Indeed, the smart cosmic money nowadays seems agreed that the universe may as likely as not have produced, along with other solar systems, other critters to live on them. The other critters may as likely as not have developed technology. If they resemble you-know-who, they will have this inborn impulse to colonize and conquer; we may as well assume they would spread like cancer as soon as they could, just as we will, and pollute the cosmos until it looks like the Long Island Expressway on a Friday night, as best they can, just as we will try to do.

As to how much of this may be going on: there are a hundred billion stars in our galaxy, and about a hundred billion observable galaxies in space. And our sun, though it may hurt our pride, is a perfectly average star. This makes for an awful lot of potential launching pads.

The quasi-scientific literature on these matters is, of course, as the sands of the sea. But at the same time, there are programs in operation designed to work out means of communication with possible extraterrestrial civilizations, at dozens of universities, here, in Russia, and elsewhere. If you are curious about the state of research, you may read *Intelligent Life in the Universe*, by I. S. Shklovskii of Moscow University and Carl Sagan of Cornell. This covers everything from basic astronomy and basic biology to more swinging considerations like how We could contact Them, how They could be advanced computers, and how maybe the moons of Mars are artificial satellites. The odds that we may already have been visited by extraterrestrial voyagers who left us a lot of mythology and a pinch of civilization and culture gets a whole chapter. Unfortunately for the drooling salivary glands of your imagination, the authors have international scientific reputations to maintain. They cautiously and reliably indicate the possibilities for all these goodies, but no guarantees.

Well, as many of us felt watching one more set of Apollo chaps tromping about on the barren lunar dust, what's the good of that? We pay our tax money, we're not asking necessarily for a black monolith, but they could at least find a lichen or two, or with some luck maybe a nice little piece of ground glass. Some action, fellas?

Action is what *Chariots of the Gods?* and *Gods From Outer Space* have plenty of. Or, at any rate, confidence.

In person, von Däniken is utterly charming and disarming. All the literary persons I know are paranoid, and all the philosophical synthesizers I have met are aggressive monomaniacs. Going to meet him while he was in L.A. getting checked out for a talk show, I rather expected this one would be six foot six with a booming voice, and I worried about this because I cower easily. But he was comfortingly short, sweetly reasonable, and showed me—very first thing—the photo of his wife, daughter and Great Dane in the scrap-



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book filled with clippings. Irresistibly softened, I happened to murmur that I was a poet and thus committed to the expansion of humanity's imagination, and that my husband was an astrophysicist, whereupon he wanted to know if the astrophysicist had read the books. Since I cannot tell a lie, I allowed as how my hubby had no theoretical objections to space travelsare, but thought the evidence von Däniken had presented was rather worthless.

Von Däniken just beamed. Apparently this was quite all right. As he sees it, some of his ideas may be right and some may be wrong. He doesn't worry about this too much, for only the future will show, and his own role is to ask questions and generate interest in further investigation. Intelligence means inquiring, and this is all he does. The archaeologists have their explanations for things, and he has his. One must look at things, he explained, with the right eyes. Did the book imply that our space friends were cohabiting with the neolithic ladies? He shook his head understandingly and looked at me as if we two were the only sensible people left in the world. "That of course would be impossible because the chromosome numbers would be different." Oh. Then did the book explain Original Sin as our backsliding ancestors copulating with animals and producing regressive hybrids? A sympathetic smile. "No, you see, that cannot happen. I am only repeating what the myths say." Might one, then, legitimately complain that every time he sees something in battle armor on a cave wall he thinks it's a space suit? Not at all. The archaeologists see battle armor, and that is a satisfactory explanation. But he looks with modern eyes and sees space suits, and that is a satisfactory explanation too.

In fact, von Däniken assured me, exact scientific evidence for his theories has not yet been found. But it does exist. "For myself there is absolutely no doubt." The extraterrestrial beings could not teach our savage great grandparents complex technology. They planted seeds which had to develop on their own, over the forty thousand or so years from their first advent to the present. Nor did they leave advanced relics like, say, transistors lying about as a proof of their existence, since they knew that such objects would be lost or destroyed before mankind could get around to understanding what they were.

However, they have left messages for us. These have been placed in logical, mathematical hiding places. We must discover these hiding places. Many of these concrete proofs are there, somewhere. Now we are capable of comprehending them. In twenty to twenty-five years we will find them. In fifteen to twenty years we will already be traveling to the nearest stars. In fifty to a hundred years we will be voyaging through the galaxy.

Speaking of concrete proofs, one of the stories in *Gods From Outer Space* particularly appealed to me. In 1938, it seems, a Chinese archaeologist discovered some rows of graves in the mountain caves of a Sino-Tibetan border area. The graves contained delicately formed skeletons with, however, inexplicably large skulls. The cave walls had astronomical drawings and pictures of creatures in round helmets. Nearby were found seven hundred and sixteen granite disks, each with a hole in the middle, each spirally inscribed in a mysterious script. This script was finally deciphered by a professor at the Academy of Prehistoric Research in Peking. According to von Däniken's informant in *Gods*, "The stone plate story says that twelve thousand years ago, reckoned from today, a group of their people had crashed onto the third planet of this system. Their aircraft ... had no longer had power to leave this world again. They had been destroyed in the remote and inaccessible mountains. There had been no means and materials for building new aircraft." Not had, eh? "We are told that these beings who had crashed onto the earth had tried to make friends with the inhabitants of the mountains, but had been hunted down and killed. The story ends: 'Men, women and children hid themselves in the caves until sunset. Then they believed the sign and saw that the others had come with peaceful intentions this time. . . .'" To top it off, there are supposed to be "Chinese sagas which precisely in the Baian Kara Ula region tell of small spindly yellow beings who came down from the clouds. The myth goes on to say that the alien creatures were shunned by the Dropas because of their ugliness, indeed that they were killed by the men in 'the quick way.'"

Now if that doesn't have the ring of truth, I'm not a hominid. But von Däniken regretted to say that the story was told him secondhand by his Russian friend Kassanzev. The site, he had found, was registered in a catalog somewhere in Peking University. And the whereabouts of this translation of the stone disks was unclear. He hoped he would be able to track it down.

Screw the stone disks, man. What about the skeletons? If they still exist, chemical tests of their isotope ratios should indicate whether or not they are of terrestrial origin. Or so my friends on the other side of the culture gap inform me. Concrete proof, man, concrete proof. Are the skeletons still there? Alas, von Däniken paused, hands in air, brow puckered, didn't know, a little distressed, we went on to talk about U.F.O.'s. He feels these are natural phenomena, not spaceships, or else they would be contacting us in a serious way. Perhaps they are some kind of time machines sent to observe us. Next to archaeologists and Jesus people, flying-saucer fanatics irritate him the most, always making crazy statements in the question periods at his lectures. He never argues with these characters. He only wants his beliefs to reach as many ears as possible, to continue investigating, and to encourage others to do so.

Right, Erich. Don't argue. But wherever you are, please try and get somebody to check out them bones. ■

HUGH HEFNER'S DAUGHTER

(Continued from page 170) pressed? But in some ways, of course, I am like Hef. I'm aggressive, I'm an individualist, I make my own way. I'll never work for the magazine, even though I want to go into journalism. In a way, it will be harder for my brother than for me. He's a senior in high school now. Men are supposed to make their own careers but women are just expected to get married. That makes me more free to do other things."

What do you think about marriage?

"I want to have children, and I'll get married for their sake. Paul might want to get married sooner—he's older. But otherwise . . . well, I'm not anti-marriage, but I've seen two marriages fail dismally.

"It was kind of funny, when Hef met Paul for the first time. You know, like taking your boyfriend home to Daddy, and Daddy is Hugh Hefner? I met Paul in November of my freshman year and that summer I brought him home. Paul was sort of nervous, of course. It was frightening for him the first time we went to the mansion, I think, but Hef liked him at first sight and we spent until four a.m. talking about everything under the sun. . . ."

Since her father apparently approved of her private life, I asked Christie what she thought about his.

"I don't think he's really a male chauvinist pig—not as an individual, anyway," she said. "I think he's been needlessly libeled because of his personal life. But I'm realistic enough to know that sort of libel helps to sell the magazine. He doesn't play around a lot; his relationships tend to be monogamous.

"On the other hand, Hef would never go out with a woman as independent-minded as I am. You only have to look at the women he dates to see that he's got to be the dominant one. The magazine doesn't really represent his lifestyle at all, who else would go to Maxim's in Paris and bring in his own chefs to make fried chicken?

"His current girl, Barbi, has really been good for him, I think. She blasted him out of that house. He had submerged himself in the magazine for so long he was even sickly looking. I remember as a youngster being appalled that he didn't even go out to *vote*. Now he has the Los Angeles home, he went to Africa, he has a lot more interests. Maybe he's learned to relax."

Christie reached over for a copy of the current *Playboy* on the coffee table and flipped through it, stopping at the centerfold.

"People ask me if I'm so liberated, how can I not be absolutely disgusted by *Playboy*? But I think it's a good magazine. I read it from cover to cover every month. Hef has been behind a lot of the feminist causes, like abortion and child care . . . . What I *do* object to is *Playboy*'s contribution to American notions of female beauty. Look at this centerfold. A flawless woman with perfect features, no moles, no birthmarks, no pimples . . . at least the women in *Oui* look a little more real."

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What about *Penthouse*?

"I read it once and the word for it is seedy. But I read it *only* once, and I don't know if the impression has more to do with its contents or with its design."

She examined the centerfold more closely.

"Still, the girls who pose are paid well, and they do it by choice. And the article about each girl at least tries to present her as a human being. We're not talking about crotch shots and exploitative things like that. And if some of the articles make the girls sound insipid, well, I've met the girls and some of them *are* insipid."

Christie's mother, a tanned, blonde, very handsome woman, came in through the front door with her golf cart and announced that she had shot a 68 and thought that was pretty good. She called upstairs for Paul and they left on a mission to the shopping center.

Christie sat on a couch with her knees tucked up underneath her chin, and said: "Mother's a pretty remarkable person. She had so much to do with me turning out fairly well. She's never found anyone to give her as much as she deserves. I have nothing but bad memories of her second husband. I took his name for a while, as a convenience, but I was never adopted and now I'm going back to Hefner. He is my father, and I like him. It will cause problems, being asked *constantly* if I'm his daughter, but I'm old enough to live with it."

She looked at a point on the ceiling. "I'm going to graduate as Christie Hefner," she said, "and I just got elected to Phi Beta Kappa, and I'm going to go through the initiation as Christie Hefner. I think it'll make Hef proud." ##

THE ART OF THE CONCERTMASTER

(Continued from page 259) Druian shrugs, leaving the sentence unfinished.

In Cleveland Druian, known to have Szell's backing, might even talk to the wind players about their artistic problems. They wouldn't mind. He couldn't do that in New York. But in Cleveland Szell had created a musical togetherness among the players. They felt like a large chamber ensemble with the sole aim of bringing the composer's intentions alive. He could be trying because he permitted no letdown. On tour he would exhort the players to perform with the same intensity in a small town as in Carnegie Hall, or in Vienna or Leningrad. Everybody had to be at the hall one hour prior to the performance. On tour, the musicians had to break up their poker games and get into the bus, and there would be griping. Backstage, Szell would already be in his room. Presently, he would start wandering around to see whether everybody was warming up. If they were playing Mozart, Szell's god, there would be extra tension. The orchestra was shocked in Salzburg when Karajan conducted. He likes to arrive at the hall sixty seconds before the beginning of the concert.

Druian remembers some memorable concerts under Szell as the climaxes of his musical life. A *Missa Solemnis* performance in Carnegie Hall left performers and listeners exhausted and elated. He has rarely had such moments since joining the New York Philharmonic. He was shocked a while ago when a young player came to see him in despair. He had worked hard and he'd made it, he was a member of a celebrated orchestra, and now, a few months later, his illusions were shattered. "Tell me, Mr. Druian," he said. "If I stay here ten years will I be," he gave an unhappy shrug, "like so many here?" Druian nodded, just as unhappy.

The New York Philharmonic now performs fifty-two weeks a year which is often hailed as an achievement but unfortunately long seasons don't always create better orchestras. More concerts often mean less rehearsals which is bad for the orchestra. It is not true that "musicians hate to rehearse." They like it if they get something out of it, which depends on the conductor. Shorter seasons might mean less income but they give the musicians time to play as soloists or with chamber groups, and generally to refill their artistic batteries. Most violinists in an orchestra are trained to become soloists. Quite a few of them once hoped to be a new Heifetz. Having realized that they are not able to do it, they seek some solace in activities outside the orchestra so they will develop as musicians and have the strength to carry on in their often frustrating job as orchestra players. Many would rather play string quartet in a small hall than a concert in sold-out Lincoln Center under a conductor of dubious merit.

This is no longer possible when the season lasts the whole year. The players will have more money and more ulcers. The problem is more acute with string players who are considered more "anonymous" by some conductors (who should know better) and by the management than, for instance, the oboe or French horn players. Among the woodwinds and brass, each player performs his individual part. Among the first violinists, eighteen perform the same part. This creates another fallacy: wind players are more important because there are fewer of them. (The great experts rarely know that up to Brahms the orchestra sound was basically string sound.) This fallacy exists everywhere. Certain prominent wind players of the Berlin Philharmonic are often singled out for special praise and publicity. They are excellent, no doubt, and no other orchestra touches them when they perform Debussy's *La Mer* under Karajan, but I've never read about, say, the viola players who are absolutely necessary for the success of the performance. No wonder that string players are the most frustrated members of the orchestra, which creates a morale problem and questions for the concertmaster.

"Suppose a man wants a day off. If he's going to relax at the beach with the kids he should be excused because he'll play better tomorrow. But what if he wants the day for an outside engagement to make a little extra money? He needs the money but will he play better with the orchestra tomorrow? One tries to be fair but one can't avoid mistakes, and after too many mistakes the men may lose confidence in you. Trying to maintain the integrity of the orchestra, the concertmaster may become a problem for the conductor, even for the management. A great conductor will usually back up his concertmaster. Others couldn't care less about the integrity of the orchestra."

Under a great conductor the concertmaster's job is rewarding. He may be asked for advice and encouraged to give some to the conductor. After Druian noticed that some tension let down during the opening statement of Mozart's *Jupiter Symphony*, when the orchestra was resting and Szell kept on giving the beat, he suggested that the conductor stand motionless instead while everybody counted. Szell accepted this suggestion and the tension remained unbroken.

"Szell knew so much that he took much for granted when others were concerned. Once I was in his London hotel apartment when a noted pianist came in who was to perform with the orchestra. Szell impatiently asked him to 'sit down and play.' The pianist looked around and saw no piano. 'Never mind,' said Szell. 'Sit over there at the table and play.' The poor pianist sat down and played the opening passage of his part with his fingers on the table and, sure enough, Szell jumped up and shouted, 'No, no, that phrase was all wrong!'"

Orchestra musicians take a detached attitude about celebrated soloists performing with the orchestra. Violinists are the worst offenders, each thinking that he could play just as well as, and maybe better than the great violinist standing there. They begin to admire an artist only when he is getting to be "a monument," no longer at the peak of his power. By and large, there is more admiration now among orchestra players for Casals, Heifetz, Rubinstein than thirty years ago. While the soloist performs, the concertmaster must be alert. If it's a pianist, the conductor, standing behind the piano, where the lid is down, may not hear the soloist. The concertmaster, who hears the pianist well, communicates with the conductor who then communicates, hopefully, with the orchestra, yet all this is done imperceptibly, in the tiny fraction of a second.

The concertmaster must always listen carefully, which is not easy. The sound of the orchestra is carried into the auditorium. The brass players, who can play very loudly, sit in the rear. They often cannot hear the violins sitting in front. The timpani, behind the brass, can drown the whole orchestra. The concertmaster listens to the powerful sounds from the rear while leading his own section, acting as a catalyst. On tour he may be up against the bewildering acoustics of a hall they have never played in. Acoustically, Druian's favorite halls are New York (Carnegie Hall), Philadelphia, Boston, Washington (Kennedy Center), Amsterdam, Leningrad, Vienna (Musikverein). The least satisfying is New York's Lincoln Center, "where we don't hear one another." The best halls have no special proscenium, the players' platform merges with the auditorium.

Possibly the hardest part of the concertmaster's job is to preserve successfully a schizophrenic artistic personality. Most of the time he plays with the other first violins but suddenly he may be elevated, maybe only for a few bars, to the exalted role of soloist. Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*, many Haydn symphonies, Mahler's *Fourth*, Brahms's *First*, most orchestra works by Richard Strauss contain tricky solo passages for the concertmaster. He plays them sitting down; only in the *Missa Solemnis* does he stand up, according to tradition. Just as suddenly as he was lifted up to be the soloist, he is plunged down and must submerge in the relative anonymity of the first-fiddle section. Yet it is harder to play a short solo, always following the conductor, than to perform a violin concerto where the great soloist establishes his lines and the orchestra, under the conductor, follows him. Some excellent violinists can't do the constant schizophrenic thing and have to resign as concertmaster.

In the eighteenth century, the *Konzertmeister* was, next to the composer, the most important musician. J. S. Bach was concertmaster in Weimar around 1715. Precise bowing was first introduced in Mannheim, Germany—known as "the composer's paradise"—where the *Konzertmeister* was responsible for the training of the musicians and the preparation of the performance. Haydn conducted his symphonies in the 1790's in London from the cembalo, with the concertmeister (called leader) as number-two man. In Vienna, Mozart conducted the first *Zauberflöte* performance (1791) and Beethoven the *Fidelio* premiere (1805) from the piano. But symphonies were "conducted" by concertmasters (the violinists Schuppanzigh and Clement, among others). In Vienna's *Jahrbuch der Tonkunst* (1796) it says, "It would certainly be better if the *Kapellmeister* at the piano left the conducting to the *Konzertmeister*. Some musicians seem to follow the *Kapellmeister* and others the *Konzertmeister*. Suppose each developed his own tempo. What would the result be?"

In 1810, Spohr began conducting with a roll of notepaper, "without the least noise." He was a fine fiddler and when he became *Kapellmeister* at the Frankfurt Opera, he began conducting with the bow, keeping the violin at hand. "In order to assist what was necessary," as he writes in his autobiography. "Later I laid the violin aside and conducted in French style with the baton." But control was often divided between conductor and concertmaster. In Berlin, Spontini began conducting with the



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baton but only after the concertmaster had announced that the orchestra was "ready." Many violinists continued to conduct with the bow and quite a few bows were broken. "Good heavens, if you were to break fifty bows, that would not prevent your time from being too slow by half!" Berlioz wrote in his *Memoirs*. Visiting La Scala in Milan in 1816, Spohr noticed that "Signor Rolla directed as first violin, . . . while the prompter with the score before him gave the text to the singers." Later, Italy's *maestro al cembalo* became the *maestro concertatore* (conductor) while the *capo d'orchestra* became the *prima violino* (concertmaster). Around 1840, the baton-conductor was firmly established, and there were already some early phonies in the new profession. Leipzig's *Neue Zeitschrift fur Musik* wrote in 1841:

"The fine *Herr Kapellmeister* is nothing but an ornament, and we have sometimes observed that when the orchestra is getting into difficulties he quietly lays down the baton, blows his nose, and then waits until the *Konzertmeister* has rescued it from its perilous situation by the vigorous use of his violin. Then, as if nothing had happened, the *Herr Kapellmeister* gracefully resumes his time-beating."

These lines might well have been written today.

Even the best conductors are unable to answer the often-asked question, "When you give the downbeat indicating the ta-ta-ta-*tah* at the beginning of Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*, exactly *when* does the orchestra come in?" Szell thought for a long time and finally said to me there were certain things in music that defied rational explanation, that a little *mystique* was perhaps not a bad thing. Other great conductors were just as evasive. Apparently they all hopefully give a sign, praying that lightning will strike once again and the whole orchestra will start playing at approximately the same fraction of a second. Druian says, "Probably they start when I attack the first note, instinctively bowing my head. They look at the conductor but somehow see me out of the corner of their eyes. They are all very good and manage to come in so fast that everybody gets the impression that they started at the same time with me." (In French, a logical language, the concertmaster is called *violon solo* or *chef d'attaque*.)

Szell was so sure of his tempi that several tapes of the same Mozart or Schumann symphony, performed months or even years apart, rarely vary more than five seconds. This is quite fantastic since a symphony may last half an hour or so. But even Szell was sometimes so nervous prior to the first bar of the next movement that he would glance down at Druian, sitting below his left arm. Druian would instinctively respond by setting the tempo. After the second bar, Szell, again in complete control, might carry out an imperceptible correction of the tempo, if it was necessary.

It is the concertmaster's traditional duty to make sure that the orchestra is perfectly tuned up. The oboist, whose instrument keeps the pitch best, usually gives the "A" at 440 vibrations (though fiddlers often like a somewhat "higher" A) and then, ideally, everybody adjusts to the oboe. Heat, cold and humidity often ruin the pitch, which must be constantly controlled. Much depends on the oboist's sense of responsibility since he sits up nights making his own reeds. In Cleveland, the woodwinds and the brass would first tune up as a group, followed by the strings. "Other orchestras," Druian says dryly, "are less exact in their standards."

Good musicians always practice. Rudolf Serkin in Cleveland once told Druian that on his next visit they would privately play a few sonatas for violin and piano together. "He knew these sonatas by heart, I'm sure, but two weeks before coming to Cleveland he wrote me asking what I wanted to play so he could practice them. That is musicianship!" Szell once suggested, before he went off on his annual summer vacation in Switzerland, that Druian and he record four Mozart sonatas for piano and violin. He had a piano brought up to his mountain hotel room in Crans-sur-Sierre, at considerable expense, and practiced several hours a day, giving up some time at his beloved golf because (he said later), "I hadn't really practiced the piano for twenty years." Meanwhile Druian practiced in his home in Cleveland. After Szell's return they met in New York and went to Steinway Hall where Szell spent more than two hours selecting a piano for their recording the next day. Surrounded by lovely Steinways, they would play a few bars from each of the four sonatas. Szell, the perfectionist, must have concluded that Druian was well prepared for he suggested no re-

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hearsal. The next morning they went to the studio and recorded the four sonatas, from beginning to end, and that was that.

American orchestras have only one concertmaster. The leading European orchestras have three or four concertmasters, which is better since it gives them time to get away from the daily routine and pursue their musical development. This is good for the concertmaster, and thus for the orchestra. The old argument of whether American or European orchestras are "better" is as meaningless as whether brunettes or blondes are more beautiful. They are different though. Player for player, the members of the leading American orchestras are probably better trained technically because musical education in America considers technical excellence very important. On the other hand, European musicians often have a sounder classical background because education in Europe still places a premium on "tradition" in the good sense of the word. European orchestras are naturally more chauvinistic than American ones; the feeling between, say, the Philharmoniker of Berlin and Vienna is often not based simply on musical matters. Doubtless, though, at the amateur level the average audience is more sophisticated in the large European cities than in America; this is important because people buy tickets and keep the orchestras alive. The ideal fusion develops when a technically almost perfect orchestra is shaped by a classically trained musician (the Cleveland under Szell) or when a beautifully coordinated orchestra has a musical director-for-life who has taste and knows the sweet uses of virtuosity (the Berlin under Karajan). And there is general happiness when a great orchestra and a great conductor "find one another" (Chicago and Solti) or when a dangerously tradition-minded orchestra decides to rejuvenate itself and selects a young conductor who really knows his business (Vienna and Abbado).

Druian has played under great conductors—Reiner, Walter, Ansermet, Karajan, Böhm, Beecham, Stokowski, Leinsdorf, Bernstein, Ormandy and Steinberg, among others—but relatively few understood that the concertmaster's main concern is to maintain the integrity of the orchestra. Inevitably there were clashes with other conductors and with managements that took the side of the conductors. Management rarely understands that a player's tough schedule is apt to ruin his love of music. In New York, there may be a recital at ten a.m. Druian comes home for lunch and afterward practices the violin. In New York, they play much modern music which is technically difficult and must be well prepared. And then, after a light, early dinner, back to Lincoln Center for the concert.

Rafael Druian leaves the New York Philharmonic at the end of the current season. He feels that twenty-five years as concertmaster is enough. He won't even get his gold watch since he didn't spend the whole time with the same orchestra, but he doesn't mind. He always had three parallel careers, soloist-concertmaster-teacher. In Cleveland he'd created a chamber orchestra and they were performing and touring a bit, which was artistically rewarding, but this was not possible in his present job in New York. He plans to give occasional solo performances, to play with chamber groups, and to teach. He has always loved to teach and now he feels he can give some of his experience to gifted young people. Most teaching is still done in the nineteenth-century manner, trying to make technically perfect soloists rather than solid musicians who play their instruments well. But music has changed as well as our way of listening. Each generation hears the music differently. (Szell once told me, 'Musically, we are the result of all the music that has gone through us.") Much of the new music must be performed with a new technique which, however, is not taught yet. When Arnold Schönberg was told that one of his violin pieces was so difficult "that you need a sixth finger," he said, "I can wait." A hundred years earlier Beethoven had said about his string quartets, 'These are not for you but for a later generation." There can be greatness in arrogance. Beethoven was right, and Schonberg may also turn out to be right.

Druian realizes that the mechanical problems in modern music are different. Young fiddlers often play the Alban Berg *Concerto* better than a Mozart concerto. Each generation gets farther away from the classics and some good young musicians are already very far away from the golden ages. But to be able to play the music of Boulez and Stockhausen well, violin teaching will have to get away from the limitations of what Druian calls the old system of "trying to turn out trained seals."

"The modern teacher must concentrate on the player's physical possibilities and the possibilities of the instrument. Bowing, vibrato, the quality of sound are lastly matters of hearing and muscle control and coordination. The greatest players do these things right instinctively. But the second-greatest ones need guidance, and that's where the modern teacher should come in, *not* just teaching the usual things. If you approach the Alban Berg *Concerto* with antiquated methods, you must fail. It took me a whole year to figure out how to perform four bars of the Berg so that the performance made sense. Many good fiddlers have a bow problem. I try to look at it logically and biologically. Where to apply tension, where to withdraw it? We know that Paganini was able to stretch his fingers enormously. His compositions prove it. Did you ever realize that it is much harder to stretch your fingers from below upward (which is the way we were taught) than to apply the fourth finger way up and then stretch *down* to the first?"

(Druian showed it to me. After five amazing minutes I was able to stretch my left-hand fingers over twelve tones which I've been unable to do in fifty years of fiddle playing. He was right. *Quod erat demonstrandum*.)

Young musicians have quite a problem these days. Psychologically, they are trained to become soloists. Druian recently listened to a young violinist auditioning. He played the Brahms *Violin Concerto* very well but he had never even heard the Brahms *Third Symphony*. Suddenly, the hopeful young man sees no other way than to 'step down" and become an orchestra musician. He feels demoted though he is quite wrong. There is very fine music, even for a second-fiddle player. "Personally," says Druian, "I feel that the second-violin part of the *Eroica* is better music than the Bruch *Violin Concerto*. I get angry when people ask me, 'Why aren't you a soloist, you play so well?'" But Druian remains a maverick. Most young fiddlers would rather play the Bruch *Concerto* than the second-violin part of Beethoven's *Eroica* with a good orchestra. They were trained that way. Not much has changed in violin teaching since Leopold Mozart, the composer's father, published his excellent *Treatise on the Fundamental Principles of Violin Playing* in 1756.

Sometimes hopeful young people ask Druian whether they should try to become concertmasters. He doesn't know what to say. The concertmaster is a lonely man. He rarely has the respect of his own players *and* the confidence of the conductor. On international tours he remains alone. In Leningrad, the Cleveland's first flutist is invited by the first flutist of the Leningrad Philharmonic. Elsewhere, other players are often visited by their local opposite number.

Such cordiality just does not exist among concertmasters. No one ever comes to see Druian. In Minneapolis, he once wanted to say hello to the concertmaster of the visiting Moscow Symphony. The Russian colleague was puzzled, not pleased, when Druian told him that he owned a house and a car. Well, to be exact, not one car, but two. Druian learned his lesson and never went to see another concertmaster.

As a teacher, Druian believes that the future does not belong to the established, famous music schools but to the music departments of universities and colleges, even small ones. (For some time he has been happy teaching in Purchase, New York.) There he still meets young people who love and learn music for the sake of music, not in order to play faster than anyone else. After he played with a students' orchestra, an eighteen-year-old girl wrote him, "Thank you for bringing to me your great love of music." He says he carried the letter around for a while and showed it to people.

Historically, new music (such as Beethoven's late quartets) was accepted by musicians and rejected by audiences. Nowadays, music is often rejected by fellow musicians and accepted by audiences, perhaps as a sort of protest against the established order. It is really a sort of counterculture in mu-

From the depth of 14 years spent in communist prisons comes this remarkable story.



Rev. Richard Wurmbrand
who was imprisoned and tortured by the communists for 14 years.

In 1945 following the Communist seizure of Romania Wurmbrand began a secret underground ministry both to captive Romanians and to Soviet soldiers in the invasion force.

Arrested in 1948 he was committed to prison where according to his testimony before the U.S. Internal Security Subcommittee in May 1965 he served three years in solitary confinement and five additional years in "mass" cells during which time he was subjected to medieval tortures. As proof of these tortures he bared his body above the waist where countless members viewed more than a dozen of his Communist-inflicted scars.

His wife Sabina Wurmbrand was also arrested in 1948 and separately imprisoned for three years during which time she served as a slave laborer on the never-completed Danube Canal.

Following his 1957 release Wurmbrand resumed his underground work rearrested in 1959 he was sentenced to 25 years in prison. A general amnesty in 1964 again brought his release and resumption of his underground work. Finally in 1965 in great danger of a third arrest and imprisonment he was ransomed out of Romania by Christian friends in Norway who paid $10,000 to the Romanian Communist authorities for his release.

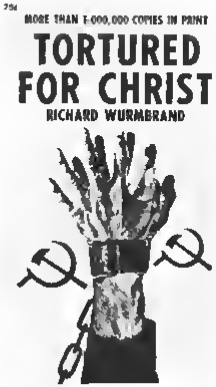
In the United States Wurmbrand is pursuing his support of the Underground Church activities which are being continued vigorously in Communist countries.

Through the International Christian Missions to the Communist World and its U.S. affiliate Jesus to the Communist World Inc. of which he is general director he helps the Underground Church by smuggling Bibles Christian literature and relief to families of martyrs through secret couriers.

In August 1967 Wurmbrand testified before the U.S. House Committee on Un-American Activities bringing to light new evidence of continued persecution in the Communist dominated countries.

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sic, directed against the consumer-oriented methods of the old days Unfortunately the consumers' taste is not always impeccable, and successful soloists and important schools cater to the consumers Only in the universities and colleges does the motivation remain artistic rather than commercial Modern music is best understood and performed by young people They may not be able to play a Haydn or Mozart symphony, but you cannot have everything That goes for some successful younger conductors too

"Fortunately," says Druian, "a good orchestra still plays Haydn and Mozart with closed eyes In a critical moment it will come to the rescue of the conductor because musicians love good music and want to play it well We are now rediscovering much baroque and Renaissance music Time is the great purifier."

Someday, the new generation will rediscover the true treasures of the past. The longest-living, "popular" pieces are usually the best. In their era, Georg Philipp Telemann was more famous than his contemporary, Johann Sebastian Bach Now, two hundred years later, we know better.

Contemporary music sometimes tries to be self-expressive In a modern composition, the Cleveland Orchestra once had to play an aleatory section, fifteen seconds of anything anyone wanted, anything-goes Two subsequent performances were taped. The aleatory sections sounded exactly alike Chaos conveys no real freedom because chaos expresses no genuine idea.

Druian has been thinking about the music of the future since the day, a quarter of a century ago, when he took his three-year-old son, Gregory, to the child's first symphony concert in Dallas Afterward Druian asked the child what he'd liked best.

"The first thing."

"The Beethoven overture?"

"No, Daddy, the one before." The sounds of the orchestra tuning up. #

BIG BOOM IN THE BIBLE BIZ

(*Continued from page 312*) with more than a hundred employees—and published it himself. Sales were slow until Billy Graham offered it on his telecasts, but since then acceptance and sales of all aspects of this product have been extraordinary. Tyndale House had three million Living Bibles in print in the first year of publication, 1972, and by now has maybe ten million. In hard cover, Tyndals gets ten dollars per Living Bible, twenty dollars for special bindings, and six dollars for a paperback. Dr. Taylor takes a royalty of this retail price—variously reported as either fifteen or twenty percent—but the money goes into his foundation to make paraphrases of the Bible in other languages, Living Bibles International.

Because Tyndale House distributes to religious outlets, Dr. Taylor went to Doubleday for distribution to the secular bookstores and department stores. Selling just *the last four months* of 1972, Doubleday sold 750,000 copies, making it the most successful nonfiction book of that year, according to *Publisher's Weekly*. One Doubleday salesman made $27,000 in commissions that year on that book alone. Doubleday sales, as of July, were a million, three.

But now Tyndale House is developing outlets that aren't even bookstores, much less religious ones. They sell through grocery chains like Safeway Stores and K mart and are now negotiating with Walgreen Drugstores. Recently the sales manager of Tyndale House, Wendell Hawley, had a phone call from a man who supplies eight hundred seventy-nine independent variety stores; the man wanted to improve his ordering system because he's selling so many copies he wants to put the Living Bible on his printed standard order form along with Kleenex, cough drops, suntan lotion, and the other staple aids to life he supplies to these ten-cent stores. J. C. Penney's eighteen hundred stores sponsored *My Fair Lady* on national television Thanksgiving night, advertising the Living Bible. When the Dallas Cowboys' home games are blacked out on television, guess who sponsors the radio broadcasts? Not Gillette, but the Living Bible.

Tyndale House publishes all sorts of versions. There are children's editions of the Living Whole Bible and New Testament, with color illustrations by Richard and Frances Hook, Jesus looking good, quite masculine but gentle with goats and little kids, rather like Prince Valiant in an extra-long robe. There is a teen-age version of the Living New Testament (called "Reach Out") and of the Living Whole Bible ("The Way," two million in print) with photographs of contemporary life and some text that shows the pertinence of the various books of the Bible to something that's going on now. For instance, there's a picture of a racing-car driver named Mel Kenyon and the accident that would have ended his career if he hadn't had faith in God. "When people get suddenly wiped out by disaster, how do they make a comeback? How do they answer the why-did-it-happen-to-me questions? That's what the Book of Job is all about."

Tyndale authorized Holman (the religious part of Lippincott, remember) to do an illustrated adult edition of the Living Bible, even though you might think Doubleday could offer enough trade distribution for any one book. Everyone says of Dr. Taylor that he is willing to make almost any sort of arrangement with anyone to get the Living Bible out where he believes it belongs—i.e., everywhere. The Holman edition is a big, heavy, slick-paper affair "with 550 Full Color Illustrations Including 53 Maps and Charts." The illustrations seem pretty simpleminded, like those in a Bible dictionary. There's a camel, for instance, on page 31 that looks exactly like the camel on my cigarette package, except that there are only two palm trees by the pyramid in the left background instead of three. It just says "Camel" under the picture, which is all it says under the picture on page 681, which looks like the same fella, just facing the other way. The lower right hand corner of the jacket flap says $12.95 to 12/31/73, and there's a diagonal dotted line where you can cut off the corner and just leave the price $14.95 after that. Ted Andrew told me Holman had printed 81,000, which were pretty much gone in ten days or so, and he had another 53,000 coming. Wendell Hawley of Tyndale told me Holman was limited by authorization to do only 250,000 copies. I asked why the limitation, if they wanted to get the Living Bible out and around so? Hawley answered he was sure the arrangement would be open to renegotiation after the 250,000 point.

I asked Dr. Taylor how he accounted for the Living Bible's tremendous success, a question he'd perhaps been asked before. He said, "First, what is happening is a spiritual revival all across the nation, even around the world, and when the tide rises, all the ships rise with it. Second, the Living Bible is readable."

Both reasons seem sound, and it does seem there's some sort of religious revival on, although everyone agrees that the church as such doesn't have much to do with it. "The traditional church, in all denominations, is still a 'thee and thou' King James church," Jerry Freed said to me. "They cling to their beautiful buildings and their traditional language while young people are searching everywhere for values they don't find in the material world, in our 'transient' world, as Toffler—and Jesus—describe it." Bill Emerson, too, spoke to me of "a tremendous evangelical, pentecostal youth movement," and George Cornell, religious editor of the Associated Press, told of how the Jesus Movement kids quote the Bible at one another obsessively. Also, of course, Catholics are now set free to read the Bible more or less however they want—even *Good News for Modern Man* and the Living Bible have Imprimaturs.

Gary Wharton, promotion executive at Zondervan, feels that modern marketing methods have had a good deal to do with the boom in Bible sales. "A few years ago," he told me, "there would have been no such thing as a marketing manager at most Bible publishers. There was no sense of packaging. Just put it out, God will take care of it. But Ron Haynes, our executive vice-president, has doubled our sales of Bibles in two years by repackaging the whole line." Sometimes Zondervan's marketing methods are so up-to-date that they seem to be creating a need just so they can fill it, which seems to be the case, for instance, with their "Lollipop Stories" of R.S.V. and K.J.V. bindings for children. In "Strawberry Red," "Blueberry Blue," "Licorice Black," and so on.

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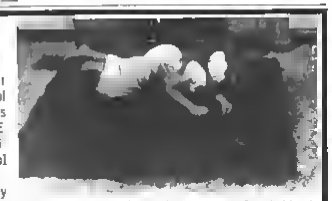


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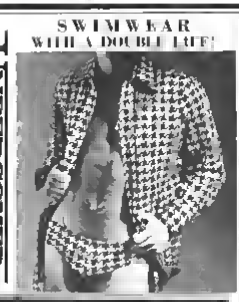
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And consider that each of all these different kinds of Bibles is usually available in different "deluxe" or "special" formats. Different kinds of paper. Different colors and kinds of bindings. Zondervan lists their binding materials: Cloth, Plastic, Imitation Leather, Genuine Leather, Genuine Morocco, Sealskin, Calfskin, and Buffalo Lesther. Nelson lists their binding styles: Flush Cut, Limp Style, Semi-Limp Style, Divinity Circuit, Semi-Overlapping Style, Zipper Binding, Ribbon Marker, Velva-Gold Edges, and Gilding. If you multiply each of these styles and methods and kinds against some several dozen different translations and versions, you begin to get some idea. How about a Burgundy Semi-Limp Buffalo Leather Large-Print Bride's Vest-Pocket Deluxe Red-Letter Second-Edition Revised Standard Version New Testament, for instance? Or do you still prefer the K.J.V.? #

WHAT WILL SAVE US FROM FEAR?

(Continued from page 236) worried that she would lose her "purse," as he relled it, or get lost, or not be able to find a bathroom.

Most men, of course, do not get up in the morning and dress to protect themselves from machine gunners or FBI informers or planes that will crash. It only happens with men who have gone too far, who no longer can be sure of what works or how to defend themselves. It is those men who need *yaon*. Neither money or lawyers or weapons or love can do it all.

There are man who insist on wearing white pajamas with blue adging, or khaki pants from L. L. Bean, or Saks Fifth Avenue polo shorts, or Army field jackets, but they have nothing to do with what I am describing. Only a fool would look at a man like Archibald Cox, for example, who reminds me of a wood carving, and think for a second he chose a necktie of some secret significance to wear to court last July 0n the day he challenged President Nixon's right not to release the White House confidential tapes. Mr. Cox wore a four-in-hand, it so happens, because he felt his bow ties were too informal for the occasion. That is a question of taste not a matter of survival. Men who love tangerine-colored shirts, or safari jackets or black silk socks have nothing in common with the Cambodian soldiers biting on Buddha. One is a question of fashion and what I have been telling you about is fear. #

WHAT WILL SAVE US FROM POVERTY?

(Continued from page 237) that the Kelsonian revolution wouldn't eliminate all distinctions in wealth, not only because it wouldn't take money away from the rich but also because it would continue to allow them to supply venture capital for small, as yet untested businesses which, like Xerox, can make incredible amounts of money for the original investors.

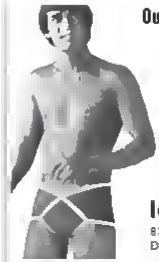
Another important power shift would affect banks and insurance companies. No longer being able to pile up assets as they have in the past, after a few years they'd run out of money to lend the new class of stock purchasers, and from that point the government would have to make the loans, not directly, but through the mediation of the banks which would function as administrators and overseers, insuring that the investments would be sound. This would mean that instead of cutting in on the profits by charging high interest rates, they'd be limited to a modest percentage as a fee for work done. Again, this wouldn't adversely affect the present ownership of these institutions, but it would limit their future growth and diminish their power in the society either to buy elections or to allocate resources.

Such a change would drastiesllv affect the social and political structure of the nation by decentrelizing power and softening up our class structure. It would be revolutionary, as Kelso knows when he chuckles and says, "I'm a secret nonmember of the Establishment," but then he adds, "This isn't a grubby kind of revolution I'm talking about. This isn't Ché Guevare stuff. I don't want to live on berries in the woods—I don't think anybody does."

Kelso's plan comes as close as any system that recognizes ownership of private property as a basic right will come to the withering away of the state, it comes considerably closer than many Communist and Socialist arrengements where the state appears to grow to infinite size while the individual withers away. This also must have a great appeal to Americans who're not going to be talked out of their suspicion, fear and detestation of big government. It's a set of proposals that fits in with our cultural values for it keeps esmpetition, it keeps a free market with its freedom to go down the street if you don't like the service you're getting from the man you're doing business with, it even keeps a degeee of economic fcasibility and only mitigates the harm of our class structure which we, as a people, have shown few signs of wanting to do away with. It succeeds in being both revolutionary and so far within the traditional understanding that either major party could incorporate it in its platforms without suffering ruptures and walkouts.

Kelso likes to think that the great family conglomerates will surrender power gracefully when they understand that their financial interests won't be injured, but if you express doubt that it will come so easily, he says, "If one man, say Howard Hughes, who owns billions of dollars' worth of production, enough to allow four hundred thousand families to live affluently if distributed evenly, if such a man still seeks to acquire more productive power, then you have to realize that he's also seeking to deprive other people of the power to support themselves, you have to realize that such behavior is a pathological greed which should be made criminal. You have to realize it's a greed that has become a desire to impoverish others in order to satisfy one's own ego, and then goddamn it, it's intolerable! If you esn punish murder, if you ren punish recism, if you can punish genocida, then you ought to be able to punish conduct which is so antisocial, so useless, so sterile, that it produces nothing but surplus value."

Not only does Kelso believe that most people will believe what he's talking about once it's explained, he's also convinced most corporation executives will agree because the way things are going they're putting themselves out of business for lack of customers. "Present corporate strategy consists of maximizing production and sales, minimizing cost and staying out of trouble, this is a deficient strategy. It doesn't explain where the customers are going to come from nor how to get the money to buy," says Kelso. "If eighty percent of the goods and services are produced by one thousand corporations, which is approximately the case, eighty percent of the purchasing power arises from these corporations. They either are going to have to distribute that money, that purchasing power to their constituents—the employees and the shareholders—or have customers who can't buy from them. But the modern corporation is really out to annihilate its constituents, to eliminate its employees through automation and eliminate its shareholders through internal financing. Why today they're going even further than that, many corporations have been buying up their own stocks so they're actually shrinking their



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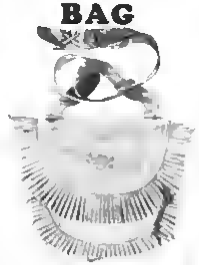
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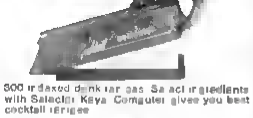
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ownership constituency, and they're doing it in very big chunks.

"Corporations don't think about the purchasing power which forces on the government the task of closing the purchasing-power gap, which it does in all the hysterical, irrational ways we're familiar with," argues Kelso, who can often get business executives to agree with him. The Institute for the Study of Economic Systems, his small foundation set up to propagate and elaborate his work, has an impressive bunch of them on its board. They're men like Roger Sonnabend, Chairman of the Board of Sonesta International Hotels Inc., Maurice Macmillan, former Chairman of Macmillan and Company Ltd., Theodore Cross, publisher of *The Banker's Magazine*.

Businessmen may be more open to Kelso because he isn't an academic economist, he doesn't even hold a degree in the subject, because he is a businessman as well as a lawyer. Avoiding the obscurantism of the discipline, he states his ideas in the plain, colorless language that businessmen say they prefer in their work. He's also practical and immediate so that while it would take time and some major legislation to get all of what he advocates moving, some things can be done immediately. Kelso can show a businessman how to set up a stock purchase plan for his employees now and save in federal taxes in the bargain.

But if this side of Kelso helps him with business executives it hurts with professional, degree-bearing economists. Not one major name in the field endorses anything he has to say. A few of Kelso's small group of admirers suggest it's because he's one of the very few economists around who's made money, not by writing textbooks and giving lectures, but by practicing economics as a businessman. Kelso put together the package of financing, politics, engineering and design for construction man Louis R. Perini which resulted in San Francisco's $110,000,000 Golden Gateway Center. He has about made his own million and would make more if he spent more time at business and less on economics.

Whatever the reasons, economists have no time for Kelso. Until recently they wouldn't even argue his ideas. The Library of Congress didn't bother to stock copies of his books (*The Capitalist Manifesto* written with Mortimer J. Adler, and *Two-Factor Theory: The Economics of Reality* with Patricia Hetter), and now, with interest in his ideas growing among businessmen and other lay people who don't know anything about economics, he still is kissed off by Samuelson with the loudly, if somewhat self-satisfied statement that "Kelsoism is not accepted by modern scientific economics as a valid and fruitful analysis of the distribution of income but rather it is regarded as an amateurish and cranky fad. The principal learned journals of economic science—e.g., the *Royal Economic Journal* [and] the *Harvard Quarterly Journal of Economics* . . . have steadfastly withheld the recognition and approval from the doctrine of Kelsoism." So much for scholarly debate over ideas and facts.

Radical economists are prone to be just as unhappy about his conclusions but are not quite so sweeping in their condemnations. They recognize that this odd champion of reformed capitalism has built his ideas on a Marxian understanding of our system. Kelso, who's a close student and generous admirer of Marx, says this himself, but he parts company with the great bushy-faced nineteenth century political economist over what you do about the contradictions and misfirings of the system. Marx said socialism; Kelso says a new capitalism made consistent with itself.

Radicals who are philosophically opposed to private property naturally end up opposing Kelso as do believers in centralized state socialism, but some anarchists, decentralists, people who are less concerned about eliminating private property than redistributing it aren't so vehemently against his ideas. They do maintain, however, that Kelso is wrong in thinking that it will take less effort or bloodshed to establish his reforms than their revolution. Why, they argue, put that much work into changing halfway when it would cost no more to redo the whole scaffolding of our political economies?

There are also a certain number of people who come around Kelso to sniff and can't make up their minds. They don't want to commit themselves for fear the man may be wrong. All thinkers are ultimately overturned, superseded, proven to be wrong; but what bothers these people is taking the chance of having their friends laugh at them for having swallowed a simple-minded fake nostrum.

That Kelso is still around and still being talked about is the mark of the man's tenacity, and his good-natured, if politely manic belief in the unanswerable logic of what he has to say. It's also a mark of the time, of the growing recognition that we can't continue as we have and that the orthodox propositions of the radicalisms of the past are both out of our reach and unsuited to our present. We're getting desperate for a new idea, not a gimmicky minor adjustment that will tide us over from this crisis to the next one, but a genuinely new idea that will pull us into a new time with its own new problems and insolubilities. This is the greatest attraction that Kelso's idea holds. It won't solve all our problems; it can't possibly work out as nicely as Kelso thinks, but it can move us from this barren repetition of fifty-year-old disputes. There is no salvation either outside the Church or on this earth, but Kelso does bring a new way of looking, new problems and new disputes, and if that isn't salvation it's at least an intermediary grace. #

Picture Credits: Page 181, courtesy of The New York *Daily News*. Pages 222, 224, courtesy of Bettmann Archives. Page 228, courtesy of Warner Bros. Pages 239, 240, courtesy of Erich Von Daniken.

(Continued from page 139) don't think much of them, and if the gift is too big and you've spent too much money, you feel the pressure on yourself.

"It's not how you give the gift that's important, but how I perceive it. People just accept a gift, there's no social mechanism for discussing it. I may think, 'You gave me a crappy gift,' but I can't say that."

Out of this mute game of I-think-you-think-about-me come many of the family arguments. The game cannot be won. Since neither the giver nor the receiver can know the other's position, no move can be countered. It's like one of R. D. Laing's "Knots." In its simplest form the receiver perceives the true feeling of the giver and is displeased. Or the receiver may mis-perceive the true feeling of the giver and be displeased. Or the giver may mis-perceive the receiver's perception of the giver's true feeling and be displeased. And so on.

Perhaps a mandatory gift is not a gift at all, since the form is not the invention of the giver. Its only meaning is contained in the content, dollar values must be applied, for no motive can be assigned other than the hewing to convention. The mandatory gift forces the giver to apply a monetary standard to love and friendship. If he is unable to afford the gift he wishes to give then he is unable to give love or friendship. All of that in the natural season of reckoning.

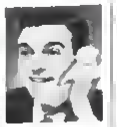
Perhaps that is why family fights are common to both the rich and the poor on Christmas Eve. Timothy Cadigan, who worked for many years in a precinct that covered both the Fillmore ghetto and the rich Pacific Heights area in San Francisco, says that Christmas Eve is the one night of the year when family fights are as frequent among the rich as the poor. "Those are the worst fights," he says of the arguments among the rich. "Sometimes when I go into those houses, I look at the people and I can see the boredom boiling out of their eyes. Poor people have a better conception of life."

Monsignor Cassidy says, "In lower-class families there's always a sense of hope on Christmas Eve that things will be getting better. With middle- and upper-middle-class families there's a sense of frustration—things didn't go as well as they expected."

It is tempting to assign the blame to the customs of Christmas and have done with it, to say, like the Puritans, that the holiday has pagan origins and is therefore barbarous and should not be celebrated. But for all its flaws and perversions, Christmas cannot cause a dark side of man; peaceful people do not destroy each other on Christmas Eve, they laugh and practice joy, the calendrical worst is over, God or the sun is reborn, sing Hallelujah!

The poison is not in the scent of evergreens or the sound of bells, but in the histories that are unmasked by the pas de deux of the night before Christmas. The ritual moment calls for faith or courage. But the age of faith is long passed and cowards cannot be lovers. The times call for a messiah. #

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TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II SUPPLIERS OF CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED WALKERVILLE CANADA

To

Aaron
Abner
Adam
Adamina
Adriann
Al
Alan
Alzena
Angelica
Angie
Anne
Angus
Arthur
Asta
Audrey
Aurella
Babette
Barry
Basil
Bathsheba
Beatrice
Beaumont
Ben
Benedict
Barnard
Bernie
Bill
Blanca
Bob
Brewster
Bridget
Bryna
Budd
Caesar
Candace
Carlotta
Cassandra
Cassidy
Cathy
Chad
Charles
Charlotte
Cheney
Claire
Claude
Claudia
Clayton
Clifford
Cosmo
Cy
Dagwood
Dale
Darrell
Darren
Dave
Deborah
Dick
Doris
Dorothy
Dylan
Ed
Edgar
Edie
Eileen
Elaine
Eleanore
Elisha
Ellen
Erica
Ernie
Eve
Evelyn
Floyd
Frazar
Fred
Frieda
Fritz
Gary
Gene
George
Gladys
Glen
Gloria
Godfrey
Gregoria
Gregory
Gretchen
Gunther
Gussie
Hans
Harold
Harriet
Heidi
Hilary
Holly
Horace
Howard
Inglebert
Ingrid
Irene
Isabel
Jack
Jane
Janice
Jarman
Jasmine
Jasper
Jean
Jeff
Jennifer
Jeremy
Jerry
Jessica
Jill
Jimmy
Joe
John
Judith
Jules
June
Kay
Ken
Kim
Larry
Lee
Les
Leslie
Lillian
Linda
Loretta
Lorry
Louise
Lynne
Madeline
Marc
Marcia
Marge
Marsha
Marty
Mary
Mary Ann
Mary Lou
Matthew
Melbourne
Mike
Mildred
Mitchell
Muriel
Naomi
Natividad
Nick
Norman
Octavius
Odealia
Ophelia
Orville
Pamela
Patricia
Paul
Paula
Penny
Phillip
Phyllis
Prudence
Quentin
Randy
Rebecca
Renay
Rhonda
Romona
Ronnie
Rosalie
Roxanne
Rudelle
Ruth
Sally
Salvatore
Samantha
Sandy
Sapphira
Sarah
Sheila
Shelly
Shirley
Sibyl
Stacy Lynn
Stan
Stanley
Stephen
Steve
Stu
Sydney
Tallylah
Tamara
Tammy
Tandy
Terrence
Terry
Thalia
Theresa
Thomas
Toby
Tonia
Tova
Trevor
Trixie
Tuesday
Ulva
Ulysses
Urania
Valentina
Valerie
Vanessa
Venus
Vernon
Veronica
Vickie
Violet
Vivian
Walford
Wallace
Wanda
Wesley
Winston
Wycliff
Xavier
Yeoman
Yolanda
Yvette
Zachary
Zelia
Zeus
Zinnia
Zuriel



Ever see a Christmas spirit catch on?

When you think of a gift for somebody special, you look for something special to give them. Like Passport. The Scotch that's got a wee more Scotch to its taste (a big difference). And costs less to get (a nice surprise). And is asked for by name in 94 countries. Anybody you give it to will get to know what Scotch drinkers know. That there's a brand new taste of success, and this is it.

PASSPORT Scotch

The spirit of success.

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